

**New Miracle Drugs
that fight Insanity**

BY SIDNEY KATZ

They Adopted Seven Children

MACLEAN'S

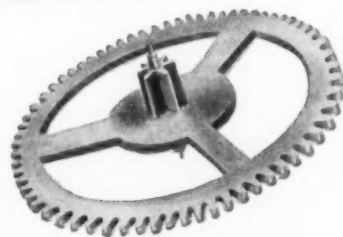
NOVEMBER 12 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



This is the
Weight . . .



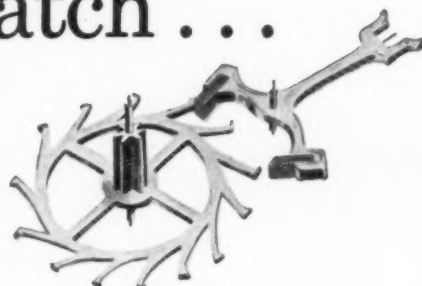
that turns the
Wheel . . .



that winds the
Spring . . .



that runs the
Watch . . .



... that we call self-winding

It's the wonder of today's watch world and the most wanted watch on earth: the watch that won't forget to wind itself.

Wanted for its distinction? Certainly. Wanted for its convenience? Of course. You never have to wind it. The movement of your wrist provides all the winding power it needs. Even when you take it off, it will continue to run by itself for at least 36 hours.

But the great achievement of the self-winding watch is accuracy. The automatic

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And not the least accomplishment of the self-winding watch of today is its outer beauty. Swiss craftsmen have refined this miracle mechanism to fit into the handsomest of cases, for women as well as for men.

When you see a self-winding watch, it's one more example of Swiss leadership—for this watchmaker's version of perpetual motion was invented by a Swiss two centuries ago.



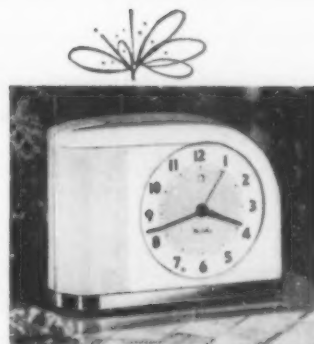
Your jeweler has all the fine Swiss jeweled-lever watch "originals"—calendar, chronograph, water- and shock-resistant watches. For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



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... before the big
Christmas rush ...
to get the best gift
selection! Choose from
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dealer's. Spring-driven
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MOONBEAM. Electric alarm. Wakes you silently first by flashing light, later joined by audible alarm. 60 cycle only. \$14.95. Luminous dial, one dollar more.



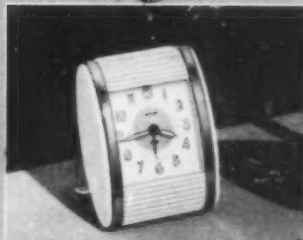
BRANT. Electric alarm. Elegance in modern grey tone plastic. High styled dial; gold coloured trim. 60 cycle only. With luminous dial, \$7.95.



BIG BEN LOUD ALARM. Spring-driven. Audible tick and deep intermittent "fire alarm" gong. Ivory or black \$7.50. With luminous dial he's one dollar more.



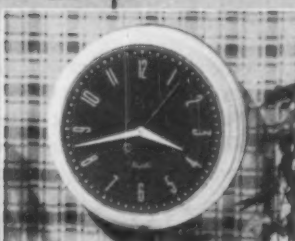
BABY BEN. Spring-driven alarm. Popular "little brother" of Big Ben. Quiet tick. Soft or loud alarm. Black or ivory. \$7.95. Luminous dial, one dollar more.



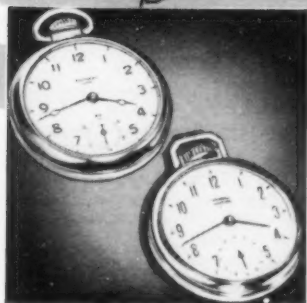
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WESTCLOX*

keeps you on time

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

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EDITORIAL

The Insidious Sickness of the Giveaway Show

IT WAS with a sense of dismay and foreboding—but with no real surprise—that we recently heard a U. S. television network had offered a young woman \$100,000 if she could break a hypnotic spell and reach out for the cold hard cash piled in front of her.

This sort of affront to intelligence and good taste became predictable as soon as a program called The \$64,000 Question achieved national notoriety. We can remember the day, fifteen years ago, when \$64 was a lot of money to win on a radio program. Now it turns out that \$64,000 isn't enough. It is inevitable, surely, that sooner or later the sum will reach a cool million. When it does the loss to human dignity and human values will be in direct ratio.

It seems to us that the ever-increasing costliness of the giveaway prizes is accompanied by an ever-increasing cheapening of the general taste—and it is this that disturbs us. We are not shocked by the giveaways, only saddened at the sickness that they typify. We have no doubt that the phenomenon will be used by future social historians to symbolize an age that places a premium on swift material gain and consistently confuses the possession of facts with the gift of wisdom.

Perhaps, after all, the giveaways are only a reflection of present-day society. The young woman, groping through a hypnotic fog for an unattainable mound of money; the elderly housewife locked in a glass cage, relaying gobbets of baseball information to a breathless and goggle-eyed continent—these have their counterparts in the real world that exists just out of range of the TV camera.

There is a remarkable and terrifying parallel here, in the symbols that we have come to associate with the decay of Rome: bread and circuses. The blood-spattered Colosseum, with its gladiators and lions, was the TV studio of its day. Like our giveaways, its spectacles made no appeal to the intellect, but held their mass audience transfixed by appealing to the rawest of human emotions. This was the sorry curtain call to a classical age that had once thrilled to the drama of Sophocles and the poetry of Virgil.

It is all very well to say, as the giveaways' proponents say, that anyone who wishes can turn off the one-eyed monster and go back to reading books. But the frightening thing is that people don't do this. Millions and millions, more millions every week, are being encouraged to believe—and are proving themselves willing to believe—that life offers no higher purpose or distinction than the winning of a fortune in thirty seconds.

It is this situation that gives us a horrid presentiment of the future. We can see 1984, not as the grim desert of tyranny and barren hate that George Orwell imagined, but as something almost as bad and much more plausible—the cheerful, clever, shallow, empty, infantile paradise of Aldous Huxley's Brave New World.

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Every so-called permanent or *all-winter* antifreeze is made with ethylene glycol as the basic ingredient. This is the remarkable chemical that won't freeze — even in extremely cold weather, and won't boil away in sudden warm spells. To further protect your engine, every reputable manufacturer

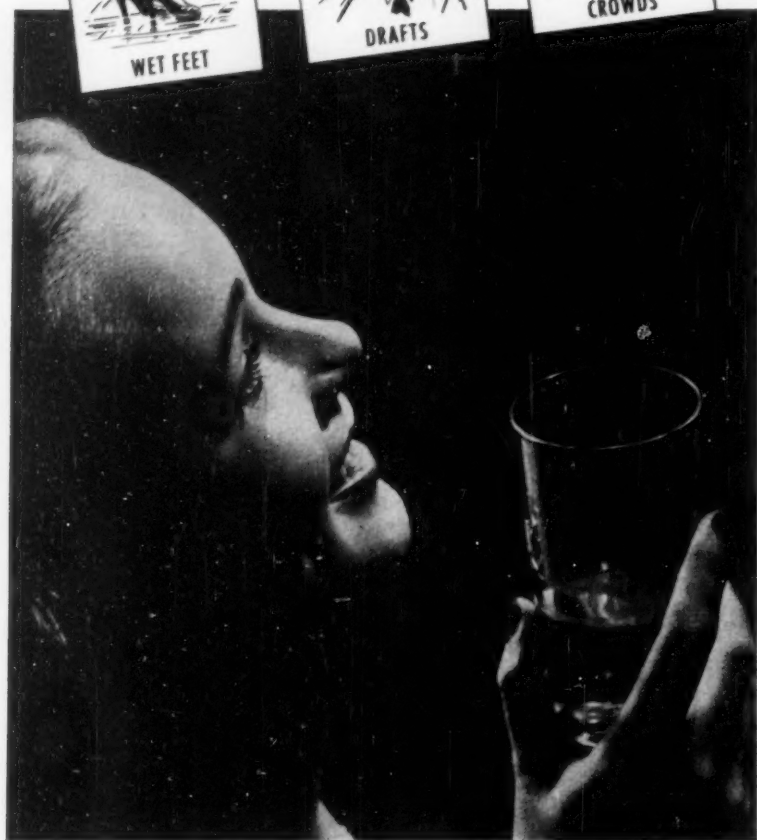
combines rust and corrosion inhibitors with the ethylene glycol. Remember . . . every dependable *all-winter* antifreeze offers this valuable protection.

Your engine has to be properly cooled even in the coldest winter months . . . and a clean cooling system means better engine performance. So have the man who regularly services your car clean the radiator and install his brand of *all-winter* antifreeze now. If the weather warms up, your *all-winter* antifreeze won't boil away and all winter long you'll be assured that your engine is protected against freeze-up.

Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited is the leading supplier of ethylene glycol to Canadian manufacturers of all-winter antifreeze.

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So **MANY** ways
a **COLD** can get started!



At the First Sign of a **COLD OR SORE THROAT**

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick and Often!

Any of the conditions shown at the top of the page may weaken body resistance so that threatening germs, called "secondary invaders", can stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and stir up trouble.

But, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic promptly and systematically, you can often halt such mass invasions... help head off colds, and sore throats that accompany them, or lessen their severity.

That's because Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat tissues

to kill germs, including the "secondary invaders". Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Obviously, when you feel a cold coming on, it's wise to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic early and often... to attack the trouble before it attacks you.

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The most widely used antiseptic in the world

Every week on Radios:

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



How Iron Man Eden Made Good

LONG long ago there used to be a baseball pitcher in the U. S. who was called "Iron Man" McGinnity. Not only did he pitch regularly for his team but was always ready to take over in any emergency situation. It is too much to expect that the British ever heard of McGinnity but if they had they might well bestow the title of Iron Man Eden on our prime minister.

It is doubtful whether Sir Anthony has really had a day off since he became prime minister—and that includes Saturdays and Sundays. Indeed he might use the same words as Bonar Law who, during his brief premiership, said: "A day in which there is only one crisis to face is almost like a day off."

Actually Sir Anthony must have nearly had a day clear in September because he flew out to the Farnborough Air Show in a helicopter and then went up for a seventeen-minute flight in a Vulcan bomber. Admittedly with experienced men in the cockpit he took over the controls and rolled the Vulcan like a fighter. After that he flew back to London and resumed his normal work.

The development of Eden from the pin-up boy of foreign affairs when he introduced the soft black hat and striped trousers to an admiring world is an astonishing story.

My memory goes back to the day on which he made his first appearance in the Commons following his resignation from the foreign office in 1938. The House was thinly attended and Eden sat on a back bench as a private member. I asked him if he was going to speak and he nodded in affirmation.

Then he whispered a strange confession. "I am always terrified when I speak in this place," he said. In fact there was so little interest that when he did speak in the debate the attendance was increased by only half a dozen or so MPs who strolled in from the smoke room.

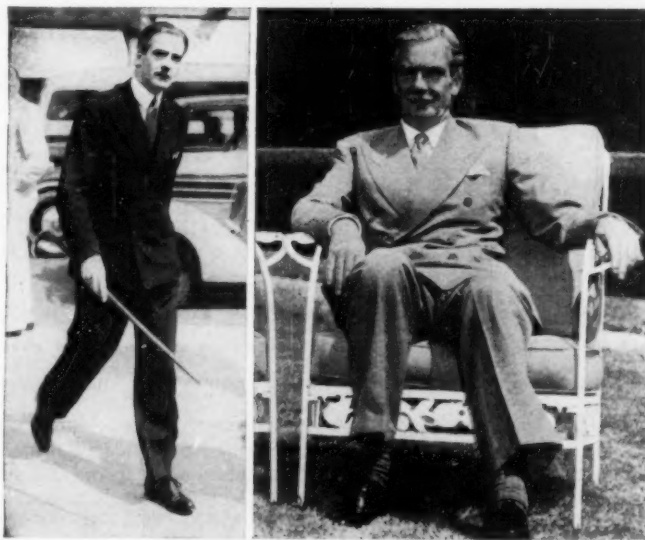
Nor was it a particularly good speech. Eden was nervous, he rushed his fences and, if you don't mind mixed metaphors, he never looked less like a man of destiny.

One more recollection and we shall leave the past to the historians. It was in the smoke room on the evening that Eden was to fly to America for an operation. No longer did he look like a film-star foreign secretary. He was so thin that his clothes hung on him like a scarecrow. His face was drawn and his eyes were lustreless.

He said good-by and then walked out, a worn and weary figure. The Sir Galahad of Foreign Affairs looked

Continued on page 38

From a Pin-up Diplomat to a Man of Destiny



Fifteen years ago (left) the suave dapper Eden was a film-style foreign minister. Now, as prime minister, he's a star on the home front too.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



While the Grits squabbled, a Tory took over Restigouche-Madawaska.

The Safe Seat That Wasn't

CONSERVATIVES were hardly less astonished than Liberals by their recent by-election victory in Restigouche-Madawaska, N.B. So impregnable did this Liberal fortress appear that a strong group of local Conservatives wanted to let it go Liberal by default and spare their own party the humiliation of a public trouncing. Conservative morale got an even bigger lift from confounding these pessimists than it got from beating the Grits.

As its hyphenated name indicates, Restigouche-Madawaska is made up of two provincial ridings on the north shore of New Brunswick. Each elects three members of the legislature. At the last provincial election in 1952 all six of these seats went Conservative. Two of the MLAs then elected became members of Premier Hugh John Flemming's cabinet. In the provincial field the Conservative position could scarcely have been more comfortable.

Nevertheless, the federal election of 1953 demonstrated that provincial gains are not always transferable. The late J. Gaspard Boucher had no trouble winning the seat for the Liberals, in spite of the fact that one of his opponents was the Independent Liberal who had won over the official nominee at a by-election four years before.

Some provincial Conservatives drew the obvious moral: "Stay out of federal affairs. Look at Ontario, where most people have the habit of voting for Leslie Frost and Louis St. Laurent. Maybe it's the same here. Let's play safe, tend to our own knitting and let the Grits tend to theirs."

Federal Conservatives rejected this timorous counsel, root and branch. But having done so, they were embarrassed to discover that they had no candidate willing to run. Some of them were on the point of giving up when they found a young Campbellton lawyer, J. C. Van Horne, who was willing to play Daniel in this Liberal lions' den.

Luckily for him, the Liberal lions were already behaving like Kilkenny cats.

WHILE THE CONSERVATIVES were desperately searching for a candidate, Liberals were squabbling about who should get the nomination which, they thought, was tantamount to election in this Liberal stronghold. Three aspirants were available.

Two were native sons who had left the north shore and gone to work in Ottawa, one for New Brunswick's cabinet minister Hon. Milton Gregg, the other for Prime Minister St. Laurent. Both were young men; one was French-speaking, an important point in a riding whose MP has been *Canadien* or *Acadian* in every parliament but one since 1917.

But by leaving home these men had become "outsiders." Also, their comparative youth made them the favorites of the Young Liberal Association in the riding but, by the same token, made them objects of suspicion to the senior Liberal Association, which strongly believes that children in politics should be seen and not heard. The senior Grits gave the nomination to one of their own, a local man named John Bugold. Junior Grits were so furious that some of

Continued on page 121

Barbara Ann Scott
Olympic Champion 1948



Canadian Achievement..

Athletes Gain World Recognition

In the 1928 Olympic Games, sport fans the world over paid tribute to Percy Williams of Vancouver, who made history when he captured the one hundred and two hundred metre sprints.

Twenty years later, in 1948, the pert young Canadian skater, Barbara Ann Scott was hailed around the globe when she became the world's champion figure skater and holder of the Olympic Gold Medal.

Again in 1954, a nation was held breathless for twenty hours when a young 17-year-old girl, Marilyn Bell, became the first person to swim across Lake Ontario.

And in 1955, still further recognition was focused on Canadian athletes, when a group of hockey stars, the Pentleton "V's" captured the world's Amateur Hockey Championship.

Year after year, Canadian athletes gain notable achievements in the world of sport.

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian achievement... 59 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company... today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



The Wawanesa
Mutual Insurance Company

The Standard of Excellence on Five Continents

Longines

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

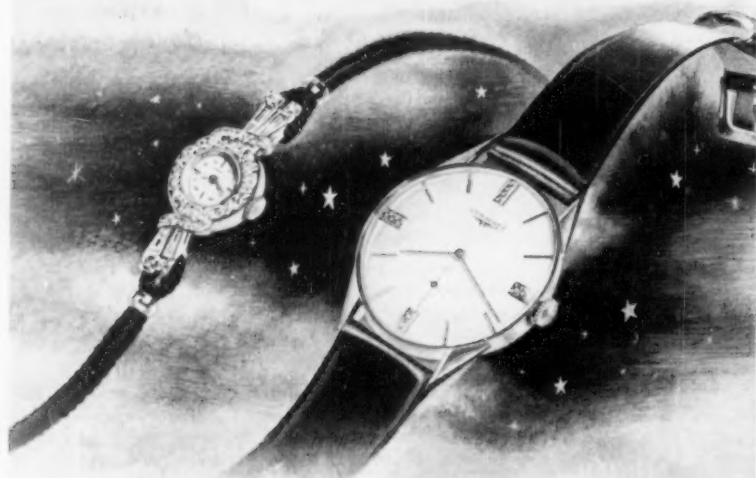
TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES

28 GOLD MEDALS

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER

THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION



Buying a watch is a serious business. You'll expect to wear it and consult it and trust it for a great many years. Look before you leap. Buy the best watch you can afford—and you can afford a Longines. ¶ Since a Longines is just about the finest watch in all the world, it does cost more. But if the Longines you want costs even *twice as much* as some other make, it would still be your best buy in the long run. Do you know, for instance, that the Longines watch you buy today will be actually *better than new* 10 or even 20 years from now? Given reasonable care, of course. That is one tangible result of Longines workmanship. ¶ In fact, the pleasure and satisfaction which comes from owning a Longines is priceless. It feels good to know that the watch on your wrist bows to no other anywhere in the world. And you know where you stand with time, all the time. ¶ Among the hundreds of different Longines watches—dress watches, sports watches, timers—there is one made just for you. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to help you choose your Longines, the world's most honored watch.

Watches illustrated—left, Starlight E.A. 36, \$650; right, Pres. Wilson R., \$200

Longines-Wittnauer Company of Canada

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

Mailbag

The High Cost of the Simple Life

Read your article on George Murray and Shirley Harmer (The Unlikeliest Couple in Show Business, Oct. 1). Well, rootey-kazoo for them! Nine-hundred-dollar dresses are bad enough but fifty dollars a week for food for two seems like a little too much! Especially when you lead us to believe they are so simple and unspoiled . . . But maybe "simple" is the right adjective at that for anyone who would throw out filet mignon when it's been in the deep freeze too long. The whole article sounded too much like one of those inane fan magazine articles for my taste. But of course we here struggle along on a twenty-dollar weekly budget for food, and twenty-dollar dresses too. —Mrs. K. Larson, Hamilton.

Not the Male Alone

As though he felt his sex had been picked out for rebuke, J. C. Powell (Mailbag, Oct. 1) complains that, though there are female sex deviates as well as male, no mention is made of them in the article, The Parents Strike Back Against Sex Criminals (July 23).

Of course there are female sex deviates and they are a menace, but from the very nature of things they cannot wreak the physical violence on their victims that male sex deviates can, and do.

If Mr. Powell will refer to the article he will find that it was not in a spirit of revenge that the Parents' Action League was organized but rather to study the mentality of sex deviates in general, to find the cause underlying their actions and, if possible, a remedy for these actions. —Mrs. James Watt, Vancouver.

Our Moonstruck Authors

. . . The stories in the Oct. 1 issue really got me wondering how such drivell ever gets into a reputable magazine. The authors must have taken a



trip to the moon in their rocketship and got their brains addled. Do any of your readers like that stuff or do they merely endure it in order to read the rest of the magazine? —Mrs. C. E. Brewer, Carleton Place, Ont.

About Billy Graham

I wish to protest against the article on Billy Graham (Billy Graham's Campaign to Capture Toronto, Sept. 3). Author Leslie F. Hannon seems unaware that the Graham machinery is only a means of reaching the hearts and spirits of unhappy troubled people. —Mrs. K. B. Heisey, Toronto.

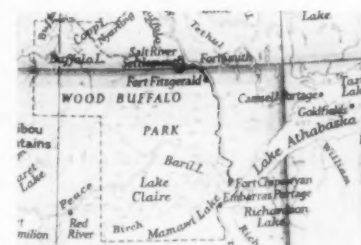
● I was very disappointed by the recent article on Billy Graham in your maga-

zine—not only by what it said but particularly in what it did not say. It is writers like Hannon who make it so necessary to have evangelists such as Billy Graham. —Cora R. L. Fisher, Paisley, Ont.

Where Do the Buffalo Roam?

I enjoyed Mac Reynolds' article, The Wilderness Home Where Our Buffalo Roam (Sept. 3) . . .

My first question was, "Where is Wood Buffalo Park?" So I searched through all maps of Alberta and



Like reader Sallows, we finally found the park on a National Geographic map.

Canada that I could find, but was unable to find any with the park boundaries marked . . . At last I found it on a map issued by the National Geographic Society, Washington, U.S.A. —James Sallows, Medicine Hat, Alta.

Two Views of Clarence Campbell

The only hero of the Richard hockey riot (Sept. 17) seems to have been NHL president Clarence Campbell. He showed what a gentleman can take . . . —M. Alexander, Winnipeg.

● I was irritated by this very biased article . . . it completely fails to emphasize the key point, which is the fact that the sentence dealt to Richard by the league president Campbell was too severe and too sudden . . . —George B. Johnson, Warwick, Va.

You Can't Eat Tradition

Your magazine is tops except for that has-been Canadian Beverley Baxter. An admirer of tradition and culture, Baxter apparently hasn't been awakened to the fact that it's the good old Canadian dollar that counts. I suggest he try eating some of that tradition for lunch—tradition will not feed you, nor will it get you a home or a new car. —J. Wilson, Jasper, Alta.

● Baxter in his Sept. 17 London Letter implies that the children of Ruth Ellis will be branded for life because she died on the gallows. Surely common sense will tell us that those who partake of the pastime of branding the children will do so because of the crime committed by the mother and not because of the method of punishment. Elimination of capital punishment will not remove the stigma on the families of murderers any more than it did for the families of felons when the practice of hanging them was discontinued . . . —H. N. MacKenzie, Ottawa. ★

This 49½¢ Storm Window protects your family all winter!

New Trans-Kleer Storm Window Goes on In 5 Minutes Without Tools, Hooks, Screws or Nails

10.8 Sq. Ft. Window Costs only 49½¢

Used by U. S. Army in Iceland and Alaska — Now Available to Public

NOW . . . Storm Windows need not cost you up to \$14.00 apiece. American industry has developed a lightweight flexible product that enables you to seal out wintry blasts for only 49½¢ a window! Imagine it! For pennies per window you can insulate EVERY ROOM in your home! This new material was developed by the Gary plant of a billion-dollar American manufacturing firm—for use by the U.S. Government during the last war. It looks like glass, yet can't peel off, never chips, shatters or rattles. Actually flexible like rubber. Has a tensile strength of over one ton per square inch. Crystal clear, not milky or yellowish like some plastic materials. Weighs less than 1/10th of the lightest glass windows ever developed. Even a large window comes to less than 8 oz. Not affected by snow, sleet, rain or dampness—because it's 100% waterproof. Won't crack even at 53 degrees BELOW FREEZING! Use and re-use it YEAR AFTER YEAR for winter comfort and protection.

LOW-COST HEALTH PROTECTION



You can hardly see this TRANS-KLEER storm window—it's wonderfully transparent, yet it protects your loved ones from winter's frigid blasts. And each window costs only 49½¢ each!

Sensational Discovery Used By Army To Fight Cold

One of the big problems of the last war was how to defend our troops and protect equipment against the ravages of Arctic winters. One of the world's greatest manufacturing companies was ordered to build a special plant and soon millions of yards of this new material was moving out to Alaska, the Aleutians, Iceland and Greenland. It was not available to the public because every inch went to protect our men, vehicles, planes and weapons. Finally, it was released to the public and ever since the demand has been greater than the supply! The Gary plant of famous REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY is working round-the-clock trying to supply it!

Use Year After Year—No Upkeep Cost!

At winter's end just fold away your Trans-Kleer like cloth for use next year. You can air the room anytime, too—lift the Adheso border to let in fresh air, then press back and it's sealed tight again! Cleans easily with a damp rag. It's no wonder so many home owners, hospitals, churches and public buildings use this tried and tested REYNOLDS product! TRANS-KLEER comes in kits 36 inches by 432 inches and costs you only \$4.95 complete with Adheso border! That is enough for 10 windows—each measuring 10.8 sq. ft.—just 49½¢ each! In all you receive 108 SQUARE FEET for only \$4.95! Good GLASS storm windows cost from \$7.95 to \$16.00—for ten you'd have to pay \$79 to \$160.00. With

this remarkable REYNOLDS product you not only save a terrific amount in the purchase price, you also cut down enormously on your fuel bills!

Install Trans-Kleer Windows in 5 Minutes

Trans-Kleer storm windows require no nails, hooks, screws or tools. No back-breaking toil or broken glass to contend with. Cut off required amount, trim to fit the inside of your window, large or small, square, round, rectangular—it makes no difference! Then press on the special Adheso border supplied and your storm window is firmly in place. Simple, easy—a child can install them! And Trans-Kleer windows, because of the LOW CONDUCTIVITY development give you real winter protection, actually keep wintry blasts out of your home.

2,000,000 Windows Sold!

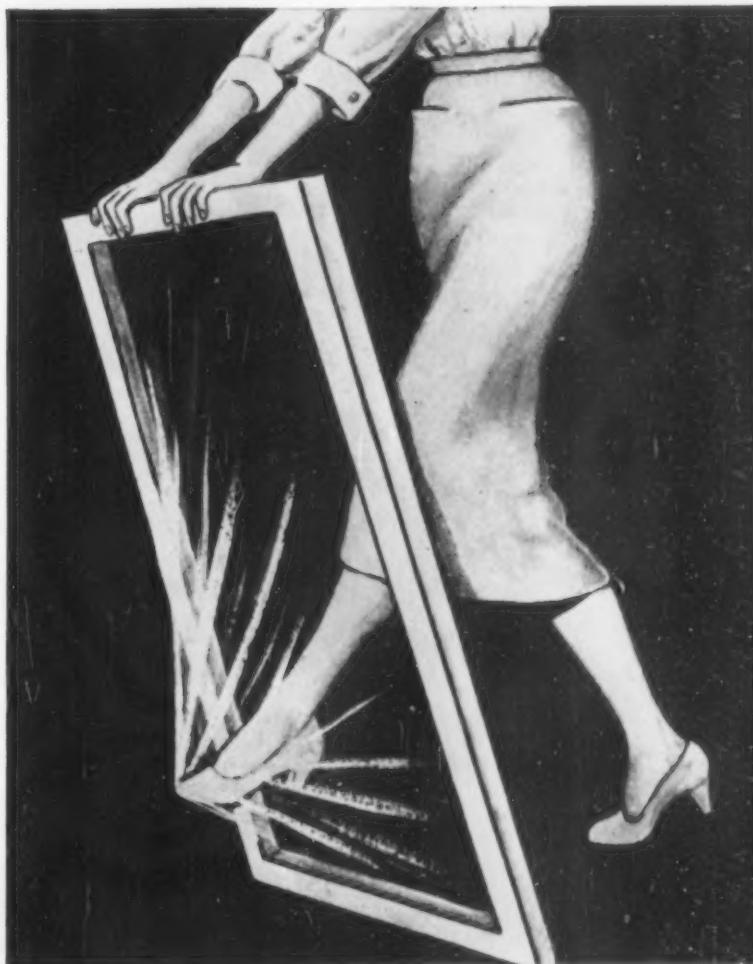
For years, demand for Trans-Kleer has outstripped the supply. Lucky buyers of the first windows told their neighbors and the word spread. Last year alone, over 2,000,000 were sold, yet thousands of folks were disappointed when the supply ran out. Advertising had to be curtailed and our huge supply was exhausted earlier than anticipated. There will be another wild scramble for them this year. Production has been planned for 2,500,000 windows this year—but even this huge total might not be enough unless you act FAST!

Test In Your Home AT OUR RISK!

Here's your chance to get Trans-Kleer on a HOME TRIAL BASIS. You can't lose a single penny. Mail the coupon below and a 36 by 432-inch kit—108 SQUARE FEET—will be shipped you immediately, complete with Adheso border. Deposit only \$4.95 plus postage with the mailman. Try TWO windows inside any room. Test them—see for yourself how they seal out drafts. Compare the temperature—any 25¢ thermometer will do—compare with any other room in your home. See the difference—feel the difference! Then if you're not convinced they're every bit as effective as any storm window—why, just keep the TWO windows and return the balance and get your \$4.95 back at once!

Avoid Disappointment—Order Now!

Millions of folks in the U. S. and Canada are reading this same ad in hundreds of magazines and newspapers. Despite enormous production facilities, the REYNOLDS ALUMINUM people can turn out so much and no more! Don't wait until it's too late! Play safe! Rush the coupon NOW! If you wish to save postage cost, send check, cash or m. o. for \$4.95 and the windows will be shipped postage free.



STRETCHES WITHOUT BREAKING!

This amazing storm window stretches without breaking! Has tensile strength of over one ton per square inch! Push it with your foot—it stretches—then springs back undamaged! Developed for Armed Forces in last war. Installs quickly, easily inside windows of all sizes. Made by world-famous REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY.



ADVICE TO READERS

To Obtain Best Results From Storm Windows

All types of Storm Windows, glass, thermopane, plastic can save many dollars in fuel bills if used right. Follow these 5 rules for best results: 1.—Check all leaks. 2.—Make sure windows fit tight. 3.—Caulk aluminum type before installing. 4.—Store wooden frame type in dry place to prevent warping. 5.—Replace all cracked panes at once. Trans-Kleer ends storage, caulking problems, shattered glass, panes to replace, leaks to seal! No hard toil to put on or remove! Put on quick INSIDE regular window with new, improved ADHESO border. Lift Adheso border to let stale air out. Press back and you have perfect sealed-in insulation again! (See picture) Freezing weather is coming. Play safe! Order your TRANS-KLEER windows NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Thoresen Ltd., Dept. 300-M-47, 45 St. James St. W., Montreal, Que.

RUSH FOR FREE HOME TRIAL!

Thoresen Ltd., Dept. 300-M-47, 45 St. James St. W., Montreal, Que.

RUSH . . . kits of Trans-Kleer measuring 108 sq. ft. each, enough for 10 windows averaging 10.8 sq. ft. each. Include improved Adheso Sealing Border and easy picture instructions at no extra cost. I will try 2 windows and if I'm not satisfied for any reason, I'll return the remainder within one week for FULL REFUND of my money. I will keep the 2 windows free.

☐ Payment enclosed. Send Prepaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

CHECK AMOUNT DESIRED

☐ 1 KIT (108 sq. ft.)
for 10 windows—4.95

☐ 2 KITS (216 sq. ft.)
for 20 windows—8.95

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Here now... the new Flight-Styled



NEW! *Push-button automatic gear selecting!*

Here's a new thrill! You control the PowerFlite automatic transmission with push buttons on the instrument panel. The shift lever is eliminated, just *press a button* . . . step on the gas . . . and GO! Push-button PowerFlite is available at moderate extra cost.

New "pick-up power"! New Plymouth 6-cylinder engines give you more power than ever. So does the new Hy-Fire V-8, now available in all Plymouth series. You get higher torque, too, for quicker get-away and easy hill climbing, more wallop and getaway at lower speeds.



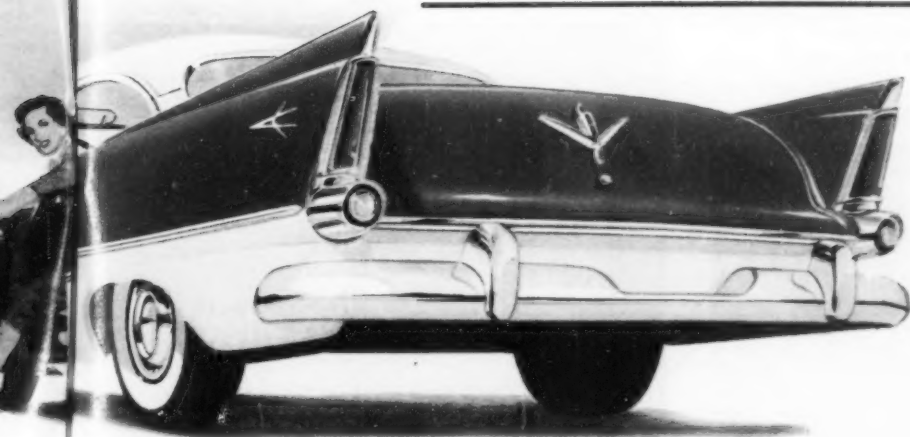
MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

PLYMOUTH '56



PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE V-8 FOUR-DOOR HARDTOP

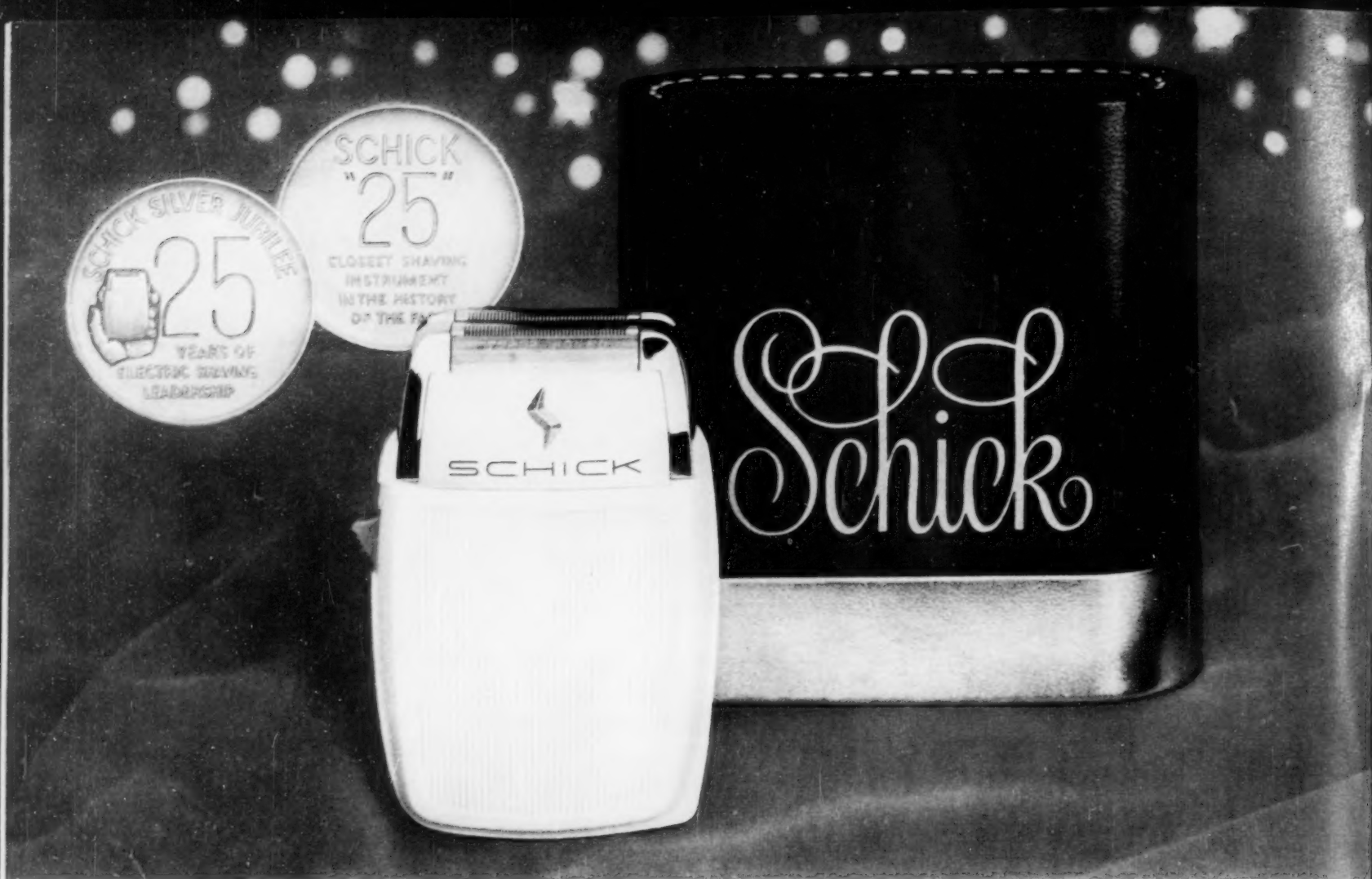
New beauty gives wings to the Forward Look ➤



Now, Plymouth—finest car in the low-price field—brings you thrilling new Flight-Styled beauty, greater power, and revolutionary push-button automatic gear selecting.

Forward-thrusting front fenders and low, sloping hood enhance the streamlined *Forward Look* . . . give you better vision, too. Newest styling innovation is the upward sweep of slender rear quarter panels—sleek as the tail of a jet.

Yes, Plymouth for '56 is brilliantly new—inside and out. It's styled to make your spirits soar—powered to give you spine-tingling performance.



Makes anything you shave with now as outdated as a straight razor

New perfection from Hi-Power Motor to Super-Honed Heads—Closest shaving instrument ever invented

25 years ago, Col. Jacob Schick invented the first electric shaver—and the grouchless, ouchless age of shaving was born.

Now, after 25 years of endless improvement, Schick gives you the closest shaving instrument that ever touched a face. It's the New Schick "25"—making all other shaving methods obsolete!

It's a beautiful instrument to see, to own. But what's beneath this beauty that makes it shave closer, cleaner, easier than anything your face has ever known? Gentlemen, here are the facts:

No other shaver has Super-Honed Heads to shave at skin-line! *The Schick "25" has!*

No other shaver has curved combs that guide whiskers into place. *The Schick "25" has!*

No other shaver has a motor twice as fast as a plane motor at 300 mph. *The Schick "25" has!*

No other shaver can shave so close that when

you rub your hand against the grain of your beard—you can't feel any stubble. *The Schick "25" can!*

No other shaver comes in a Caddie Case, designed as a travel case and as a handy holder on the bathroom shelf. *The Schick "25" does!*

Ask your dealer about the 14-day money-back home trial! Schick "25" at all dealers and Schick Shaver Shops in principal cities—only \$31.95. \$5 trade-in allowance for any electric shaver. Schick (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ont. *More men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.*

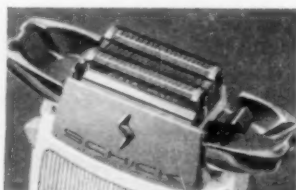
Schick "25"

SILVER JUBILEE
ELECTRIC SHAVER

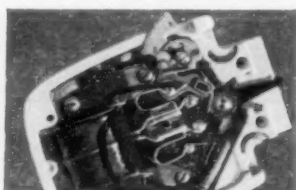
3 REASONS WHY NOTHING SHAVES CLOSER THAN THE NEW SCHICK "25"



1. Super-Honed Heads. Honed and finished to a sharpness unmatched by any other shaver. Result: easy, quick, and amazingly close shaving of every whisker. Never pull or pluck.

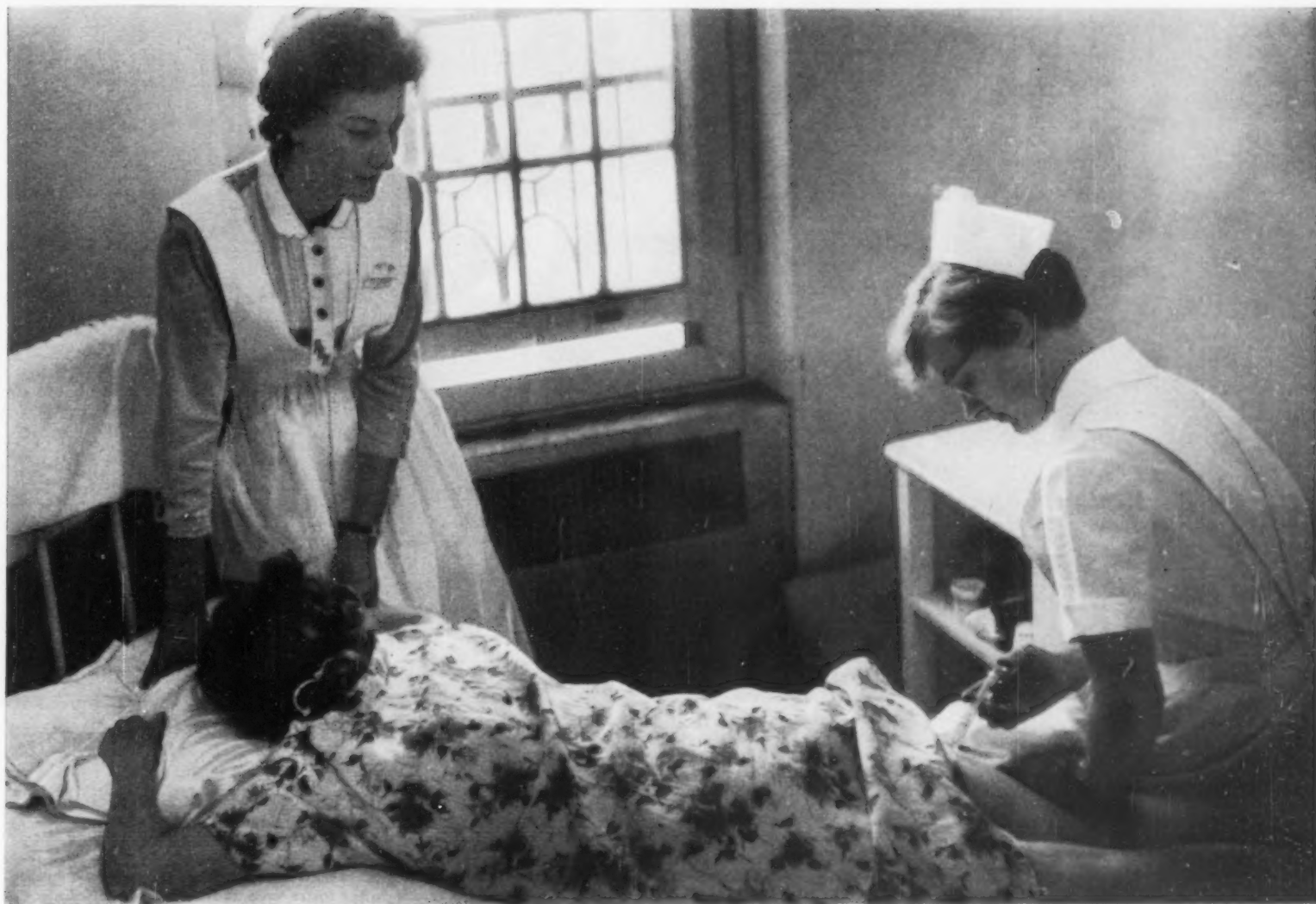


2. Curved Combs. Curved shape presses down skin around whiskers for gentle shaves, no irritation. Combs guide each whisker into place no matter which way it grows.



3. Hi-Power Motor. Snaps on with a touch of the switch. Twice as fast as an airplane engine at 300 mph. Most powerful motor for its size. Power enough to shave the toughest whiskers.





DRUG INJECTED into her thigh relieves the tension of disturbed patient at the Verdun Protestant Hospital, Montreal. Chlorpromazine comes in tablets too.

The New Wonder Drugs That Fight Insanity

Cheap and apparently safe, though no cure in themselves, two new discoveries are leading a revolution that's taking the word "hopeless" from more forms of mental illness. They also help to conquer allergies, high blood pressure and pain. But even the doctors don't know why they work

FOR THE past decade the biggest news in medicine has been about wonder drugs such as penicillin, aureomycin and streptomycin. They worked undreamed-of cures in a variety of infectious diseases, ranging from pneumonia to tuberculosis. Today the most exciting talk in medical circles concerns an entirely new group of drugs—these have the power to control mental and psychological illnesses.

The new drugs will be a blessing to everybody but the greatest beneficiaries will be the sixty thousand patients in Canadian mental hospitals. Until recently many of them had no hope of ever

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

returning home. Because they allay tensions, fears and anxieties, the new drugs promise to bring relief to many of Canada's half a million neurotics. The drugs will also be a boon to anyone suffering from such ailments as asthma, high blood pressure, nausea and vomiting, narcotic and alcoholic addiction, skin diseases and headaches—all of them

physical conditions having emotional overtones.

Some of the new drugs—Meratran, Frenquel, hydergine, LSD and others—are still in the early stages of investigation. But two, chlorpromazine and reserpine, have already clearly demonstrated their far-reaching usefulness. They are plentiful, cost less than ten cents a dose and look as innocuous as ordinary aspirin tablets. But they are potent enough to have started a revolution in medical therapeutics.

Because of reserpine and chlorpromazine, long-term patients have been resurrected from the back wards of mental hospitals. Patients are getting well



A PATIENT RESTS calmly after chlorpromazine treatment. She was violent twenty minutes before. She can be wakened easily; drug does not cause stupor.

"Allaying tensions and anxieties, the new drugs promise relief to many of Canada's half million neurotics"

in weeks, instead of months or years. Ex-mental patients are staying out of hospital by swallowing a few pills a day. The drugs protect them from a mental breakdown much the same as regular injections of insulin safeguard the diabetic.

The fact that the drugs have also achieved gratifying results in other ailments graphically points up the close partnership between the mind and the body in physical illness. Chlorpromazine, for example, even without sedatives or narcotics, makes it easier for cancer patients to bear pain. As one patient observed to Dr. Roger Dufresne, of the Montreal Cancer Institute, "My mind isn't always on the pain now. It doesn't worry me. I can concentrate on reading again." When chlorpromazine is administered along with such conventional pain

killers as demerol and morphine, it has a "potentiating" effect—that is, it makes them fifty to seventy-five percent more effective. Thus, the danger of narcotic addiction is lessened. As far as it is known, the new drug itself is not habit-forming.

Chlorpromazine usually puts a speedy end to chronic hiccuping. One patient arrived at hospital, weakened and emaciated by eight months of hiccuping. Even the desperate surgical measure of crushing the phrenic nerve to his diaphragm failed to remedy the situation. Chlorpromazine did the job in three minutes. It also helped Pope Pius XII through the same condition during his recent illness. Chlorpromazine has been lauded for its "powerful effect against nausea and vomiting" by Dr. Dale G. Friend and Dr. J. F. Cummins of the Harvard

Medical School. One of their patients was hardly able to eat for twenty-two weeks because of a complicated pregnancy. Within twenty-four hours after going on the drug she was enjoying regular meals.

Reserpine also has an impressive list of uses according to recent clinical experiences. It brings dramatic relief to many who suffer with high blood pressure; soothes overactive infants, enabling them to sleep and eat better; banishes certain types of headaches; and lessens the irritability of old people who are quarrelsome and difficult to live with.

Although over one thousand scientific papers have been published about chlorpromazine and reserpine, nobody seems to know exactly how they work. However, because they're effective in so many conditions, it is assumed that they somehow control the "master switch" of the human body, the central nervous system. They somehow manage to tone down the messages sent from the brain centres which transmit news of pain and emotion. Dr. Heinz Lehmann, clinical director of the Verdun Protestant Hospital, speculates, "The drug strips the disturbing experience of its emotional content, thus leaving the patient intact emotionally."

A great advantage of chlorpromazine and reserpine as compared to commonly used sedatives and narcotics is that they don't put the patient in a stupor. Even large doses only result in a light sleep from which the patient can be easily aroused. Once awake, he retains all his mental and physical faculties. This makes it easy for psychiatrists to remain in constant contact with their patients.

The new drugs have been described by Dr. R. A. Cleghorn of McGill's Allan Memorial Institute of Psychiatry as "spectacular, even lurid." Like other authorities, he has cautioned the public that the drugs by themselves won't cure anything—the underlying disease still remains. But, by pacifying the patient and bringing him back to reality, it is now possible for the psychiatrist, social worker, occupational therapist and others to help him. The patient, as it were, is granted a breathing space



Dr. Heinz Lehmann (left) and Dr. George Reed pioneered in using the new drugs for mental ills.



Nurse Jacqueline Brosseau taps telegraph key for researcher Joseph Csank to test her reaction to drug.



RELAXED BY DRUG, patients at Verdun take up handicrafts. These women are learning pottery work.

during which he can mobilize his inner resources. Dr. Nathan A. Kline of Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, N.Y., says, "It will take at least five years to fully assess the drugs' usefulness." Dr. E. Johnson, superintendent of the Hospital for Mental Diseases in Selkirk, Man., sees the drugs as "valuable additions to our therapeutic procedures," but he does not believe that they will succeed in significantly reducing the mental hospital population.

The background and history of chlorpromazine and reserpine could hardly be more different. Chlorpromazine is a synthetic compound developed in a French laboratory in 1951. Reserpine, on the other hand, has been known to man for thousands of years. It is manufactured from the long, tapering snake-like roots of *Rauwolfia serpentina*, a pink-blossomed plant which grows in India and other parts of Asia. For centuries Asiatic healers have lyricized the magical curing powers of their snake-root potions. Only in the past five years have sophisticated Western scientists realized that these extravagant claims were made with some justification.

For Many Home is Closer Now

Thanks to these two drugs dramatic changes are taking place within the walls of some of our mental hospitals. A case in point is the sixteen-hundred-bed Verdun Protestant Hospital, in the suburbs of Montreal. The clinical director, Berlin-educated Heinz Lehmann, a slightly built, blond man who is also an assistant professor of psychiatry at McGill University, was one of the first doctors in North America to experiment with chlorpromazine. That was in April 1953. When I visited the Verdun hospital recently, Lehmann reviewed what had been accomplished during the past thirty months.

Scores of patients, who for years have failed to respond to all other types of therapy, have been discharged since being treated with the help of the drug. "The average patient's chance of improving enough to go home was never brighter," says Joan Smith, chief psychiatric social worker. Lehmann heartily concurs.

There was, for example, the girl who was in the ward for unruly patients for five years. Goaded by imaginary voices, she would break down doors and assault nurses and doctors. She is now working in Montreal as a domestic. Before receiving the new treatment another woman was for eight years so absorbed in her world of fantasy that she forgot her husband. Recently she wrote him an affectionate letter, asking to see him. She now visits him on week ends and will soon be permanently reunited with him.

At one time there were always about twenty patients in the Verdun hospital who were so agitated that they had to be restrained by physical means; today there are no patients under restraint. The patients are quiet and co-operative. They have formed their own council that plans the housekeeping chores to be done on the wards, puts out a mimeographed newspaper and makes recommendations to the doctors. The occupational therapy workshops are now crowded by day and attendance at movies and dances is now almost one hundred percent.

Patients brought into the admitting ward, shrieking and gesticulating, can usually be brought quickly under control by chlorpromazine. The locks have been taken off the doors of some of the wards and two hundred patients—instead of the former fifty—now have the privilege of wandering freely around the grounds. The number of patients permitted to visit their homes every week end has increased from ten to seventy. Dozens of discharged patients are able to stay out of hospital, thanks to the stabilizing effect of small daily doses of chlorpromazine. Every two weeks they attend a chlorpromazine clinic at the hospital where they receive a fresh supply of drugs and talk over their problems with Dr. R. deVerteuil and social worker Joan Smith. One of these outpatients, a man who was formerly excitable, aggressive and belligerent, was caught smack in the middle of the Richard hockey riot in front of the Montreal Forum last March. He was taunted, shoved and pelted with rubbers and ice. Undisturbed, he went quietly on his way.

Encouraged by the

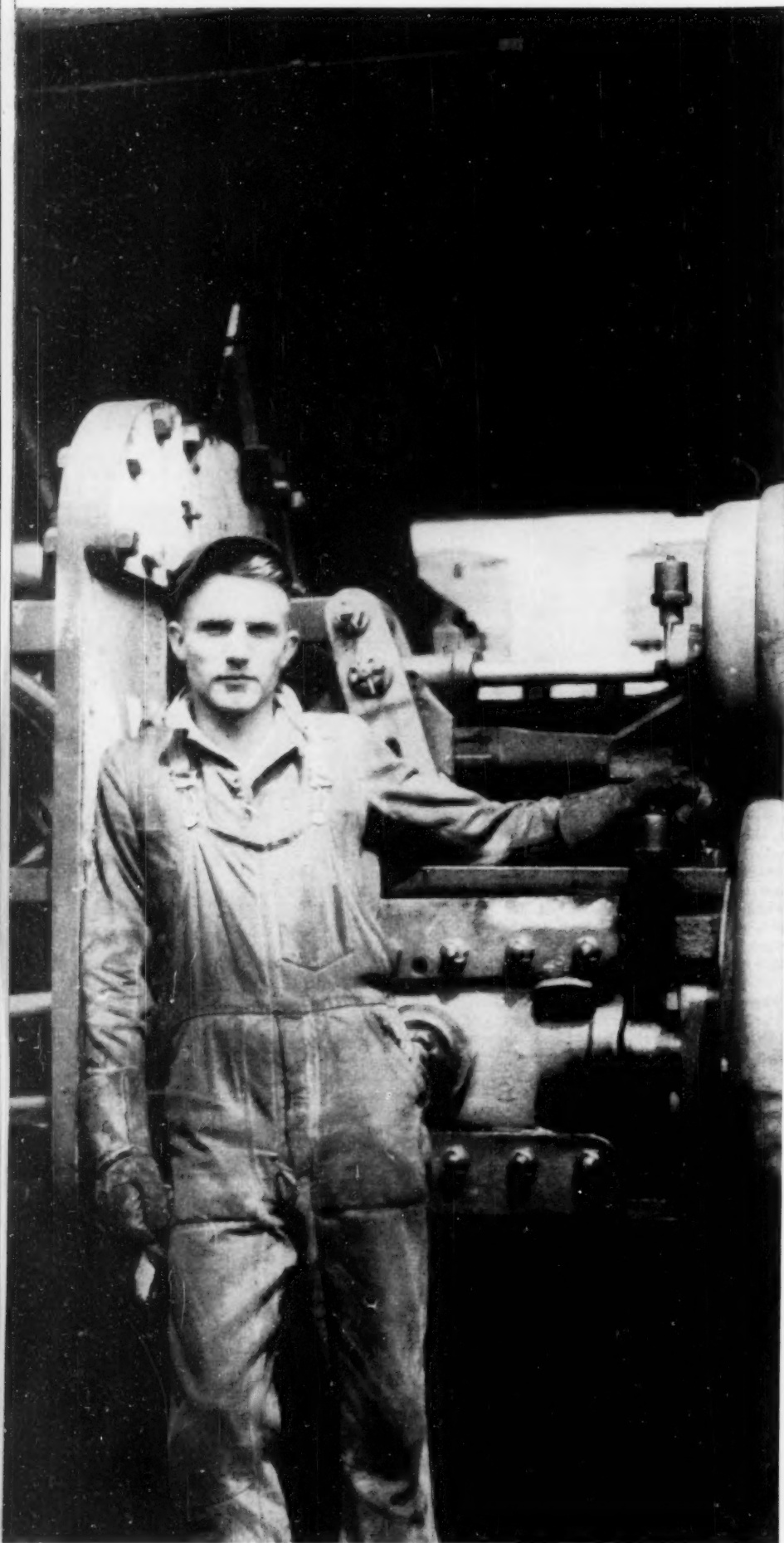
Continued on page 113



ON DISCHARGE some patients receive pills for home use. Social worker Joan Smith checks on results.



PROGRESS made in treating mental patients with the new drugs is reflected in empty rooms at Verdun.



RAILROAD WORKER

At twenty-three Buck Crump, the machinist's apprentice, worked in CPR's Weston Shops at Winnipeg to pay for a course at university. He still hates to see a dirty locomotive.

Buck Crump's love affair with the CPR

**It began when
he was a starry-eyed fifteen.
He lived in a CPR house,
grew up beside the tracks, quit
school to work for the railroad
and went back to learn
what makes it run. He saw every
mile of track and met most
of the 87,000 employees. Then
for ten years
he was groomed to be president**

BY FRED BODSWORTH

EARLY last May directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway sat around the big oval table in their ornate, walnut-trimmed board room above Montreal's Windsor Station and unanimously elected Norris Roy Crump, a former forty-cents-an-hour track laborer, as CPR president.

It was the climax of a thirty-five-year love affair for the short, dapper railroader who rose from a "rip track" gang to the presidency. At fifteen Crump was lured from school in Revelstoke, B.C., by the glamour of railroading. He fell in love with the CPR, and the love knot held. It's true that the object of his affections tossed him aside during the depression layoffs in 1929 and put him out to tramp the streets of Winnipeg looking for another job. But they made up, and perhaps it can be said that the CPR next fell in love with Crump, because after a rapid rise he has become, at fifty-one, the youngest president elected since 1918.

In Vancouver his father, Thomas H. Crump, eighty-four and a CPR man too, heard the news and told reporters: "There's one thing you can be sure about a Crump. We all started out by learning how to use a No. 2 shovel."

No man has come to the CPR presidency better groomed for the job. Buck Crump (he has forgotten where the nickname originated) learned the railroading business with prodigious thoroughness. He was born in a CPR-owned home and grew up beside the CPR tracks. He started at the bottom and worked his way up through the great labyrinthine CPR empire, picking up a couple of university degrees in mechanical engineering along the way. He has had CPR experience in all its Canadian regions, he has traveled back and forth many times over every mile of its 21,000-mile track system, and he has met personally a large percentage of its 87,000 employees. And the man now responsible for spending four hundred million dollars a year knows what it's like to be broke, for Buck Crump remembers vividly the grim jobless days of 1929.

Today, as president, Crump has a finger on the whole vast operation and can discuss with equal familiarity the interest rate of CPR's latest collateral trust bonds, the gear ratio of its newest locomotives or the number of ties it takes to lay a mile of track. Though fully occupied now with the problems of top-level administration, he is still a practical down-to-earth railroader who cannot ride on a train without unconsciously checking its speed and schedule. His personal office car, the Laurentian, has been fitted with a speedometer and a panel of instruments to keep him informed of the locomotive's mechanical operation up front. On the rear corner of his private car is a mirror giving him a view of the track signals ahead which, from long habit, he cannot keep himself from watching. When a freight rumbles by, Crump usually drops his desk work and, like all trainmen, peers out the curtained windows of his car to watch for hotboxes on the passing train.

The job itself has a glamorous history. At one time it would automatically have assured Crump fame and a prominent place in Canada's history. But if the record of recent presidents is repeated, the job today assures Crump only hard work, tremendous responsibility and then, at the end of his term, an abrupt fade-out into the limbo of anonymity from which he came. For the CPR presidency, once the most glamorous and illustrious job in Canada, has lost most of its lustre.

A question now being widely asked is: will Crump put some of that old-time lustre back?

Modest, publicity-shunning Crump, who insists on friends still calling him by his boyhood nickname, "Buck," is a striking contrast to the flamboyant, aristocratic and titled gentlemen who once lent color and pomp to CPR's top job.

For the first fifty years of its seventy-five-year history, CPR's presidents were personifications of their times. With top hat and cane they traveled throughout Canada in their private railway cars with all the pomp and fanfare of Hindu rajahs on a Ganges pilgrimage. High-school boys thirty years ago who couldn't remember the names of half of Canada's prime ministers had no difficulty rattling off the names of Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Edward Beatty, CPR's "big four" who controlled the company for its first sixty years. The odds were, if a high-school boy of that era dreamed of attaining greatness, he dreamed of becoming CPR president and not prime minister.

But something happened to the CPR presidency after Beatty retired in 1942. The colorful era of railroad pioneering and expansion was past. The war was producing a new crop of public heroes. And the three hustling and capable presidents who followed Beatty were all older men, forced by age and health to retire before they had become public personalities.

Whether or not Crump wins a place in history beside CPR's other presidential giants, he is already, as CPR chief, one of the biggest and most influential men on the Canadian industrial and business scene. The government-owned Canadian National is bigger than the Canadian Pacific, but *Continued on page 104*



RAILROAD PRESIDENT

At fifty-one Buck Crump, the president, spends half a billion dollars a year for CPR. But he can't resist signals and schedules and always keeps his eye peeled for hotboxes.



When Lillian and Joe Cooney adopted their first baby they enjoyed it so much that they adopted another—and another—and another. Now they've got seven of them and they won't stop there. Read this heart-warming story about



The Cooneys and their seven adopted children

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

THE COONEY family from Toronto, a dentist, his wife and their seven children, were eating in a hotel dining room in Detroit last summer when a stranger approached their table. The stranger, a middle-aged woman, beamed at the handsome and well-behaved youngsters. "What a fine family!" she exclaimed. "And the children all look so much alike!"

Lillian Cooney couldn't resist. "Thank you," she murmured, putting a cookie in her baby's fist. "That's surprising, since they are all adopted."

Ever since that moment, the Cooneys have been the centre of considerable attention. Word of the seven adopted children spread around the dining room and to Detroit newspapers. They became local celebrities, recognized on the streets and in department stores. Their subsequent entrances in the hotel dining room caused a flurry of waiters, headwaiters and bus boys that spoiled the entire family for normal restaurant service for months. The story spread to Toronto newspapers, and the family, with uneasily smiling parents, posed for photographers the day they arrived home. On the first morning of school this autumn, the Cooneys

fended off more newspaper photographers who wanted pictures of the oldest five children leaving with shining faces and polished apples.

"There are," observed Lillian Cooney, "a number of special problems involved in publicizing a family of adopted children."

The first necessity is that the children must not be disturbed by anything they read about themselves. Another is that certain information, such as their ages, must be disguised to prevent the tragedy of identification. For these worthy reasons, some of the material in this article is slightly rearranged and part of the story of the remarkable Cooneys has had to be omitted altogether.

The Cooneys have been married for fourteen years, since the week when Joseph Cooney graduated from the University of Toronto faculty of dentistry, and they have yet to know an affluent period. In fact, when they adopted their fourth

child they were on the brink of bankruptcy. They live in an eighty-year-old house with spectacular infirmities on the western outskirts of Toronto. Lillian Cooney runs her home without any help, except for an occasional cleaning woman. The house has only three bedrooms, but the Cooneys are making room in one of them for an eighth child, a two- or three-year-old boy whose arrival is expected this month.

"The Cooneys are ideal parents," says Evelyn Roberts, superintendent of the adoption department of the Catholic Children's Aid. "Whenever we find a child who is unhappy we think of the Cooneys and wish they had more room. Sooner or later a case worker will remark, 'I know what this child needs—the Cooneys!'"

The Children's Aid has asked the Cooneys to address an audience of prospective adoptive parents this winter. Much of what they say will be highly controversial. The Cooneys have come to some unusual conclusions in the years they have spent raising a family. The Cooneys place more importance in a child's dignity and happiness than in the tidiness of his clothes. *Continued on page 109*



SAVING UP: Dad's a dentist, and doing the office laundry earns children their pocket money (five cents a towel, fifteen a sheet).



CLEANING UP: Everybody pitches in with the dishes—Lorraine and Mike (at the sink), Steve (facing camera), Johnny and Bernadette.



BUTTERING UP: The youngsters carry lunch to school. Here Mike, Lorraine, Steve make their own. None of them gets an allowance.



WALKING OUT: Meet the Cooneys. From the left — Joe, Teresa (in mother's arms), Lillian, Lorraine, Mike, Steve, Bernadette, Marie and Johnny. All the children are blue-eyed with fair hair, but it's just a coincidence. "We don't fuss about backgrounds," says Joe Cooney. "They all have souls."



GROWING UP: Steve, Mike and Lorraine sit down to homework after dinner with Dad supervising. After it's done they watch TV.



LOOKING UP: Facing family altar, they pray morning, evening and at meals. "We teach love, dignity and respect," says Joe Cooney.



SPRUCING UP: While brothers and sisters watch TV Bernadette gets a haircut from her mother—a regular chore on Saturday nights.



Across the Red River from Winnipeg, St. Boniface grew up around a French Roman Catholic mission settlement. Now only half its 27,000 people speak French.

St. Boniface is nobody's suburb

It's the largest French settlement outside of Quebec, yet it's surrounded by Winnipeg, depends on Winnipeg for its jobs, and elects English mayors. How mixed up can a city get?

BY SCOTT YOUNG

PHOTOS BY MIKE KESTERTON



On Provencher Bridge French and English sign welcomes visitors. Beyond is St. Boniface Cathedral.

THERE was a time in St. Boniface, Manitoba, when a *métis* who got into a fight in a Winnipeg tavern ran to the Red River and tried to swim to safety on the other side, his home side, and drowned. There was a time when Hudson's Bay Company canoes came up the river fifty-nine days out from Montreal bearing four Grey Nuns singing hymns to shut from their ears the ribald songs of the voyageurs. There were times when the most exciting social event of the season was the buffalo hunt, when fur traders and hunters got a homecoming thrill from the sight of cathedral spires and the sound of its bells, when a burly bishop named Provencher and a stripling priest named Taché laughed at the jokes of the *métis* and loved and defended them, faults and all.

Those were the beginnings. You have to look back there for what makes this largest French settlement in the west as it is today—a city engulfed by Winnipeg and its surrounding communities and yet separate and distinct, nobody's suburb.

As in most matters relating to the soul, these last two words—"nobody's suburb"—are hard to document. Indeed, on the surface, St. Boniface is a suburb. At the last population count of 27,372, St. Boniface was Manitoba's second-largest city, but it is separated from the largest, Winnipeg, only by one hundred and fifty yards or so of the Red River. Over two bridges they exchange a daily stream of clerks, stenographers, artists, laborers, general managers and shopping housewives, mainly on the buses of a publicly owned transit system that serves both cities.

Except for chain food stores St. Boniface has few large retail businesses. "Winnipeg's two big department stores, Eaton's and Hudson's Bay, are too close for us to give them competition," one merchant said. They use the same telephone, power



A million cattle a year are bought and sold in the Union Stock Yards. It's the city's biggest employer.

and water systems, railroad stations and airport. Their fire departments assist one another in major fires. Both cities refer zoning problems to the Greater Winnipeg Planning Commission. They cheer for the same professional football and hockey teams, attend the same concerts, read the same two Winnipeg English-language daily newspapers. One of Winnipeg's municipal golf courses, Windsor Park, is in St. Boniface. So is a Winnipeg city dump. For these Winnipeg pays St. Boniface grants. And in 1950, after Winnipeg's dikes fell to the Red River flood, Winnipeg men and women flocked across the bridges in tractor-towed trucks and army DUKWs to man sandbag lines and can- teens of St. Boniface's seven-mile dike and keep most of the city safe.

But once you get beyond these common meeting

grounds, St. Boniface stands alone. Its character is French and Catholic—but only about thirty-seven percent of its people are of French descent, no more than forty-five percent speak French, a slim majority of fifty-five percent are Catholic. Norwood, the city's southwest residential section, is overwhelmingly English-speaking and occasionally displays a militant Protestantism. Also, the present mayor, J. G. Van Belleghem, a hotel owner of Belgian descent who before his election had been an alderman for fifteen years, is the first French-speaking mayor since 1922. The council meetings are conducted in English. For sixteen years in the Thirties and Forties the mayor was George C. Maclean, a Scottish Presbyterian who lived in Norwood and whose French scarcely extended beyond "Bienvenue," "Venez Encore," and "Où est le directeur du département de nettoyage des rues?"

Van Belleghem's immediate predecessor was E. A. Hansford, also of Norwood, who is Protestant and a CCFer—a combination not noted for its appeal either to French or Catholics. Nevertheless, Hansford got many of these votes as mayor and also has represented the city in the Manitoba legislature, where there seems no certain pattern to whether St. Boniface's two representatives are French, British, Catholic or Protestant. On the Norwood Community Club's half-French and half-English junior baseball team, which recently won the Greater Winnipeg championship, ex-mayor Hansford's son Abbie plays shortstop, outfield, and occasionally pitches. When he pitches, his catcher is a fiery youngster named Gerry Brisson who crosses himself each time he comes to the plate.

Most citizens are keenly aware of the contradictions in this combination of differences and allegiances. "There are really two St. Bonifaces," one St. Boniface industrialist (who lives in Winnipeg) said recently. "In Norwood, if the people mention the French section at all they refer to it as 'up in St. Boniface,' as if they weren't part of the same city."



This replica of the Lourdes grotto was wrecked in the 1950 flood, but the Capuchin monks rebuilt it.

And yet there does exist what trader Alexander Ross in 1825 called "a fair share of mutual good feeling." It was a Norwood Protestant who first mentioned to me, "You must try to hear the Mass written by the city clerk. It's very good." I heard it in a storeroom in the city hall, from a tape recording played by the composer, City Clerk Maurice Prud'homme. He's also an organist at the St. Boniface Basilica. Teaching music helped put him through the University of Manitoba and he's been a church organist since he was twelve.

In St. Boniface it is not as remarkable as it would be in another city to find the city clerk an organist and composer. Most of what gives this community individuality has come from the present great stone basilica and its four predecessors, starting with a log chapel

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Half the people are Catholics whose religious life centres in St. Boniface Cathedral. Sometimes they row with Protestants over who'll run the schools.



Some bid
and
some bide



CUSTOMERS use silent signals to make bids ranging from 50c to \$10 up. Tense man at front indicates a raise.

Where to buy an a



You might call it an oil painting—but that's
Ben Ward-Price's little joke.

Running Canada's busiest auction gallery isn't.

That's stately showmanship. What else could sell a silver
sobriety tester or a bankrupt rodeo plus its wild horses?

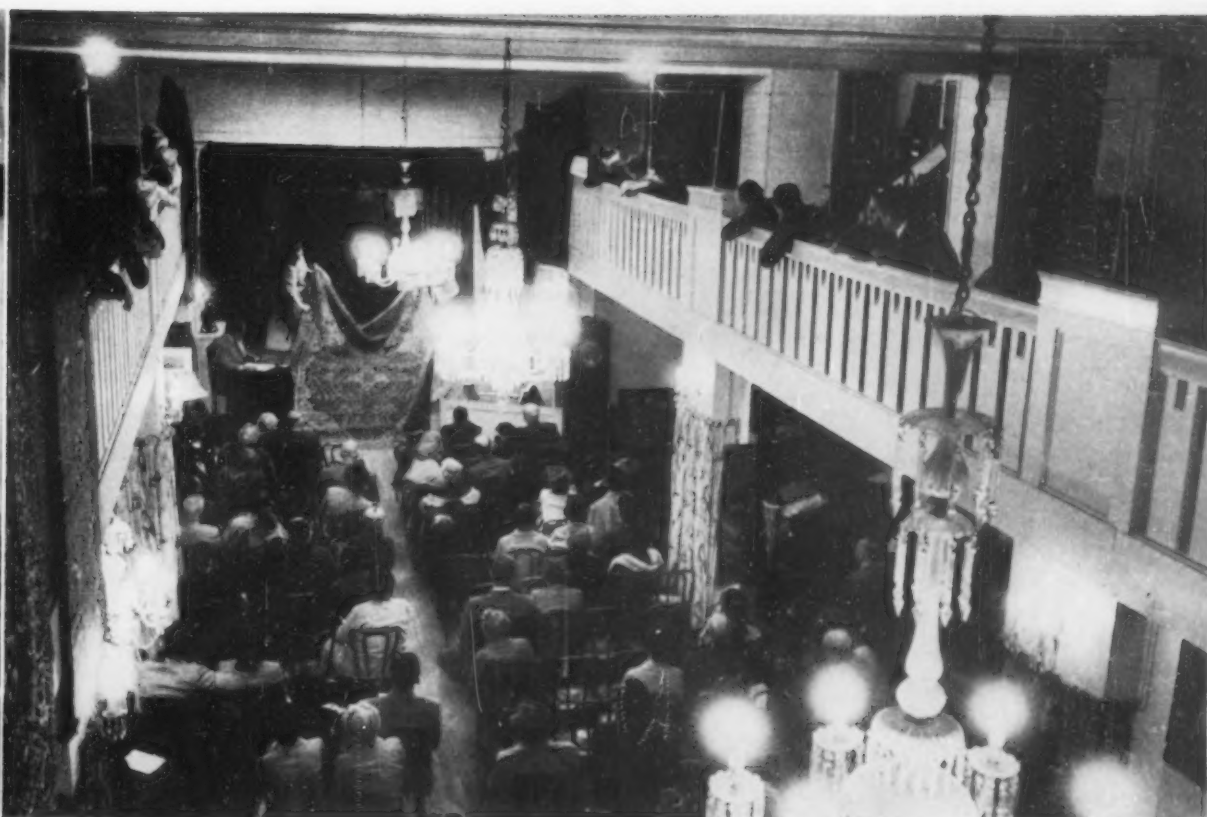
MOST of Canada's five thousand auctioneers try to chatter like machine guns, mixing shrill witticisms with exaggerated praise of their merchandise. This is the traditional method of titillating the customers and encouraging them to bid. It seems to work well, for each year at auction sales across the country bargain hunters spend an estimated five million dollars for household furnishings alone, plus other millions—the total is uncalculated—for such things as real estate, livestock, jewelry and repossessed automobiles. Yet Ben Ward-Price, of Toronto, the auctioneer who sells the greatest volume of goods at the highest prices, is a quiet, soft-spoken, urbane man who doesn't

raise his voice above a polite conversational level and shudders at the leather-lunged bellowing and the shopworn jokes associated with his trade.

Ward-Price, who is president of Ward-Price Ltd., is the antithesis of the familiar, or noisemaking, auctioneer. He has a solemn and almost overpowering dignity—a quality that helps him convince buyers that if a chair, for example, is twice as old as another chair, it is four times as valuable. Without ever losing his poise, Ward-Price in the last quarter of a century has sold such oddly assorted items as an embossed, sterling-silver sobriety tester, Abraham Lincoln's parlor suite, a bankrupt rodeo complete with wild horses, and a piano used by



AUCTIONEER Ward-Price catches a bid.



GALLERY where auctions are held seats four hundred. An English portrait once brought \$35,000.

n ancestor *cheap

By DORIS DICKSON PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

Paderewski. He remained unruffled even when a man who had just bid eighty-five thousand dollars cash for a piece of real estate borrowed a nickel from him to make a telephone call.

The Ward-Price Auction Galleries at 28 College St. sedately observe midtown Toronto through the mullioned windows of an Elizabethan-style building which, set well back from the street, deceptively suggests a small and quiet interior. But casual passers-by see only a small front display room, crowded with conservative oil paintings, period furniture, Georgian silver and Meissen china. Unseen is a labyrinth of rooms stretching back a block. With an auction room that seats more than four hundred people comfortably, Ward-Price Galleries are larger than the famous Christie's of London.

And here half a million dollars' worth of fine paintings, antique furniture, *objets d'art*, Oriental rugs, silverware, jewelry and just plain junk change hands annually in an atmosphere so charged with restraint and dignity that all stigma of buying second-hand goods is removed. Indeed, the thought of some particularly illustrious previous owner often triples the selling price of an object.

But under the calm façade is the same excitement that lures customers to auctions the world over. Each bid is a gamble and the higher the stakes the greater the excitement.

Ben Ward-Price's ambition is to make his galleries a "sort of Christie's of Canada"—a place where all the best in art and furnishings is auctioned to discriminating buyers. He has been so successful

that to some Torontonians the observation, "It looks like a Ward-Price piece," is a mark of approbation. And a westerner who recently moved to Toronto was astonished to find "all my friends down buying background for themselves at Ward-Price's." Ward-Price himself occasionally introduces a satirical note when he offers oil portraits with the suggestion: "Buy yourself an ancestor, cheap."

The Ward-Price building was at one time the Jenkins Art Galleries, owned by Tom Jenkins, who while there sold a portrait of Miss Emma Laura Whitbred by the eighteenth-century English artist John A. Hoppner RA, for thirty-five thousand dollars. But this type of painting—and buyer—is unfortunately rare. However, Ward-Price recently sold two paintings for \$3,000 each, a Royal Kirman rug for \$3,500, a Queen Anne silver teapot for \$1,750, and a wing chair of the Queen Anne period for \$2,000.

Ward-Price has auctioned the furnishings from some of the country's largest estates, but often his customers are more affluent than the clients for whom he is selling. At one sale, for instance, he counted fifteen millionaires in the audience.

Still, with an advance mailing list of more than eight thousand, he has a clientele ranging from millionaire collectors of first-edition Dickens and hallmarked Georgian silver, to newlyweds furnishing a two-room flat on a white-collar salary and old-age pensioners who come to feast their eyes on the unattainable. Housewives, doctors, lawyers, laborers, shrewd-eyed antique dealers, members of Toronto's earliest families

Continued on page 98



ANTIQUES surround Ben Ward-Price in the shop serving the galleries' between-auction customers.

Young Ernie knew it was there,
and so did the gang of small children
who followed Uncle Charley
to his fabulous sluice box.

While Ben and I were blinded
by shame and black hate, the kids found

Uncle Charley's secret treasure



Ben and I discovered them as we walked down the tracks smoking real cigarettes. Uncle Charley was chanting, "There's a fortune waiting!"





They would troop to the creek with Uncle Charley, carrying shovels and pails; somehow shiny pennies would always turn up in that sluice box.

BY ILLINGWORTH H. KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

AWARE though I was of Ben's growing hardness, it was a greater shock than the news of Uncle Charley's death when he refused to go home for the funeral.

"What's eating you? Afraid you won't get a slice of the old goat's fortune?" Ben chuckled me a cigarette.

"Sure," I said, "he might have left something in an old sock. Like a hole. What about Mother and Dad?"

"They never even asked us," Ben said, glancing at the telegram that had waited our return. "They wouldn't expect me to play the hypocrite."

"No. They are simply expecting us."

"Okay, Bud. I guess it's all over now. You can tell them I'll be home—later."

There was no shaking him. I could hardly bear it, for Ben and I had always been closer than most brothers, and now death, which was new to us, set us apart.

Then the landlady called Ben down to the 'phone. He came back and stared at me vacantly. Despite freckles and bristly yellow hair he made me think of Young Ernie.

"It was long distance—Grafton. Dad called. Both of them gone—Young Ernie, too."

I just sat and stared back, while Ben added, "Ernie fell in the creek—high water and ice going out—and Uncle Charley in after him. Both near drowned and barely made it home. They went down with pneumonia together. Looked like Ernie would pull through, Dad said, but when Uncle Charley went—he—well, Dad said it seemed Ernie just couldn't help taggin' along. Like always."

Ben ended very softly and I found myself taking a deep breath, as if the first real breath in all my seventeen years.

You see, it is hardly likely that you ever had a brother like Young Ernie. He was the eldest, but due to mental deficiency was to remain forever "young." In many ways he was quite a nice kid, the best looking of all three, people said, except for something vacant behind his eyes, and sometimes that frown of puzzlement as if it troubled him to be so different. Usually he was playful as a pup and just as anxious for affection. But—and there were a thousand buts—he had remained a constant burden.

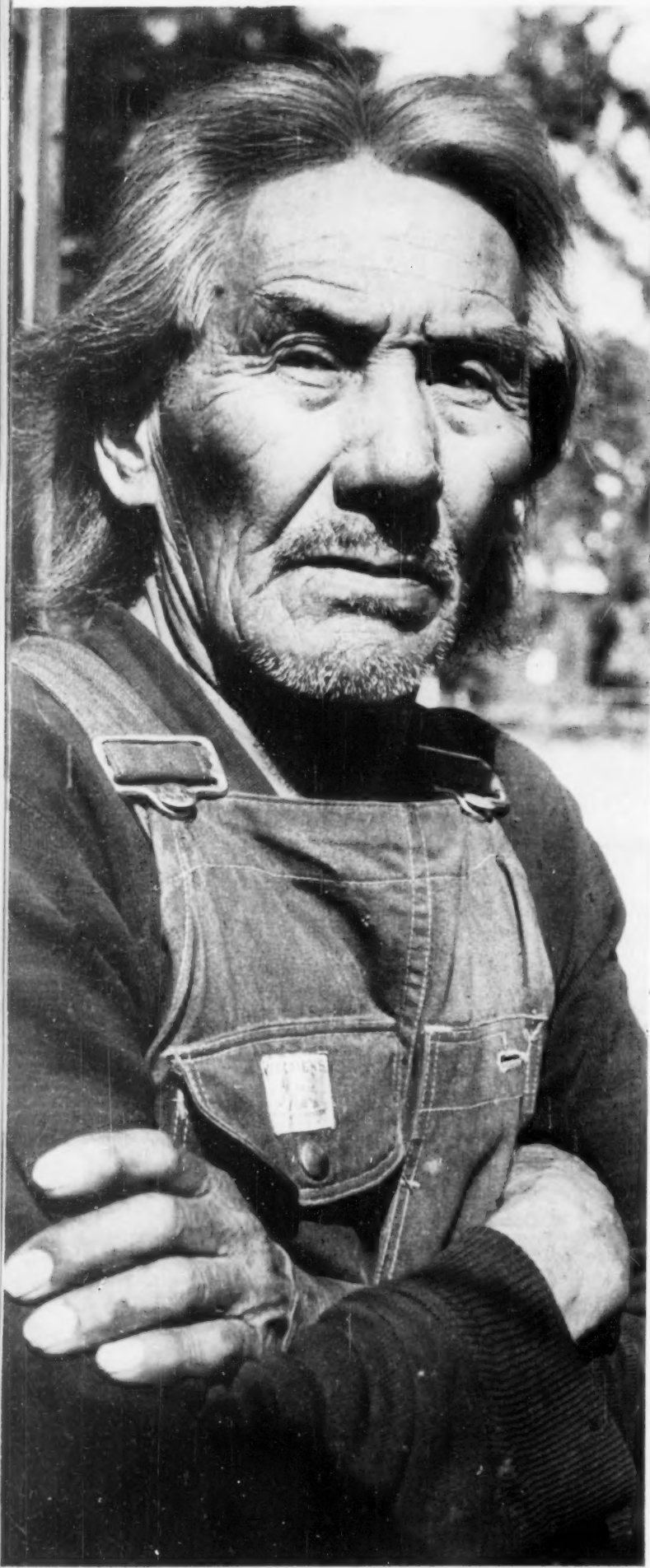
Looking back now, his death was a blow only in its suddenness. You may not believe it, but I kept thinking, "Thanks, God—now Ben has to go home!"

By the next day Ben was as tough and laconic as ever when I met him at the service station after checking out at business college. A substitute was already in Ben's coveralls, Ben's motorcycle was set and we roared off westward on our hundred-and-ninety-mile journey from Winnipeg, as if on a fishing trip.

But that was all on the surface. As Ben's bike hit the mean gravel highway to Grafton, all churned up in spring thaw, my thoughts jounced in mad rhythm from one family member to the other, from one episode to another, crazy in relation to time, so that if I put them down that way you would never get anything sorted out.

WE WERE ONLY tads when Mother first told us about her very much older brother, Charley, who had left their Ontario farm home to hunt for gold in B. C. and had disappeared without a trace. A mountain avalanche, white water, scurvy—the Lord only knew what had accounted for him. "Wolves!" Ben guessed. "Maybe out-laws!" And we gloated over innumerable grisly endings until Ben hit on a better angle. Suppose Uncle Charley

Continued on page 54



IROQUOIS CHIEF Bob Henhawk is chief in name only; Ottawa runs his tribe. The old chiefs still want to make their own laws and money.

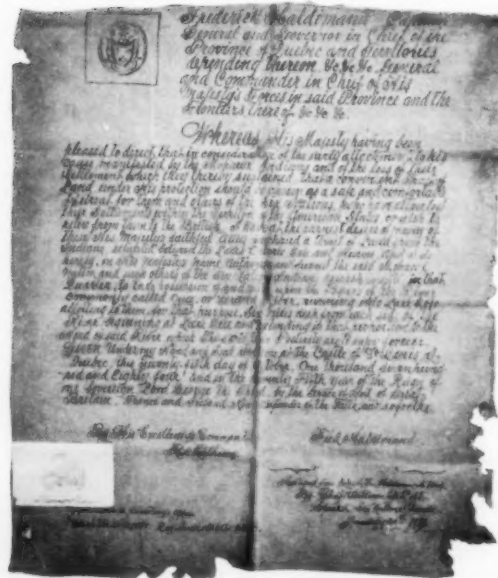
PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



HISTORIAN Alma Green keeps the tribe's treaties. She says the whites broke most of them and stole land from the Indians.

THE UNCONQUERED W

The Iroquois never did submit
to the white man and they still won't give in.
They won't vote;
they won't take an oath of allegiance
and they cling to the ancient
Longhouse religion.
Here's an intriguing report on an
unknown "republic" in the heart of Ontario



WARRIORS' MAGNA CHARTA: In this treaty, written on buckskin, Britain called the Iroquois allies and granted them land in southern Ontario. Later Upper Canada forced them to sell most of it.



TEACHER Mrs. F. E. Hill works in one of fifteen schools on the reserve. The teachers gripe at books that call Iroquois savages.



INDIAN BOY Joe General and his family's hundred-year-old home. They can't borrow to build on this land—it belongs to the crown.



COUNCILOR William Johnson (left) and William Hill. Indians elect a council, but some think it's a rubber stamp for Ottawa.

D WARRIORS OF OHSWEKEN

By Edna Staebler

OLD BOB HENHAWK was sitting on a log behind his unpainted little frame house, smoking his pipe. Hanging from the trees along the path to his frog pond were his scythe, a bucket without a bottom, some horseshoes, cow horns, a bunch of rusty wire and a rake. A breeze fluffed out the long grey hair that hung under his well-seasoned hat. His strong red-brown face was turned toward the rough gravel road that led into the Indian reserve from the smooth busy highway to Brantford, Ont., eight miles away.

"I hear they got some pretty good roads out there among the whites," he told me as a passing car raised the dust. "Next thing they'll be paving in here." He drew on his pipe reflectively. "Never needed to pave in the old days; never had dust. Indian trails through the bush were narrow and clean." He took his pipe from his mouth and leaned over to pull a fattening wood tick from the chest of his mongrel dog Nosey. "White fellow come in here one day and he said to me, 'Ain't you glad we civilized you? You got much more now than you had.'" He straightened his slender old shoulders. "I says to him, 'The whites never beat

us in a war but seems now like they think they bought us. All we want is our freedom.'"

Old Bob Henhawk is a chief of the Iroquois who not long ago were naked whooping savages—the history books say—burning, torturing, scalping and eating the flesh of their victims. They comprised the democratic League of Six Nations—Mohawks, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Senecas—who lived together in peace and supported one another in war for more than four hundred years. They called themselves Men of Men, terrorized the French settlers in Canada and were supreme over all other Indians from Georgian Bay to Florida, east of the Mississippi.

Now their council fires have been stamped out. Their Longhouses of cedar bark have gone down—the Longhouse is a place of feasting and dancing for those who still worship their Creator in the Indian way. English has become the common tongue of the Six Nations whose six languages are as different from one another as German, French and Chinese. The white man has confined the proud Iroquois to reservations, small tracts of land set aside for their exclusive use in Ontario, Quebec and New York.

The reserve Chief Henhawk lives on with five to six thousand of his fellows in a plot of dismal farmland about twelve miles square beside the Grand River in southern Ontario. It is a small part of the tract gratefully given in 1784 by George III of England to the followers of Joseph Brant, the Iroquois war chief who had led his people into the War of American Independence to fight for the British. The grant was made as a recompense for the lands in the northeastern states that had belonged from time immemorial to the League of Six Nations and that Britain had ceded to the victorious Americans.

Soon after the Iroquois moved to the tract they had earned with their blood and their sacrifice, white settlers and land speculators from America and Britain came and encroached on the land. Some paid for their acres, some had land given to them by Joseph Brant, others just squatted. The country was flooded with illegal deeds but the courts upheld the white men and ignored the rights of the Indians who had no individual titles to property. When the Indians protested, Upper Canada in 1835 segregated them from the white. *Continued on page 92*



WARRIORS' KINGDOM: Ottawa says it's a reserve but the Iroquois claim it's their country, given to them by George III. Once they ruled half the continent.



How the Highlanders took N

For half a century they were taught to be ashamed of their Highland origins. Now, with their own tartan, music, folklore, flag, college and pageantry, they're making the place more Scottish than Scotland

BY JOHN MACLURE

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

LAST St. Patrick's Day those members of the Nova Scotia Legislature with Irish blood in their veins turned up, as they always do on March 17, sporting shamrocks and green neckties. But even they applauded when long lanky Stewart Proudfoot, MLA for Pictou West, stole the show by appearing in a kilt and rising to demand that the provincial government advance culture and the tourist trade by building a replica of a Highland

village—this to be a sort of living museum and a constant reminder of Nova Scotia's Scottish heritage.

While the village hasn't been built yet there is little doubt that it will be, for the way the proud and touchy Irish cheered the proposal of the Pictou Scot, on the very day traditionally devoted to extolling the virtues of Irishmen, was typical of what has been happening lately in Nova Scotia.

There, 175,000 people of Scottish extraction, mostly of Highland stock, have been carrying on a campaign to make Nova Scotia more Scottish than Scotland. Their weapons in what is probably the happiest conquest in history have been songs, dances, poetry, bagpipes, bright tartans and Gaelic,

a lilting language with no curse words at all but forty words for expressing love. These weapons have proven so irresistible that instead of opposing the Scots other racial groups in Nova Scotia's total population of 650,000 have climbed eagerly into the act.

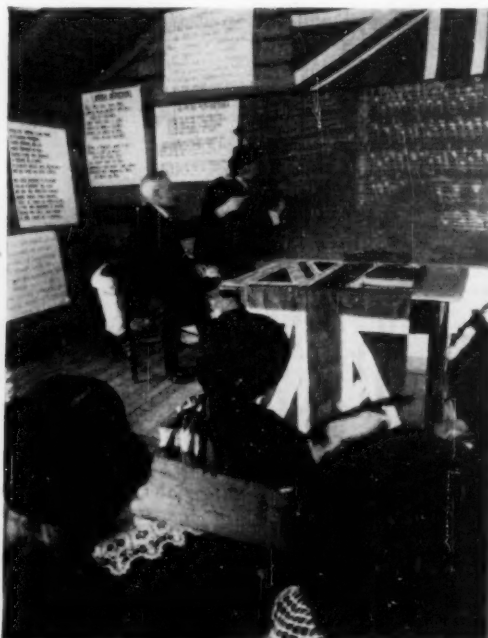
It was a Jew, Mayor Martin Kaufman of Amherst, who persuaded the Nova Scotia government to hire a magnificent six-foot-four pipe major named Wallace Roy to greet summer visitors entering Nova Scotia from New Brunswick at the border of the two provinces, just west of Amherst.

Roy, playing an average of one hundred and twenty-five tunes and posing for an average of five hundred photographs daily through July and August, appealed to tourists so much that the Halifax Tourist Bureau decided Halifax should have a piper like him. It went looking for one and found handsome young Donald Siteman, who had fallen under the Highland spell and taken up the bagpipes although his forebears, early settlers of the fishing port of Lunenburg, were not Scottish but German. There are several other pipers among the Lunenburg Dutch, as Lunenburgers are called in Nova Scotia, and there are pipers, too, among

THE FLASH OF TARTANS AND SOUNDS OF GAELIC ARE EVERYWHERE AS THE CLANS MAKE THEIR COMEBACK. AL



KILTED Calum MacLeod teaches Gaelic at Dalhousie. Once his dress drew jeers, but it doesn't now.



BONNETED lasses flock to Gaelic College. They're ashamed of the clans that don't speak the tongue.



BERIBBONED Wallace Roy pipes tourists across the border. Scot ballads top Nova Scotia's hit parade.



k Nova Scotia

Nova Scotia's French-speaking Acadians. For not only the Scots, but all Nova Scotians, take delight in Scottish things. At Antigonish a Chinese restaurant owner, as he seats his customers, smiles and says "*ciad mile failte*"—the Gaelic for "one hundred thousand welcomes."

The Scottish movement is deep-rooted in Nova Scotia's past, for in much of the province the forests were pushed back and the fields were cleared by sturdy Highlanders. But a desire to attract and titillate tourists with a Highland atmosphere has been partly responsible for the modern flowering of the movement, the impact of which is evident everywhere in Nova Scotia.

Gardeners are diligently cultivating heather. Italian laborers in the Sydney steel mills who used to favor grand opera are singing Highland ballads. And the ancient and distinctly Scottish flag of the province—a blue St. Andrew's cross on a silver field with the royal arms of Scotland in the centre—flies again from public buildings and business houses, after being forgotten and neglected for generations.

As a companion for the old flag, which dates from 1621 when King James I

Continued on page 86

ALL RACIAL GROUPS LIKE THE IDEA



PLAID designed by Mrs. Bessie Murray (right) is Nova Scotia's own. But even prairie Scots wear it.



IS THIS HALIFAX? Malcolm MacAulay and Charles Fitzpatrick stop to chat on Barrington Street. The greeting they exchange is "*Cia mar a tha sibh?*" What does it mean? See translation on page 88.



Propped against a railway embankment is the shattered body of Jumbo after a Grand Trunk freight ran him down. His trainer, Matthew Scott (centre), cried.



Barnum, the Barker

THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF THE GREAT JUMBO



JUMBO, THE MIGHTY HERO

At six and a half tons he was the biggest and best-loved elephant in captivity.

When the London Zoo sold him to P.T. Barnum
outraged Britons tried to buy him back. And when a freight train killed him
at St. Thomas, Ont., millions of admirers mourned

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK * BY JAMES BANNERMAN

ON THE night of September 15, 1885, the engine and one car of the Grand Trunk Railway's Special Freight No. 151 went off the tracks at St. Thomas, Ont. A minor derailment is a fairly routine kind of accident as a rule, but this one wasn't. On the contrary it was so fantastic it made railroad history. No. 151 had come to grief by colliding with the biggest elephant in the world.

The elephant, which died within ten minutes, was Jumbo—on tour as the main attraction of the Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson circus. The immortal Phineas T. Barnum had bought him from the London zoo three years earlier, and proudly claimed on the circus posters that: "TOM THUMB and JENNY LIND, triumphs of the MASTER MIND OF THE AMUSEMENT WORLD, retire into Obscurity when viewed in the Full Blaze of the DAZZLING JUMBO." It was true enough, but for once the Master Mind wasn't responsible for the dazzle. Jumbo himself had started it, with a publicity stunt even Barnum never topped.

By going down on his knees at the zoo gate and whimpering pathetically when they were trying to take him away, the great beast convinced the British public he didn't want to leave England. The British public reacted with an outburst of mawkish sympathy that astounded the whole world, and catapulted Jumbo into fame such as no other animal has had since time began. With an assist from Barnum it also catapulted him into the English language, where he still survives as the adjective "jumbo"—applied to outsized shrimps, extra large hot dogs, people who are exceptionally tall and fat, and in general anything notably bigger than normal specimens of its kind.

Jumbo's death was as newsworthy as his celebrated reluctance to leave the zoo had been. Word of the sad event was flashed by telegraph and the new-fangled telephone to all North America, and by cable to the corners of the globe. It got space in the papers of every city from Athens and Brisbane and Cairo down through the alphabet to Yalta and Zanzibar. In London, where Jumbo was unforgotten, it was the big news of the day. In St. Thomas itself, the nine thousand inhabitants had the gratification of knowing that the name of what had hitherto been a somewhat obscure western Ontario railroad town was now on the lips of the world. And their own Daily Times, still going strong in 1955 as part of the Times-Journal, printed a death notice as ingenious as it was heart-felt.

It was a black-bordered cut of something that looked like the outline of an ornate tombstone, tastefully set up in ten sorts of type with only one mistake. (It said he'd died at the age of twenty-four, but he was really twenty-eight.) The writer of the obituary went perhaps a little too far when he described Jumbo as "the pillar of a people's hope—the centre of a world's desire," but he was perfectly justified in calling him "the pet of thousands and the friend of all." The Daily Times man had put his finger on the secret of Jumbo's popularity. The immense creature had been admired less for his size, staggering though it was, than for his winning ways.

When Barnum bought him Jumbo had been in London's Royal Zoological Gardens

for seventeen years. Unlike his new owner, who'd paid ten thousand dollars for him, the zoo authorities had got him in a deal they made in 1861 which didn't involve any money at all. At that time they needed another elephant but had a surplus rhinoceros on hand. Through their scouts they learned the Paris zoo needed a rhinoceros but was overstocked with elephants—including one four-year-old a mere four feet high, recently obtained from west Africa. Since the rhino was worth less than a full-grown elephant, London suggested sending it to Paris in exchange for the four-year-old. Paris was delighted, and promptly shipped the youngster across the Channel in a sturdy little cage.

London named him Jumbo (short for Mumbo Jumbo, a kind of guardian angel who protects west African villages from evil spirits) and added him to the five other elephants it already had, all of them bigger than he was. Over the years he grew enormously, and by the late 1870s he was eleven feet six inches tall and weighed six and a half tons. He'd become the largest elephant in captivity, and the zoo's directors knew it, but such was their distaste for publicity they kept this ostentatious fact to themselves. Visitors to the zoo, who might have been impressed if they'd known about it, were left to form their opinion of Jumbo without benefit of statistics. They could hardly fail to notice his vast bulk, but what struck most people more than anything else was the charm of his personality.

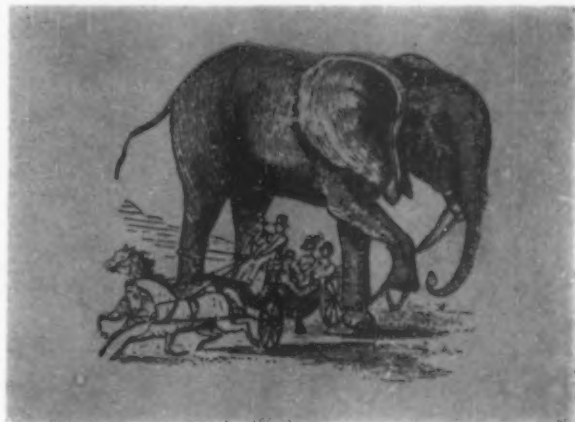
"Gentle as a Poodle Dog"

Even when he simply stood in his pen in the Elephant House, swaying from side to side as elephants do, it was obvious from the twinkle in his eye and the unmistakable smiling of his vast mouth that here was a truly amiable creature. But the full sweetness of his character didn't appear until he was led out, as he was every fine afternoon, to lumber along the zoo paths with eight or ten children on his back.

An English journalist described this touching sight in one of the many affectionate pieces that were written after Jumbo had left for America.

"It will be difficult," he said, "to get used to the Zoo without Jumbo and his cargo of merry children, ranging from the tiny tot of two—more than half afraid of the unwieldy monster and only quieted by the care of the keeper, who seemed to be as skilful in managing children as in controlling his huge steed—to the bolder youngster of six with whom Jumbo was a familiar friend, or the sedate damsel of thirteen who mounts more for the sake of old times than for the actual enjoyment of the ride. Jumbo was a universal favorite, and as gentle with children as the best-trained poodle dog, taking the proffered biscuit or lump of sugar with an almost incredible delicacy of touch . . . The most nervous child, having once overcome his alarm, never hesitated to hand a morsel to his waving trunk a second time."

That was typical of the way Londoners felt about him in the spring of 1882—in sharp contrast to the attitude of the superintendent of the zoo as expressed in a letter to the directors a few months earlier. The superintendent, a man named Bartlett, wrote: *Continued on page 43*



He was eleven feet tall, but not as big as Barnum pretended.



Even his stuffed hide was a hit. It's still on show in Boston.

JUMBO GOES BACK TO EUROPE.

JUMBO

The ONLY MASTODON ON EARTH
Whose Like the World will never See Again.

LEADS far the LARGEST HERO of ELEPHANTS

THE GENTLE and HISTORIC LORD of BEASTS
The prodigious Pet of both England and America.

A Colossus of International Character.

A FEATURE CRUSHING ALL ATTEMPTS AT FAUD
There is but one JUMBO—the ADMIRER OF MILLIONS
The Towering Monarch of His Mighty Race.

WELCOME JUMBO

JUMBO, THE UNIVERSAL SYNONYM FOR ALL STUPENDOUS THINGS

Steadily GROWING IN TREMENDOUS HEIGHT and WEIGHT

GIVE THE LITTLE ONES A LAST RIDE ON THEIR GIANT, DOCILE FRIEND.

Circus posters ran riot trying to describe mammoth Jumbo.



ARMADA OF CHURCHGOERS greets the mission ship Columbia (rear of dock) at Stuart Island. For thousands it's also a theatre, library and hospital.

God's Little Fleet

Fifty years ago B.C.'s coastal loggers were a rough tough bunch. Then along came Rev. John Antle and his seagoing successors of the Columbia Coast Mission. Take a trip to the strange raft villages with these salty men and watch a floating church go into action



REV. JOHN ANTLE led the fleet for thirty years. He dressed like a deck hand, drank with loggers.

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY JACK V. LONG

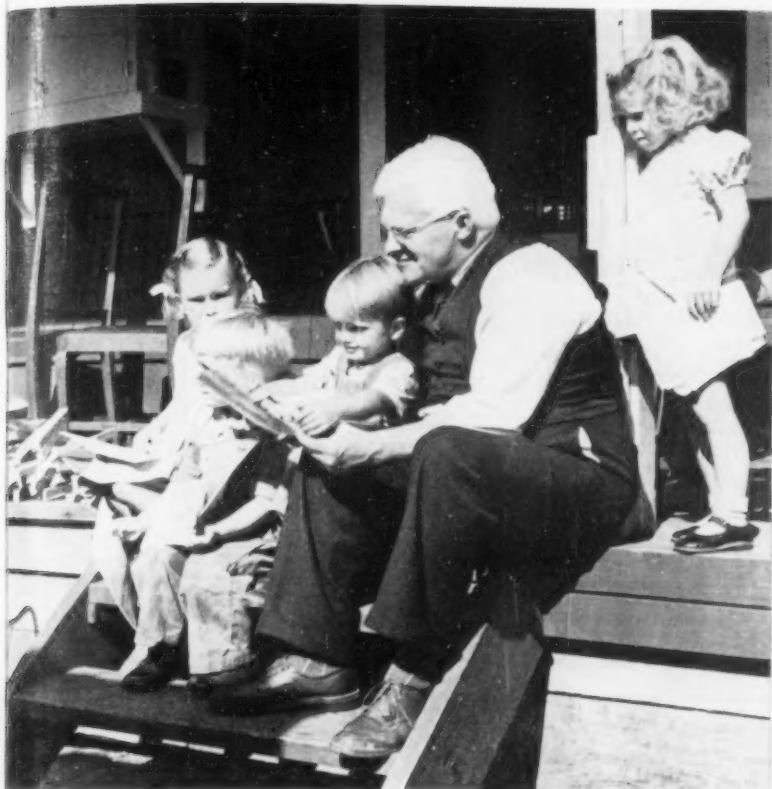
THE Reverend John Antle, who died six years ago at the age of eighty-four, was a seagoing Anglican missionary to British Columbia's coastal loggers, and he was successful largely because he paid almost no attention to clerical conventions. Ordinarily he dressed like a deck hand, reserving his ecclesiastical collar for Sunday services. Among his husky flock, he could listen without a blush to obscenity and profanity. "They don't really mean it," he would explain, "it's just their lack of vocabulary." Liquor rarely affronted Antle for he was the son of a Newfoundland ship's captain and had inherited a Nelsonian relish for grog himself.

Once, when he was over eighty, he was visited aboard his little private yawl *Reverie* by a Vancouver photographer. Producing a bottle of rum, Antle said with a grin: "They tell me this is wicked

stuff. Let's kill it." The photographer disembarked marveling at the old parson's capacity.

Antle always said he felt nearer to God at the helm than he did at the lectern. On the ocean he certainly seemed to be blessed by the divine propinquity. Twice he crossed the Atlantic in command of ships less than one quarter the size of Columbus' *Santa Maria*. In Vancouver he left an enduring monument to his Christianity, seamanship and personality.

That monument is the Columbia Coast Mission, an evangelical branch of the Church of England in Canada. For more than fifty years the CCM has owned and operated a succession of small ships that serve as waterborne churches, ambulances, libraries, theatres and even as notaries' offices to a community of ten thousand loggers scattered over twenty thousand square miles of British Columbia's wild, dank and lonely shores. The parish embraces the middle and both sides of Queen Charlotte Straits, the gulf separating the upper half of Vancouver Island from the mainland. On the northern inside coast of Vancouver Island it takes in isolated communities like Sayward, Alert Bay and Port



LOGGERS' KIDS learn the Bible at the knee of Columbia's chaplain Heber Greene. Parents sometimes drag him out to their wedding shivarees.



BOSS OF THE FLEET is Canon Alan Greene, here visiting Maurell Island. He was once called "a crack-brained sky pilot," but the loggers have changed their minds.

Hardy. In the centre of the passage it includes such islands as Cortes, Quadra and Malcolm and extends to others like Nigei and Hope which stand in the mouth and shudder under the pounding of the open Pacific. On the mainland the CCM's parish spreads deep into the brooding fiords of Belize, Seymour and Kingcome Inlets.

At present three CCM ships are in service, the Columbia, Rendezvous and John Antle II—each carrying a chaplain who sustains the cheerful, indulgent missionary traditions established by Antle. Among them they officiate at an average of a hundred and fifty baptisms, a score of weddings and a dozen burials a year. Each year the three ships pick up and rush to hospital about two hundred sick and injured loggers, distribute enough novels

to fill a boxcar and show programs of movies almost every night. To save the loggers the expense of traveling some two hundred miles to Vancouver on legal business one ship carries a notary who witnesses deeds of sale, wills, declarations, citizenship papers and other documents. The loggers call the ships "God's Little Fleet."

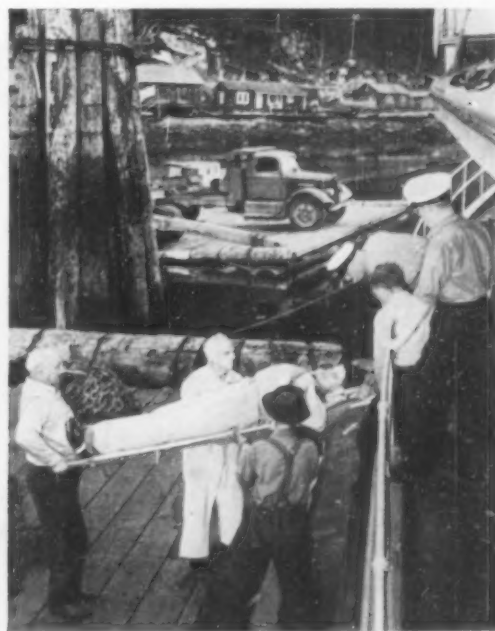
The fleet's origins go back to the summer of 1904 when John Antle, then rector at Holy Trinity Church, Vancouver, set off up the coast in his tiny sailing dinghy Laverock to see how the loggers worked and lived. He returned with the conviction that they were being "brutalized by their environment." The rough bunkhouses, coarse food, heavy labor, constant danger and enforced celibacy, unrelieved by anything to occupy the mind in the

evenings, were responsible, in Antle's opinion, for the average logger's unending cycle of money-making spurts and pauperizing binges.

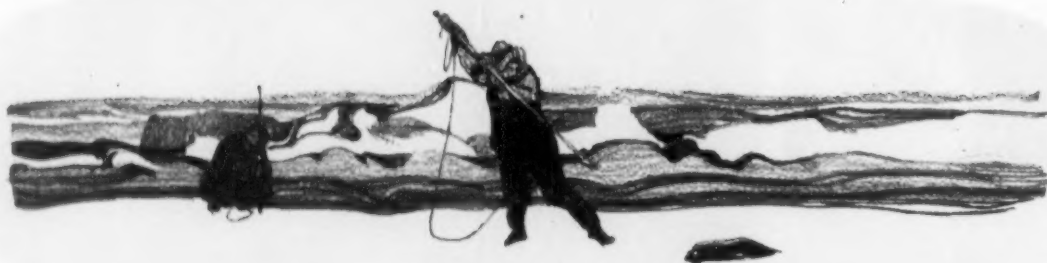
The logger's most urgent need, he decided, was a medical service. Oscar Soderman, a logger on Minstrel Island, had driven this point home to Antle with grim force. When his closest friend had been crushed by a falling tree, sustaining two broken legs and several broken ribs, Soderman followed the routine procedure. He rowed his friend out to sea in an open boat and tried to dull his agony with copious shots of whisky. For forty-eight hours Soderman kept a lookout for ships. Finally he managed to signal a passing vessel bound for Vancouver. The injured logger was lifted aboard. Gangrene had set in during *Continued on page 68*



EAGER SMALL-FRY call at the Columbia for magazines. On the raft villages they all wear life jackets and go to school at home, since tugboats often move the entire village thirty miles overnight.



INJURED LOGGER goes aboard the Columbia which picks up distress calls for medical aid by radiophone.



*Waiting at the blowhole, Meksak recalled his father's words:
"Strike hard and without fear if you're ready to be a man."*

Two Hunters

By Theon Wright

IT WAS LESS THAN AN HOUR BEFORE DAYLIGHT when the boy, Meksak, and his father reached the flat ice where they had spotted the blowhole the day before. The old hunter, Angut, raised his hand as a signal, and Meksak stopped. The boy was shivering, not so much from the freezing wind that swept down from the icecap and across the grey, dead world of frozen sea, but rather from excitement which beat like the wings of a frightened bird in his chest.

This feeling of excitement had been growing in the boy since he started out with his father from the village, when the sky was still black in the south and the only illumination came from flaring pennants of northern lights which cast an irregular glow across the ice.

Meksak wanted to keep moving so that his shaking body would not be noticed by his father. The slightest sign of fear at this time would be certain to arouse his father's contempt. Nevertheless, he stopped walking and turned his face away from the wind, so that it would not sweep away the sound of his father's words. Meksak knew exactly what was to be done; but it was the custom for a father to give these last few words of advice and he listened.

"Keep walking slowly toward the blowhole," his father said, striving to keep his hoarse, rasping voice down to a whisper and still be heard in the wind.

Meksak's white-hooded head bobbed. The rest of his body was encased in dark fox fur, with bearskin pants and dark sealskin boots, so that the white hood over his head made him seem headless when his face was not visible.

"The hole is directly ahead," his father went on in a monotonous undertone. "You saw it yesterday—you remember where it is?"

The white hood bobbed again. Meksak was anxious to be moving toward the blowhole. The grey streak of light in the south told him that the sun would appear in a short time, rolling in a shallow arc across the southern rim of the world; and this was the best time for the kill, since it would be light enough to see but not light enough to tell the difference between a man and a seal out on the ice. Yet he must listen to these final words: this was a relationship that was more than that of father to son, or of blood to blood; it was like the relationship of teacher to pupil, or of an animal teaching its young how to survive.

Therefore, although Meksak knew everything that was being said, and had practiced many times what he was about to do, he listened carefully to the words of needless advice, his small face puckered in a serious frown as he watched his father with rigid attention.

"You must feel the direction you are going from the way

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON



The hunter Karangak

The girl Kulee

The boy Meksak

It was the boy Meksak's first seal —
 the one he had to kill to prove himself a man.
 It was the most deadly bear
 the great hunter Karangak ever faced.
 As their strength drained away,
 both were prepared to die.
 Then help came suddenly in unexpected ways

the wind strikes your face," the old hunter went on. The uksuk was the giant bearded seal; and as Meksak listened to his father he scanned the vast expanse of white, trying to make out the dark spot of the blowhole against the backdrop of sifting snow. He thought of this great moving body, swimming in long curves in the cold water underneath the ice, its two black blobs of eyes turned toward the strange shapes on the roof of the ice above.

"Watch for the eyes of the uksuk when it comes up to the blowhole. The instant you see them you must strike hard." The older man spoke in a coarse voice, using the guttural syllables of his language to drive the sound through the wind. "You must hold the spear line until the uksuk dies. You are not strong enough to pull the body through the hole. After it is dead, I will come and help you break the ice around it . . . But you must kill it first!"

The boy had not moved while his father spoke, except to turn his head and listen. From this moment on, until he had killed his first seal, everything must happen exactly right, for this was the hour when Meksak would change from a boy to a man.

"Don't be afraid," his father said, as a final word. "Strike hard and without fear . . . The spirit of the uksuk will guide your hand if you are ready to be a man." *Continued on page 76*



"Perhaps it is I who will die," thought Karangak. He drove the knife again and again into the bloody neck of the bear.



WANT A MOOSE IN YOUR PARLOR?

Then just ask taxidermist Clifford McCutcheon. Wacky or weird, there's nothing left that surprises him. He's been asked to mount a two-inch perch and a human head, change a carp into a bass and gift-stuff a skunk. It's got so he wouldn't bat an eye at a wambeezele

BY FRANK CROFT

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

IN THE basement of a small building in downtown Toronto, Clifford McCutcheon, with two men and a boy to help him, is now busy in a welter of fur, blood, feathers, entrails, arsenic, excelsior and glass eyes. He is creating a lifeless beauty from hunters' autumn bags of geese, ducks, deer, moose, bears, owls, squirrels and rabbits. From his shop, known to hunters and anglers from coast to coast as Oliver Spanner & Co. Ltd., the products of this taxidermist's skill will go into hundreds of dens and rumpus rooms where proud hunters may spend the winter evenings gazing on their prizes, catching again the faintly spicy smell of the duck marsh or seeing once more the glories of the northern bush.

While they are admiring their trophies they may reflect that these are symbols of a craft which was once common and is now rare.

There are fewer than two dozen, full-time licensed taxidermists in Canada. At the beginning of the century, when Canada's population was half what it is now, there were more than two thousand. That was when no parlor was thought to be properly

furnished without its dome-topped glass cases from which owls gazed in calm wisdom and in which squirrels crouched on fragments of tree limbs and song birds perched in mute immobility amid their little cluster of fake foliage. Beside the front door was a deer or moose head, as necessary an exterior furnishing as the creaking, willow verandah chairs and the bamboo screen. In those days taxidermists were almost as numerous as cobblers, but tastes have changed and stuffed fauna have gone the way of burnt-leather Indian-head cushions.

But if Clifford McCutcheon has become an anachronism in his own time, he has no intention of admitting it. He is sure there will always be hunters and anglers—lots of them—who will want to have trophies of their more successful expeditions preserved. And they will always find a place to display them in their homes no matter what the arbiters of home furnishing and decoration have to say. It is significant that of McCutcheon's three helpers, one, George Atkinson, is a youth who is staking his future on a continuing demand for the lifelike re-creations of the craft.

These are by no means lean days for a good taxidermist. The Spanner firm mounts about a hundred and fifty deer and moose heads a year at a \$25 minimum for deer and \$85 for moose. It stuffs two hundred and fifty birds at an average \$15 each and an equal number of fish at a dollar an inch, with a minimum charge for fish of \$18. It tans twenty-five hundred deer hides a year at \$3.95 each, and makes more than two hundred bear skins into rugs at around \$75 each. And there is the occasional bear to be stuffed at \$100 to \$185, as well as four or five hundred other mountings of miscellaneous kinds. All this amounts to a respectable gross income for a small firm.

Oliver Spanner, who started the business in 1887, was one of the best-known taxidermists on the continent. His speed and skill were unmatched. Once he did a complete job on a great horned owl in an hour and a half; another time he mounted eight birds in a day. Birds seem to have been his specialty, for it was in that division that he won first prize at the first World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. A bass mounted

Continued on page 65



A McCutcheon assistant, Arthur Stoner, colors all the three hundred fish mounted yearly by firm. Here he touches up a fourteen-pound muskelunge.

A cougar skin draped about him, McCutcheon, head of the taxidermy section of Toronto's Oliver Spanner & Co., displays samples of his handiwork.



ILLUSTRATED BY KEN ZEALLEY

What's Your Day to Shine?

Here's a man

who says that some people actually smile on Mondays.

Others prefer Thursday, or even Sunday. With apologies to the psychologists,

PARKE CUMMINGS

presents the reasons why

IN EXPLAINING their high spirits or depressed states of mind people will offer a variety of theories. They'll praise or blame the weather, their throats, the national outlook, their wives and children, business or the success or failure of their favorite ball team. And then, of course, there are the astrologists...

But there's another breed who advance reasons for things going fine or terribly—the ones who reckon their luck by the days of the week. A certain day of the week—every week—they claim, is always good for them. Another day is bound to find them at their worst.

To most of them, Monday is indisputably the worst day because the work week begins then. Their favorites are Saturday and Sunday, with the former usually having the edge, since Saturday is further away from Monday.

A number of my friends take this orthodox stand, but I am intrigued by the independent thinkers. Frank Cooper, for instance, Frank has said flatly that Saturday is for the birds.

"There are a number of things wrong with that day," Frank declared, "beginning with the first thing in the morning. You have your choice of getting up at the usual weekday time or of staying in bed. Either way you lose. If you get up early you knock yourself by not taking advantage of a chance to sleep late. If you do sleep late you regret not making the most of your opportunities to work around the place, pal with the kids or get in some golf."

"But what if it's raining?" I objected. "In that case you wouldn't feel you're missing anything."

"Which is another trouble with Saturday," he said bitterly. "If it rains on a weekday it doesn't make any difference, because you have to go to the office anyhow, but on Saturday you're out of luck when it rains. Since it is just as apt to rain on Saturday as any other, you obviously are in for more disappointments and frustrations on that day."

"But that holds true of Sundays, too," I remarked.

"No," said Frank. "My wife usually drags me to

late parties on Saturday nights—and that's another reason I object to Saturdays. On Sunday morning I can sleep late without any regrets because I'm too tired to think of doing anything else."

"Therefore," I insisted, "I'd think you'd claim Sunday morning was the worst of all possible times, since you admit you're at your lowest ebb."

He shook his head emphatically. "I don't object to being tired on Sunday half as much as I object to being in a quandary on Saturday. It's tough decisions and worry that drag people down far more than actual fatigue."

Exploring further into Frank's theories, I found that he considers Thursday the best day of the week, by a wide margin. "That's when we get most accomplished around the office. We're in the swing of things, and it isn't Friday yet. On Friday too many people are starting to think about the impending week end and they aren't concentrating."

"Wouldn't Wednesday be even better?" I asked. "It's farther from Friday, and it's also nearer to Monday so that you shouldn't be so tired."

"Most of the people in our office do too much celebrating on week ends, so they're more tired on Monday than any other day. It takes them until Thursday to recover."

Frank is a dynamic fellow, and this reasoning probably wouldn't be appreciated by a good many other people. For instance, his young daughter away at camp has a much less complicated theory on best days—it's a tie between Wednesday and Sunday because you get ice cream then. But children don't follow a consistent pattern any more than adults do. I know of a lad who is away from home and who declares that Wednesdays and Sundays are the worst days because you have to write letters home then.

The Monday-is-tops advocate is a rare bird but you can count on him to put up a strong argument—though you never can be sure what it will be. Take Tim Henderson, for instance. Tim is an avid newspaper reader and he likes Mondays because the news is better.

"It seems to me you hear a lot about week-end

accidents," I suggested. "Automobile crack-ups and fires and..."

"Perhaps," he conceded, "but those accounts, although often harrowing, are not conducive to worry. When you read about them they're in the past tense. Now what I'm getting at is this: there's less political and international news on Monday. That's because congresses, parliaments and other deliberative bodies don't meet on Sundays. Big shots, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, seldom make weighty forecasts. That means that less big news is made. And you know the kind of news that usually results when big shots confer or sound off—something to convince us that another crisis is here or just around the corner. On Monday you get a breather from that sort of thing."

"But they usually get rolling again on Mondays," I objected. "Things tend to sour up again when you get to looking at the evening papers."

"I don't ruin a beautiful day like Monday by reading the evening papers," said Tim.

I thought for a while. "But suppose there's a change? Suppose the world picture should get better and that good news, instead of bad news, came out of major meetings and conferences. Wouldn't this lack of good news on Monday make Monday the worst day in the week?"

To which Tim promptly replied, unshaken, "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

Since Monday-lovers are scarce the chances of their marrying their kind are slim—but it happened to Tim. He married a Monday-lover named Betty. And Betty argued Monday's case with me.

"On Monday," she explained, "everybody's out of the house again. Week-end guests have gone, Tim's at work, the children away at school. It's not that I dislike my family or my guests, of course, but with the house empty I feel that I can get things done. I'm queen of my castle, with nobody around to bother me."

"But Monday's a tough day," I insisted. "Washing to be done, and..."

"We have a wonderful washing machine and that's no trouble. But

Continued on page 75



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

like Don Quixote without his spear. Even if the operation proved successful he would obviously never have the strength to lead the party and the government.

The operation was successful and he did resume his work at the foreign office but his clothes hung loosely on his thin body as Punch was good enough to point out in a cartoon when Eden went to the Geneva Conference.

What is health? Can a man will himself to it? Here is the same Eden today who does not seem to know the meaning of fatigue. In the general election he did a whistle-stop tour of the country, he appeared twice on television, he spoke at endless public meetings and, in such intervals as were left, he directed publicity and policy.

In all this we must give some credit to his wife whom he married three years ago. Let there be no mistake about it—there was little enthusiasm in the Conservative Party when he married Sir Winston Churchill's niece at a registry office. It was true that the marriage united two great political families but the Archbishop of Canterbury would not solemnize it at Westminster Abbey. The Church does not distinguish between the innocent and the guilty in the matter of divorce.

Eden's first wife was beautiful and wealthy, but she loathed political life. In contrast Clarissa Spencer-Churchill had politics in her blood and loved the battle of the hustings and the turmoil of political life. With due respect to those who have religious objections to divorce, there is no question that Eden is a far better prime minister with his new wife by his side than he would have been with Beatrice Beckett, his first wife.

Up Go Wages and Strikes

With equal candor let us put on record that a considerable section of the Conservative Party would have preferred Rab Butler as Churchill's successor. "Eden has been foreign secretary so long that he will always be engrossed in foreign affairs. He will never apply himself to the home front." That was the case against him.

The very opposite has proved true. Except for the famous summit conference which has given the world an atmosphere of peace Eden has concentrated on the economic and industrial problems of the nation. Admittedly he could hardly have done anything else because from the very beginning of his premiership he has had to face strikes, stock-market booms, the draining of gold reserves, rising prices and falling production.

There is virtually no unemployment in Britain except where there is seasonal adjustment. Up and up go the wages, up and up go the dividends, up and up go the total of working days lost by strikes, up and up go the number of people who spend their hundred-pound travel allowance on the Continent.

A friend of Eden's said to him this summer: "I am off for a holiday to Austria." Eden replied tersely: "Austria is too popular." In fact foreign travel has become a serious item in Britain's economy.

Then there was the orgy of hire-purchase. The sale of private cars this August was far ahead of the same period last year. Nor is the spending spree confined to cars. Everything is going up—wages, costs, dividends. Did I say that everything is going up? Everything but production.

Eden surveyed the scene and said some pretty tough things to his colleagues. British manufacturers were finding it easier to sell at home than in the more competitive foreign markets. So up went the bank rate to make borrowing more difficult. Up went the amount of the initial deposit on installment purchases. Out went instructions to the banks to clamp down on overdrafts except for industrial purposes.

Eden was cracking the whip and the stock market emulated Humpty Dumpty by having a great fall. Eden then adopted the slogan "Export or die!" and his voice carried into the furthest corners of industrial Britain.

The unpleasant fact is that in the economic marathon wages and dividends are away out in front and production is a bad third.

To bring some sunshine into this shadowed picture let us record that the mighty Trades Union Congress at its annual conference in September showed a commendable realism. Its leaders are sane, patriotic men and they know that if full employment (which now exists) is recklessly exploited by the workers it can turn swiftly into mass unemployment.

This period of full employment has seen such a drift from the mines that we have the grotesque spectacle of Britain importing coal. No wonder the parliamentary recess has meant no respite for Eden and his ministers. My guess is that parliament will be recalled before the expiration of its lengthy vacation. It is only when parliament is up that we realize how much the nation looks to it for daily guidance, leadership and information.

What then is the economic picture on which Prime Minister Eden gazes?

Somehow he must force a sharp increase of exports, and that can only be done by a virtual rationing of the home market. Somehow he must create a new sense of responsibility in the ranks of organized labor without taking from it the basic right to strike.

Somehow he must reduce the spending of money in the home market so that manufacturers will have to adventure into the outside world.

Eden must also turn his eyes to Britain's colonial empire with all its difficulties, its opportunities and its racial problems. He might also have to consider the Canadian market where such slow progress is being made by British manufacturers.

Will Eden be able to stand the strain as Churchill did in the years of fate that marked his premiership? Churchill of course, like David Lloyd-George, always enjoyed the priceless gift of being able to go to sleep whenever he wished and for as long or short a period as was available. To the horror of his associates in the war he also had the gift of going without sleep for a tremendous length of time.

What does Eden do for recreation? He does not play golf nor does he ride to hounds as his bad-tempered father did in the spacious days of that era. Sometimes he plays tennis because it gives him exercise with the minimum expenditure of time, but his real outdoor recreation is the same as Adam's. He loves gardening.

Therefore let us end our study of Britain's prime minister and his difficulties with this final observation. Eden has enormous courage, an infinite capacity for hard work, and while fully aware of his place in history he never indulges in self-dramatization. Today he is complete master of the government and his position is unchallengeable.

He has traveled a long way, this film-star foreign secretary, this peddler of dreams. ★

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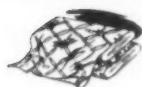
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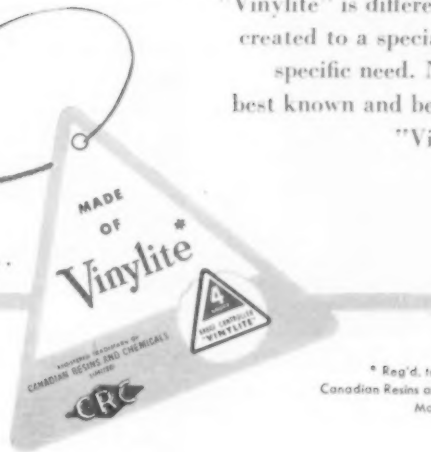
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THE GREAT ADVENTURE: A wild-life film from Sweden, directed and photographed by Arne Sucksdorff in a manner that marks him as a universal poet of the modern sound camera. Without such all-too-familiar devices as whimsical music and a punning patronizing commentary, he gives us the story of a year in the lives of a couple of farm boys and in those of the wild animals that surround them. Highly recommended for customers of all ages.



No puns follow the Swedish fox cub.

THE BIG KNIFE: Overwrought and arty though it is in its less beguiling moments, this is an interesting melodrama about a power-drunk Hollywood producer (Rod Steiger) and a rebellious film star (Jack Palance) whose destiny he wants to control completely.

LADY GODIVA OF COVENTRY: A mildly entertaining eleventh-century charade starring Maureen O'Hara (decorously concealed under thick red tresses) as history's best-remembered bareback rider.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD: A hard-boiled adventurer (Humphrey Bogart) masquerades as a priest while trying to escape the clutches of a despotic Chinese warlord (Lee J. Cobb), and slowly a near-miracle occurs in his own soul. Rating: fair.

PASSAGE HOME: Some excellent acting and a rousing storm at sea fitfully enliven this sluggish British drama. The plot is the one about a lone woman and thirty sailors afloat in tropical waters.

SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD: Except for one unfathomable "mystic" incident which never is explained, this is a good widescreen outdoor drama—with strongly religious overtones—about the founding of the first mission in early California. With Michael Rennie, Anthony Quinn.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN: Bette Davis (under a red fright-wig) portrays Elizabeth the First, with Richard Todd as the dashing Sir Walter Raleigh, in a corny but enjoyable story of Tudor England.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Above Us The Waves: Submarine war. Drama. Good.

Aunt Clara: British comedy. Fair.

Bring Your Smile Along: Musical. Poor.

Cattle Queen of Montana: Western. Fair.

The Cobweb: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Colditz Story: Drama. Good.

Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.

The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.

Female on the Beach: Drama. Fair.

Footsteps in the Fog: Drama. Poor.

The Girl Rush: Comic musical. Good.

House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.

I Am a Camera: Comedy. Fair.

It's Always Fair Weather: Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.

The Kentuckian: Adventure. Poor.

Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing: Romantic drama. Fair.

Man From Laramie: Western. Good.

Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.

Mister Roberts: Comedy. Excellent.

The Night Holds Terror: Crime. Good.

The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.

Night of the Hunter: Drama. Fair.

Not as a Stranger: Drama. Fair.

Out of the Clouds: Drama. Fair.

Pete Kelly's Blues: Jazz drama. Good.

The Phenix City Story: Crime. Good.

The Private War of Major Benson: Comedy. Fair.

Raising a Riot: Comedy. Fair.

The Scarlet Coat: 1780 drama. Good.

The Seven-Year Itch: Comedy. Good.

The Ship That Died of Shame: Sea fantasy-adventure. Fair.

The Shrike: Psychiatric drama. Fair.

Special Delivery: Comedy. Fair.

Summertime: Romance. Excellent.

Svennalli: Melodrama. Fair.

Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.

To Catch a Thief: Crook comedy-drama. Good.

To Hell and Back: War. Good.

Trial: Drama. Excellent.

The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.

Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.

Unchained: Drama. Excellent.

We're No Angels: Comedy. Fair.

You're Never Too Young: Martin-and-Lewis comedy. Good.

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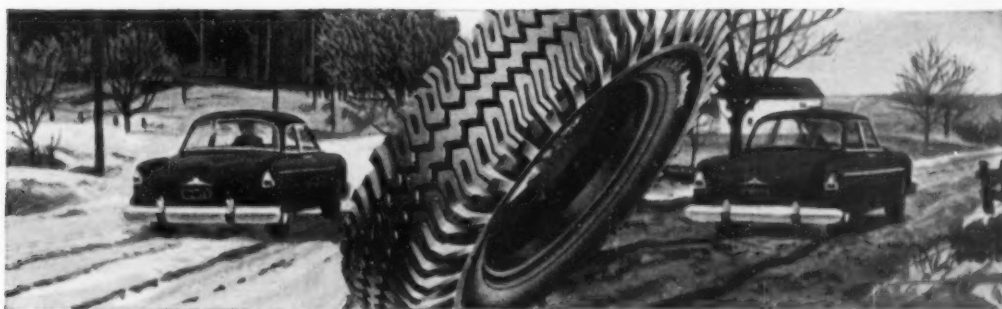
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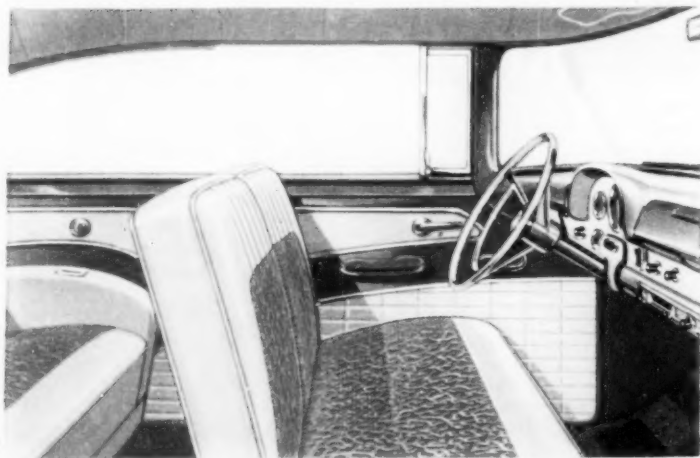
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The Tragical Death Of The Great Jumbo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

I have for some time past felt very uncomfortable with reference to this fine animal, now quite or nearly adult, and my fear of him is also entertained by all the keepers except Matthew Scott. . . I have no doubt whatever that this animal's condition has at times been such that he would kill anyone (except Scott) who would venture alone in his den, but up to the present time Scott has had and still has the animal perfectly and completely under his control. How long this state of things may continue it is quite impossible to say. . . May I ask that I should be provided with, and have ready at hand, the means of killing this animal should such a necessity arise?

Jumbo had never attacked anyone in his life, and had never been even mildly irritable, but he'd reached the age for mating—a time when male elephants are apt to fly into sudden and murderous fits of rage. That explains why Bartlett was so afraid of him. It doesn't explain why the zoo directors, after getting a report like that, continued to let children ride him. Neither Bartlett nor the directors ever gave any reason for their negligence.

Too Big Even for Barnum

What Bartlett's report does make clear is why they were willing to sell Jumbo. Until then they'd never even contemplated such a thing, but now it was different. When one of Barnum's agents, touring Europe in the winter of 1881 in search of novelties for the circus, approached them with a proposal to buy at a good big price, they were officially reluctant but privately overjoyed. Barnum himself, who didn't share their apprehension and was in New York at the time, cabled an offer of ten thousand dollars as soon as the agent sent word the directors might part with the zoo's chief attraction. The offer was accepted by cable two days later, and the next morning Barnum's head elephant man was on his way to London with orders to get Jumbo safely to the U. S. The old showman—he was then seventy-two—promptly began his publicity build-up.

He called Jumbo the "Overshadowing Monarch Mastodon whose like does not exist in the Wide World," the "Prodigious Mountain" and the "Behemoth of Holy Writ," but for him

these were almost understatements. He started a rumor that Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales were much upset by Jumbo's sale, which was better but still not up to his mark. He announced that Jumbo was "the only modern accepted symbol for magnitude"—a premature claim that later almost came true. But on the whole he found it was actually possible to be, in a phrase he'd hitherto used with his tongue in his cheek, At a Loss for Words. The biggest elephant in the world was proving a little too superlative for the greatest showman on earth.

For a while it looked as though Jumbo was also going to be too much for Barnum's head elephant man, William Newman. The deal with the zoo had been that Barnum would be responsible for getting Jumbo away from the premises and down to the ship that was to take him to America. Newman, known to circus folk as Elephant Bill, had worked out what seemed to him a simple plan for doing this, and didn't expect any trouble at all.

The first step was to have carpenters make a massive cage, built of great wooden beams reinforced with straps of iron and looking like a cross between a huge packing case and a small railroad cattle car. It was high enough to give Jumbo about a foot of headroom, and wide enough to let him sway a little from side to side as he stood in it. The lengthwise beams were a few inches apart to let the air circulate and the front of the cage consisted of nothing but iron bars; these two features took care of the ventilation. The cage was mounted on a massive four-wheeled wooden trolley, much like a modern float truck, which was to be hauled by six great dray horses through six miles of streets from the zoo to the Millwall docks, where Jumbo would be put aboard the steamer Persian Monarch.

The second step of the plan was to have a swimming-pool-shaped hole dug just outside the Elephant House, deep enough so that when the trolley was in it the floor of the cage would be almost but not quite flush with the ground. Leading up to the floor, on a gentle incline, was a kind of ramp made of two-inch planks. They brought Jumbo out in chains, to make him more manageable as he was eased into the cage, and that was Elephant Bill's first mistake. Jumbo resented the chains, and spent about three hours trying rather nervously to break them. Finally Matthew Scott, the keeper who'd looked after him for the seventeen years

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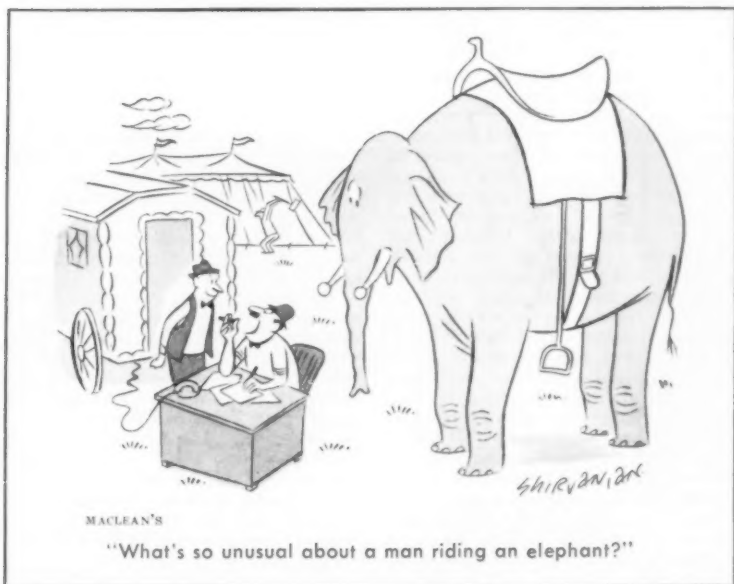
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While the parrots screeched and animals howled Jumbo mourned at leaving the zoo

he'd been at the zoo, calmed him with sugary buns and reassuring words and coaxed him up to the ramp—that turned out to be Elephant Bill's second mistake.

Bill was convinced it was strong enough to bear Jumbo's weight, but Jumbo wasn't so confident. He touched the planks lightly with one enormous forefoot (his feet measured a yard and a half in circumference), and absolutely refused to venture any farther. No amount of buns and reassurance from Scott could induce him to budge, and a couple of hours later he was taken back to the Elephant House for the night.

That was on Saturday, Feb. 11, 1882, one week before the Persian Monarch was due to sail for New York. Elephant Bill congratulated himself on having allowed plenty of time in case of trouble and worked out a new plan. Early next morning he'd have Scott lead Jumbo down to the docks on foot, followed at a discreet distance by the six horses hauling the cage. He felt that when Jumbo was well clear of the zoo he'd be less apt to balk, and could be quietly herded into his cage at the dockside.

Once more Bill was wrong. Jumbo left his pen without protest, and lumbered peacefully along the zoo paths as far as the gate that opened onto the street. Halfway through he stopped, tested the paved surface of the road just as he'd tested the planks of the ramp, and reacted in the same way. He didn't think the road would hold him, and backed timidly into the grounds again. This time Scott scolded him instead of coaxing, whereupon Jumbo whimpered loudly and pathetically, stroked the keeper in an imploring manner with his trunk, and then went down on his knees to him. When that didn't melt Scott's heart, Jumbo simply rolled over on his side and lay still—six and a half tons of immovable obstinacy.

The gate was near the Parrot House, whose inhabitants had been so frightened by Jumbo's loud misery they'd started a panic-stricken screeching which in turn set the other birds and animals howling and hooting and roaring at the top of their lungs. Newspaper reporters covering Jumbo's departure decided that Alice, a female elephant wrongly thought to be Jumbo's mate, was making the most noise of all. It gave them a wonderful story—Jumbo like a true-born Englishman refusing to go and live in America, Alice like a loving wife crying for her husband to come home, and they dashed off in hansom cabs to get the story into print.

Meanwhile Scott gave up, and made Jumbo understand he wasn't going to scold him any more. Jumbo patted him gratefully on the head with his trunk, got to his feet and lumbered back to his pen again. Elephant Bill notified the captain of the Persian Monarch that Jumbo wouldn't be on hand when the ship sailed, and arranged for passage on the next outward ship of the same company—the Assyrian Monarch, leaving London March 25. (The Monarch Line had been chosen because its ships had extra long and wide hatchways and exceptional headroom between decks.)

Until the newspaper misinterpretation of Jumbo's balkiness appeared, the British public had taken his sale with comparative calm. The story changed that to a sudden national orgy of sympathy which verged on mass hysteria. The editor of *Vanity Fair*, a

fashionable weekly not noted for sentimentality, let himself go clear overboard. "Tempted by Barnum and his miserable £2,000," he wrote, "the Council of the Zoological Society have had the inhumanity to sell Jumbo into American slavery." He then announced he was opening a Jumbo Defense Fund with five pounds out of his own pocket, and invited his readers to contribute.

Vanity Fair's fund was perhaps the classiest, but it was by no means the only one, and within a few days Jumbo could have been bought back ten times over—if Barnum had been willing to sell. He wasn't, and in the first week of March Mr. Berkeley Hill, a Fellow of the Zoological Society who'd never approved of what the council had done, applied for an injunction to set aside the sale. It was refused by Mr. Justice Chitty in Chancery when Bartlett, the zoo superintendent, testified it would be dangerous to keep Jumbo because he'd reached an age when "he would become liable to certain fits of rage."

Lured to a Traveling Cage

That was the end of the efforts to keep Jumbo in England, but not of the national orgy of sympathy and interest. Pictures of him were on sale everywhere. So were Jumbo hats, collars, neckties, cigars and fans. In the House of Commons a journalist member, Henry Labouchère, asked the secretary of the board of trade whether proper precautions were being taken to prevent Jumbo from breaking loose on board the Assyrian Monarch and endangering the six hundred emigrants who were to be his fellow passengers. The secretary said he'd detailed a number of board of trade surveyors to see that all was in order, and was satisfied the passengers would be perfectly safe.

On Wednesday, March 15, Elephant Bill tried a third plan for getting Jumbo into his traveling cage. He had the swimming-pool-shaped hole in front of the Elephant House deepened until the floor of the cage could be sunk completely flush with the ground. He also had the floor covered with gravel from the zoo paths, hoping the familiar surface would make Jumbo feel safe. It did, and this time he walked in almost without hesitation. The six horses hauled him to a dock a couple of miles upstream from the Millwall dock where the steamer lay; he was trans-shipped to a barge for the rest of the journey, and on March 17 he was put aboard the Assyrian Monarch. Once he'd been brought to the ship's side, the operation of hoisting up the cage and lowering through the main hatch to the specially reinforced main deck took only eight minutes. Scott, whom Barnum hired, rode the cage holding Jumbo's trunk and murmuring soothingly, and Jumbo wasn't frightened at all.

The ocean crossing was uneventful, except for a gale. It didn't bother Jumbo, nor curb the appetite with which he ate his way through the two tons of hay, three sacks of oats, two sacks of biscuits and one of onions—his great treat—that had been provided for the voyage. The Assyrian Monarch docked in New York on April 9, and Jumbo, holding fast with his trunk to Scott's hand, was taken through streets lined by cheering crowds to Madison Square Garden, where Barnum's circus was playing.

It had three rings, two for displays

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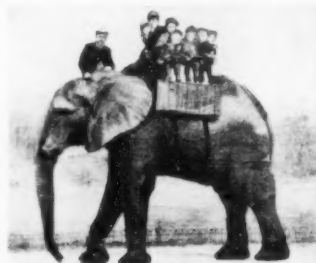
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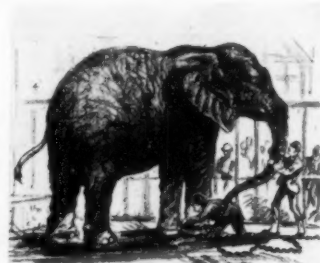
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The Fuss Jumbo Raised Leaving England



Kids in London loved Jumbo but zoo people thought he might go berserk.



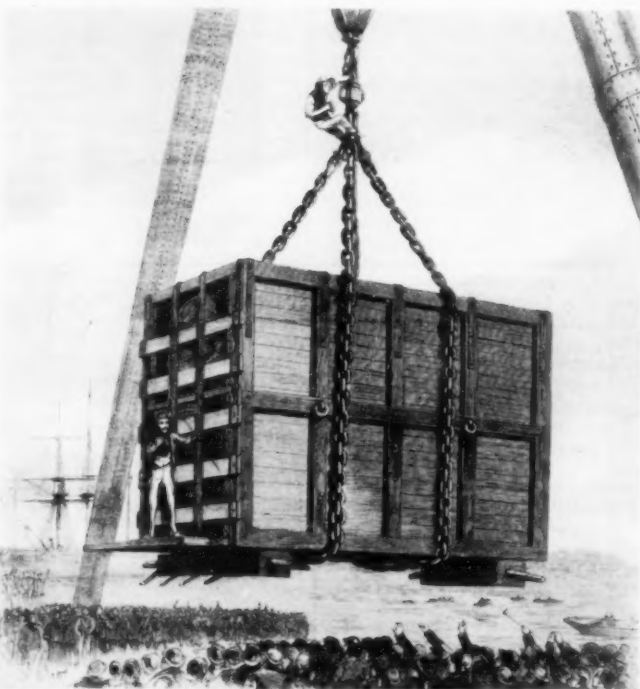
After Barnum bought him he balked at chains for his trip to the U. S.



He wallowed and wailed when his trainer tried to lead him from the zoo.



Lured into a cage he rode through crowded London streets to the docks.



When a court action to keep him in London failed he headed for the U. S.

of bareback riding and other feats of horsemanship, and one, in the centre, for what were called ground acts—jugglers, tumblers and the like. The show opened with a grand parade of the whole troupe, spangled and glittering. When Jumbo joined he marched in the parade in solitary grandeur, apart from the twenty-odd other elephants and quite unperturbed by the flaring gaslights and the thunderous waves of applause. After the parade the ringmaster introduced the curiosities and main features one by one—the Chinese Giant, the Bearded Lady, a pair of giraffes broken to harness and pulling a gig, General Tom Thumb and Wife, and finally, to majestic music ending in a soul-stirring drum roll . . . JUMBO!

From then on the show, as described in the New York Herald, consisted of "extraordinary performances on horseback, gymnastic and athletic exercises, juggling, wire-rope walking, trapeze-flying and other attractions 'too numerous to mention.'" As for Jumbo, it was enough for people just to look at him as he ambled around the tanbark, or stood patiently swaying while he was introduced. Barnum had paid thirty thousand dollars for him, counting the purchase price and all transportation costs. From the moment Jumbo joined the show he brought three thousand dollars a day to the box office over and above the usual receipts. Within two weeks he'd paid for himself and earned a handsome profit of twenty percent.

For the next three years the show followed its cycle of playing the Garden in the spring, then going on the road until fall, then laying up in winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., until it was time to open at the Garden again. Jumbo was a trouser from the start, and as popular with the circus audiences as he'd been with visitors at the London zoo. During the Canadian part of the 1883 road season, when the show played one-day stands in the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario, it took \$15,896.75 in Montreal, \$13,864.80 in Toronto and \$13,451.50 in Hamilton—all bigger receipts than it had ever had in those places, and all due to the immense presence of Jumbo.

He and Scott traveled in what Barnum called "Jumbo's Palace Car," which looked like a gigantic red-and-gold-painted boxcar with vast double doors in the middle reaching down almost to the rails, rolling on two bogey-trucks of six wheels each. In this fantastic vehicle Scott had a bunk near Jumbo's head. It was his custom to split a quart of beer with Jumbo every night after the show. One night Scott forgot to share, and drank the whole quart himself. Jumbo waited until his friend was sound asleep, then reached out with his trunk, picked Scott from the bunk and laid him gently on the floor of the palace car—after which he hardly needed to point to the empty bottle. Scott never again forgot to give Jumbo his pint.

For the 1885 season Barnum had added some Nubian Warriors, a few Fierce Afghans, and a Voluptuous Company of Indian Nautch Dancers. The show opened at Madison Square Garden on March 16, then toured New York, Pennsylvania, the New England states, and then came north to New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. By the time it got to St. Thomas, on Sept. 15, it had played well over a hundred cities and towns and covered almost eight thousand miles. The circus people, wearied with the endless routine, expected St. Thomas to be just another one-day stand.

At first it looked as though they were right. When they pulled in on a Tuesday morning the roustabouts set

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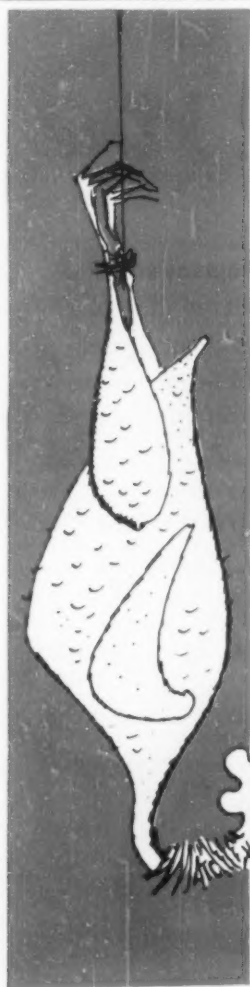
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"When he saw the speeding train Jumbo trumpeted his terror and fled wildly"

up the big tent in a vacant field near the railroad station, and the performers and the band and the animals paraded along the main street. After lunch the afternoon show began. It was Barnum's policy that every performance, everywhere, should be exactly the same as the evening shows at Madison Square Garden. Consequently all the acts went as they always had—until it came time for an equestrian named Nicholls to do his feat of jumping a number of high hurdles while riding bareback on a horse at full gallop.

As the music went faster and faster and the excited horse jumped at the second-highest hurdle (the highest was the grand climax) Nicholls lost his grip on the bare back and fell. He was carried out so quickly the audience hardly had time to realize what had happened. The show went on, people laughed at the clowns, gasped at Jumbo's towering bulk, and Nicholls died.

His death cast a chill of gloom over all the circus folk, but they followed their tradition and didn't let the public see how they felt. The evening show had all its customary brilliance, and also its customary routine. It was laid down that when the elephants finished their military drill, about halfway through the performance, they were to be taken off and loaded into the animal cars. This was done that Tuesday night, with Jumbo and a little trick elephant named Tom Thumb the last to go because they closed the act.

The circus train was on a siding in the yards, separated from the Grand Trunk main line only by the narrow strip of cinders between the two tracks. While Jumbo and Tom Thumb were being led by their keepers down the main line to their cars, Special Freight No. 151, drawn by GTR locomotive No. 88, came rushing at them from behind—west-bound on the same line. The moment the engineer, William Burnip, saw them he whistled for brakes (1885 was two years before the Westinghouse air brake came into use on freights, and brakemen still had to set brakes on signal by turning the big handwheels at the end of each boxcar) and heaved on the Johnson bar to throw the engine into reverse.

Jumbo, who'd seen the yellow glare of the special's oil-lamp headlight reflected on the tracks a few seconds before the engineer blew the three short whistle blasts of the brake signal, realized the danger even before Scott did. He trumpeted so loudly the sound could be heard in the big tent above the brassy clamor of the band, and started to run wildly down the track. There was no escape to the right, because the long circus train on the siding blocked his way like a wall. On his left there was an embankment which dropped abruptly about six feet to a clear and open level space. Scott tried to get him to swerve and go down it to safety, but Jumbo paid no attention. He was more afraid of stumbling and falling on the steep slope than he was of the onrushing train, and with Scott running frantically beside him he sprinted away from it along the main line as fast as he could go. Tom Thumb was sprinting too, equally determined not to risk the embankment, but with his much shorter legs he couldn't keep up with Jumbo, who quickly left him behind.

Scott's idea was to get Jumbo to the far end of the circus train, where he could turn right across level ground,

before the special overtook them. Unfortunately it was gaining on them fast, since the train was too heavy for the handbrakes and the reversed engine to check it effectively. When Jumbo was still seven car lengths from the end of the circus train, the locomotive's cow-catcher hit little Tom Thumb and threw him aside, breaking one of his legs. By the time Jumbo had gone one more car length he too was hit.

The cowcatcher caught him on the hind legs, bringing him down like a tackled football player, and flung him violently against the sixth show car. The engine ploughed on for a few feet, slamming Jumbo still more violently against the show car, then ran off the track and toppled over on its side at the very edge of the embankment, taking with it the first boxcar behind the tender. Although engineer Burnip and the fireman were badly shaken they weren't seriously hurt. Scott had jumped clear in the nick of time and wasn't hurt at all, but Jumbo was mortally wounded. The crash had been so full of driving force on one hand and inert massiveness on the other that those who were there when it happened said the noise of it, sudden and appallingly loud, sounded more like a collision between two engines than between one engine and a creature of flesh and blood. Jumbo lay huddled against the circus train, with his skull fractured, deep gashes in his leathery hide, and the vital organs in his great body burst and torn.

The Little Elephant Lived

At first his moans of agony carried nearly as far as his terrified trumpeting had done when he'd seen the glare of the headlight shining on the rails. Then Scott stretched out on the bloodied cinders beside his old friend's head and tried to comfort him. Jumbo seemed to understand. His moaning quieted at once, and he reached with his trunk to take Scott's hand. He died a few minutes later, still holding it. When it could be seen he was no longer breathing Scott got to his feet, looked at the crowd of railroad men and roustabouts that had gathered, turned his back and began to cry like a child.

Farther down the track another crowd of men was gathered around the little trick elephant. Most were only staring, but some were pushing with all their might against his shoulder to help take the weight off his broken leg. They continued their support as his keeper led him gently away toward his car, and in that way the living Tom Thumb was taken past the dead Jumbo. The two of them had liked each other's company and it was supposed they were the best of friends, but the little animal gave no sign of sorrow or even recognition at the sight of Jumbo's body. Just as Jumbo had unhesitatingly left Tom Thumb behind and run for his life from the oncoming engine of the special, so Tom Thumb now limped by him and didn't as much as turn his head.

While the men with Tom were doing their best to get him into his car without letting him bear down on his broken leg, the men who'd watched Jumbo die were making ready to move the carcass, which was partly blocking the Grand Trunk's main line. It took a great many of them to do it, hauling on the ropes they'd attached and levering with scantlings and crowbars and anything else they could find that

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HAIR TONIC

"Have I not lost a million?" said Barnum and tried to recoup with a stuffed Jumbo

would serve. With immense effort they got the carcass to the edge of the embankment of which Jumbo had been afraid, and toppled it over. It slid down and came to rest when the feet touched the level ground at the bottom. Since an elephant's knees are set low, the huge stiff pillars of the legs kept the body from slumping, and gave it the appearance of an immense toy leaning against the wall of some giant child's room.

There it stayed for the night, while the circus train pulled out and the first story of Jumbo's death was put on the wires. It said that while Jumbo was being transferred to a car on the London and Port Stanley Railway at St. Thomas, he'd been struck by a freight train, and gave no further details—but it did mention the death of Nicholls, who within a few hours was so completely overshadowed by Jumbo's fame he never made the news again. A second story, printed as confirmation of the first, added that "the baby elephant also had a leg broken." A brief third story said it had been reported that "the baby elephant which had its leg broken in the accident last night is dead."

This was a double error. Tom Thumb soon recovered completely except for a slight permanent limp, and he was an adult dwarf. The circus did have a baby elephant, which had been born at the winter quarters three years earlier and named Bridgeport after its birthplace, but it had been safe in its car when the accident happened. Yet many people in St. Thomas believed the mistaken story, as some still do to this day, and over the years it has been even further distorted and made into a legend—that Jumbo died a hero's death trying to save Bridgeport by standing fast and deliberately letting the engine hit him instead of the little one.

Barnum got the news of the accident the following morning, Sept. 16, while he was at breakfast in the Murray Hill Hotel in New York. Reporters who interviewed him said he was plainly affected, but it was equally plain that his grief hadn't kept him from exercising his matchless talent for showmanship. "The loss is tremendous," he said (it probably was, since he only carried \$31,000 of insurance on the whole circus), "but such a trifle never disturbs my nerves. Have I not lost a million dollars by fires, and half as much by other financial misfortunes? But long ago I learned that to those who mean right and try to do right there are no such things as real misfortunes."

He then set about proving his point. "My first thought," he told the reporters, "was of the many thousands who were counting on seeing the giant beast, the largest living creature in the world." So as not to disappoint them he'd already wired Professor Henry Ward, of Ward's Natural Science Establishment at Rochester, N.Y., to go at once to St. Thomas and skin Jumbo. The professor, a taxidermist, would take the hide back to Rochester for stuffing and mounting. Jumbo would then be put on exhibition in the circus.

Ward reached St. Thomas on Sept. 17 with two assistants. While he studied Jumbo's body the assistants called on a number of St. Thomas butchers to recruit help—the butchering involved being more than Ward and his assistants could handle alone. Toward noon policemen began to arrive at the

embankment, and drove away the crowd of souvenir hunters who were cutting off little pieces of Jumbo's hide, snipping at the hairs which grew sparsely here and there on him, or chipping slivers of ivory from the stumps of his tusks. (He'd broken the long tapering ends years before by getting them stuck in the cracks of a door in the Elephant House at the London zoo, and twisting his head in panic when he found he couldn't free himself.)

Once the souvenir hunters were clear of the body, the police spaced themselves in a kind of ring, to keep people from seeing what was about to be done. Near the embankment end of the ring



there was a gate in the fence that ran at right angles to the tracks, and those who wanted a close look could pass through it by paying five cents to an enterprising concessionaire.

At one o'clock, under Ward's direction, his assistants and the local butchers began their work by skinning the great forlorn body. Next the actual butchering was started. Since Barnum wanted the skeleton as well as the hide, the bones had to be dissected from the tons of flesh. When this part of the job was finished, late in the afternoon, all the remains were heaped on a funeral pyre of four cords of wood. The pyre was set alight, the smell of roasting elephant meat drifted across St. Thomas, and within a few hours the ashes of Jumbo and the cordwood were intermingled in the dying glow of the fire.

Meanwhile Barnum and the Grand Trunk Railway were squaring off for a legal fight. Barnum claimed Jumbo had been killed through the Grand Trunk's negligence, and announced that he was suing for a hundred thousand dollars. The day Jumbo was skinned, the Grand Trunk issued a statement saying it would resist any claim for damages. It took the position that the fence which ran along its right-of-way at the place of the accident had been torn down by circus hands who wanted a shortcut to the animal cars. The Grand Trunk said if they'd taken the trouble to go a short distance up the line to the regular level crossing, the signalman there would have warned them the special was coming. Since they hadn't done this, the Grand Trunk said, the death of Jumbo was their fault.

Barnum treated this statement with

Continued on page 54



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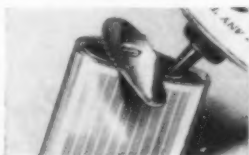
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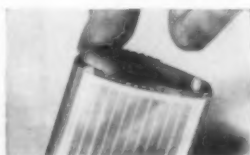
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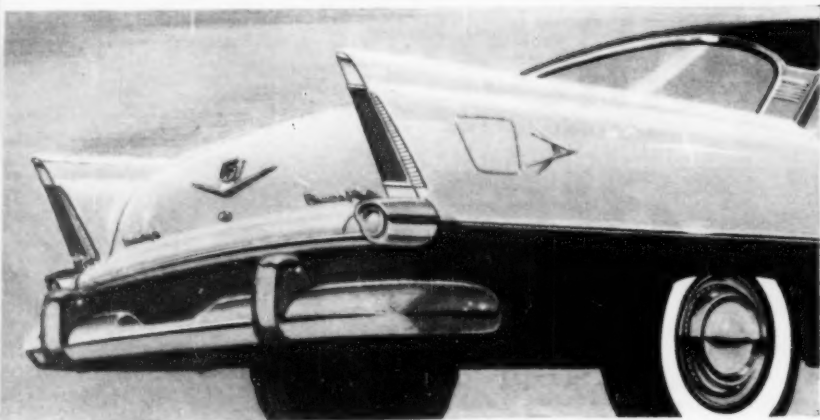
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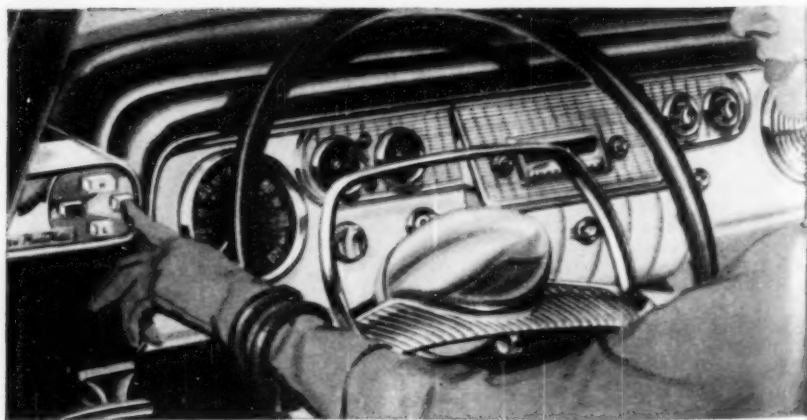
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Continued from page 50

outraged scorn, and promptly began suit. A writ of attachment was issued in New York, but since the Grand Trunk's property wasn't in the jurisdiction of the court the writ couldn't be enforced. It seems clear that Barnum thought enforcing it less important than the greater publicity he could get by bringing suit in the big city rather than in a Canadian court—the logical procedure if he'd been really anxious to collect damages. But in the spring of 1886, just after the circus opened in Madison Square Garden at the beginning of its season, the Grand Trunk lowered its guard. A party of its officers went to New York in one of the railroad's private cars, which was seized by the sheriff of New York County.

The Grand Trunk got ready to fight the case, and Barnum pretended to be getting ready too. But it wouldn't be long before the circus would leave the Garden and go on the road, and the Grand Trunk had the contract for the Canadian part of the haul, for which it was to be paid \$4,400. Barnum felt it might be wiser under the circumstances not to press his claim, because if he won his suit the railroad might well make expensive trouble for him. He therefore offered to settle out of court, saying he'd withdraw his claim if the Grand Trunk would do the Canadian haul free. The offer was accepted, and Barnum was triumphant—until the circus eventually reached Guelph, Ont.

Its next stop was to be Brantford. By some oversight Brantford hadn't been included in the contract with the Grand Trunk. Before the show train left, the railroad wired Barnum that since the haul was unscheduled a charge would be made for it. The distance from Guelph to Brantford by rail is thirty miles. The charge, by an unsurprising coincidence, was \$4,400. Barnum paid, with well-publicized howls of anguish.

This was all the more consoling since Barnum needed publicity for the last full-scale promotion stunt he ever planned for Jumbo. Not long after the fatal accident he'd offered to buy Alice, Jumbo's alleged mate, from the London zoo, and the zoo had accepted. Alice got to America in time to join the Greatest Show on Earth when it opened in New York, and there and on the road she formed part of a truly remarkable exhibit. Professor Ward had finished his work, and had delivered Jumbo's skeleton and his stuffed hide. It was thus possible to display Jumbo, his bones and his reputed wife side by side on a massive platform.

The three were a useful attraction, and Barnum sent them out again in 1887. About a month after the tour was over and the circus was back in Bridgeport, the winter quarters burned to the ground. Alice died in the flames, but Jumbo and his skeleton were saved.

Alice had added a touch that was needed to keep Jumbo's appeal fresh. Now she was gone Barnum decided to drop the Overshadowing Monarch Mastodon from the show. Three years earlier he'd given Tufts College in Boston fifty-five thousand dollars to build a natural history museum. He now decided to add the stuffed Jumbo to his gift, and to send the skeleton to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

There Jumbo's hide and his skeleton still are, and there his story ends—on a note of triumph for the supreme showmanship of Phineas Taylor Barnum. Nobody else would have thought of the arrangement by which Jumbo has remained on view to this day in two different places, two hundred miles apart, at one and the same time. ★

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Uncle Charley's Secret Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

had not died? Suppose he had struck it rich!

Mother laughed. "Richest thing Charley'd ever strike would be C-flat on his cigar-box banjo, so your grandfather always said."

But necessity fathers invention: Uncle Charley became something fabulous, a sort of Uncle Ben Gump. He represented all that was unattainable, from baseball gloves and real skating boots that fitted, to shining new bicycles—as compared, for instance, to that ingenious contraption that Ben later devised from nuisance-dump salvage. Aching desire made Uncle Charley real, a benevolent being who must suddenly materialize, hungry in his old age for the affection of kith and kin. The disappointing Christmases and birthdays he saved!

Even better, we never had to accept with finality what Ben's bravado dubbed "The Biscuit Box," our square, flat-roofed, mustard-yellow old house, set among willows near a slough by the tracks. Nor, like Mother, did we accept as more than temporary Father's job as CNR section man. A plagued-out Saskatchewan farmer, Father now seemed content with a pay cheque; but, of course, when Uncle Charley came...

Had she heard this last, Mother might not have laughed as she usually did. "Boys, your Uncle Charley's bones would blush to hear you, if what they said was true. He'd sooner whittle a stick than make hay. Sooner make a trout fly than go catch fish."

"Aw, Maw! But just supposin'!"

"Just supposing you make your dreams come true by yourselves. Now that's real supposin'. So quit adding your brains."

This was after she had caught us bragging to the Crawford boys. There were tears in her eyes when she said it, as if it hurt to explode the dream.

You couldn't be sure; Mother often was fretful, since Ernie, as she said, added up to a family of twenty. He could never be trusted—with sharp tools or whatever. He might stare at the chickens for hours or chase them into the slough. He might take off down the railway track, and Mother never missed a train time or heard the whistling of an off-schedule freight without checking on Ernie.

"Be patient, laddies," Mother would beg when we got tough with Ernie for ruining our games. "Some day we hope he'll be like any other boy, if the doctors find out how to treat him."

But despite the protests of endless prayers, Ernie's trips to the city with Mother were never rewarded by coherent speech or a sense of responsibility. In the end could we, as well as other children, help wondering if the Stoddards were a lesser breed—Ernie what he was, our Dad a pick-and-shovel man?

Only Ben and the myth about Uncle Charley salvaged my pride. Ben could shut his mouth like a trap when other kids made sneering talk, while I must hurl back equally stupid insults or brags. Ben's fists backed me up.

WE HAD been playing cricket, a peculiar version of our own employing baseball gear and bastard rules, and with Young Ernie running interference all over the lot until the gang couldn't take it any longer. So Ben and I shooed the chickens into the henhouse and locked Ernie in the chicken run, which was wired over.

After the game we guiltily lit out,

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hoping Mother hadn't gone looking for eggs—and there was no Ernie—only a gap at the wire joints.

Half hopefully we eased into the kitchen. An old man was sitting at the kitchen table. In his hand was a glass of Mother's chokecherry wine, so he could not be an ordinary hobo from the tracks, which his coal-dusty clothes implied. Thin and stringy, with Adam's apple bobbing from checkered work shirt stronger than his bony features, he had pale eyes and wispy moustache. All added up somehow like zero, zero, zero.

"Hello there." He spoke from our own level, not that of an adult. His voice was reedy.

"Hello," Ben said. "Where has Mother gone?"

"Out checkin' up on Ernie." He smiled slowly and his eyes crinkled as they came to focus on each of us. "Well, well. So I reckon you're Ben an' Buddy. Ben thirteen past, older'n Buddy. Well, by yesterday, if you ain't like your Maw was, near as I remember. Chock-fulla pep and vinegar. Now Buddy, I see—he's more like me."

He chuckled at my sudden horror. I shifted gaze from his bobbing epiglottis to Ben, who was eyeing a battered rucksack over by the sink.

"Wonder who I am? I betcha a plug' nickel, if I had one, you'd never guess."

He could never guess the depths of our growing apprehension. For the moment we were saved by Mother coming in with Young Ernie. She flourished a corn sickle.

"Well, you two! What a help you were! Ernie slashing around with this thing—Mrs. Zabrowski's hollyhocks! Oh, Ben, how could you!"

"Almost all afternoon we watched him, Maw. Honest we did. The kids didn't want him—knocking over cricket wickets, maybe getting hurt."

"Wickets or hollyhocks. Ask Mrs. Zabrowski who should get hurt! Oh boys, I try not to ask it so very often, but I must get my work done. Dears, you know!"

"Come on, Ellie," the stranger put in. "I'm scairt you'll scalp the young bucks. Just boys, after all." He turned. "And so this is Young Ernie! Well, and what a nice lad. Come here, Ernie, and shake hands with your Uncle Charley."

It was true! I barely noticed Ernie, head coquettishly sideways, grinning in his half-shy way, sidling up to that outstretched hand. Ernie loved shaking hands. He would play meaningless finger games with you as long as he could feel the response of your hands.

Uncle Charley! Ben looked at Mother as if her sickle threatened to cut the ground from under him.

"Didn't you know?" she asked softly. Her eyes were suddenly sharp with realization, and perhaps from recent thought of how this must hit us. And so, very soon, she trumped up a need for kindling wood and feeding the chickens and we made our escape.

"Who cares?" Ben rapped when I wondered how Uncle Charley had found us. "The old stumblebum! I wish he had died!" And when Mother came out back of the woodpile to see us, his trial of Uncle Charley was brief. "What's he been doing all these years?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. He's been everywhere—from the north and west coast right across to Florida. You'll enjoy—"

"How long's he staying?" "Ben," Mother caught him by the shoulders. "I know how you feel. But he's my brother—your uncle—and he's a lonely old man. You'll like him—if you just forget all those silly old games of pretend. Sometimes I couldn't help pretending, too."

But now there was nothing left to pretend, except my pretense of being as tough as Ben. Because without a word I was challenged to choose between him and Uncle Charley.

"I guess they're just a mite shy of old folks," Uncle Charley excused us when we were told to answer up to his questions at suppertime. And after, with Ben heading for ball practice and Father inviting talk about prospecting for gold—what I would have given my ears but not my heart to hear—I answered Ben's challenge.

Uncle Charley quit teasing and let us alone until he came out with an offer to make bows and arrows, real Indian ones. "Come fall we'll git us a mess of rabbits, like the Swampy Cree kids do."

I was sorely tempted. Ben hedged with excuses about Ernie getting hold of dangerous weapons. Then Jack and



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Cy Crawford called for us to go swimming and we became doubly embarrassed.

"Who's the old tramp?" they asked us as we headed for the creek.

Suddenly our best friends became our enemies, penetrating sham. A blessed fight might have changed the whole story. But they became even more cruel: they pitied us. From now on their sneers bolstered us against the enemy.

Ben became less and less polite until Father took us for a hike and lectured us on respect to our elders. Then he softened. "Look how nice he is to Young Ernie. Your Mother's having the first holiday—my God!—the first she has had in sixteen years!" His own words hit Father hard. "Sure, you've been a great help with Ernie, too. Call it a holiday for us all."

SUMMER holidays were here—the freest ever—but now what we had long suspected was confirmed: there was a weakness in our blood. For only one who was mentally deficient himself could have given his whole time and heart to Ernie, as Uncle Charley did. Endlessly he repeated words which Ernie echoed with glee until their novelty wore off. Endlessly he transplanted what Ernie tore up as they weeded in our garden, a rented vacant lot which was located at a distance for safety. Though Ben and I hated weeding we suddenly suffered as much as that garden. And conversely we suffered in proportion to Ernie's new sense of security as he tagged after Uncle Charley. For in Grafton, a town of six hundred, every newcomer becomes quickly known—and labeled.

Our protests at having to share beds with Ernie and Uncle Charley caused a cot to be set up in a storage hut made of old railway ties.

"More homelike for me," Uncle Charley approved, as though unaware of the protests. "Had me a shack like this in Gowganda, while squattin' on the richest gold claims in the country."

"Whose claims?" Ben challenged.

"Mine." Shocked by our sudden interest, Uncle Charley's pale eyes lit.

"What did you do with them?"

He chuckled. "That was quartz ore, boys, rock country, which you don't operate with a pick an' shovel. Only big minin' interests develop that stuff. They can afford to wait a little man out."

"You're still waiting?"

"Nope. Never did git them claims proved up. The last summer I hung on I lived seventy percent on fish. Golly blue, my belly still can't see eye to eye with a pickerel. Y'know, this camp'd look right nice for a lick of whitewash."

"Did some big mine get your gold strike then?" Here was a tale for Uncle Charley's deriders!

"Huh? Not to my knowledge. When the boom bubble bust they wasn't much left but test holes."

Uncle Charley pushed back his old black felt hat and squinted at the distant sky.

"I sure been a sucker for a gold rush," he mused. "All over the North American lot. An' the fattest deals I ever got was when I wound up bull cook in some shyster's hash joint."

That was our wealthy uncle. Not merely a has-been-that-never-was: he advertised it.

As when we found him and Young Ernie squatting on the curb at the post office with their shoes off, entertaining a group of farmers: "Yep, it's a tough way to travel but hoppin' freights for the last thirty years is how come I saved so much money."

At home we had to act out his sly pretense of being on good terms all round. Mother appreciated his ready

help but discouraged his guff. Father the reverse. After a long hot day's work on the tracks he enjoyed sitting out under the willows on a summer evening, swapping yarns. It hurt not to listen.

But we knew that Uncle Charley gabbed everywhere—in the pool hall, the general stores, the service stations—and always with Ernie beside him, head cocked, vacantly smiling and listening. "The Gold Dust Twins" they were called, and Uncle Charley would accept the insult with his silly cackle of laughter. "You know, Sam,"

he might add, "you remind me of a certain Texas mule." And the last you would see would be Uncle Charley peeling it off about the mule. Or it might be a certain lumber camp skid boss or a certain oil millionaire.

After "The Gold Dust Twins" it became "The Siwash," because Uncle Charley and Ernie made sorties along Whip Creek in search of young willow gads, like as not to return right through town, each laden with a sheaf of sprouts, selected for the weaving of baskets. "Squaw work," Uncle Charley would crack. "Picked it up from the

Siwash. Man, how they could weave baskets!"

Before an audience of small kids he spent endless hours under our willows, weaving. And persisting in his crazy belief that he could teach Young Ernie, he set him to fumbling with rubbery strands. People came to ask for baskets, and for special sorts, and when it came to a price Uncle Charley would say, "Aw, it's just a hobby of me'n' Ernie. I reckon whatever you say'll be right."

Here Mother lost her temper, for she had opinions about some people's honesty.

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Cattle Call, If You Were Me, Take Possession, Just Call Me Lonesome, That Do Make It Nice, All Right, I Forgot To Remember To Forget, When I Stop Dreaming, Cryin' Prayin' Waitin' Hop-in', There's Poison In Your Heart, Baby Let's Play House, Blue Darlin', Yonder Comes A Sucker, I'm Hurtin' Inside, Daddy You Know What?, So Lovely Baby, I Thought Of You, Beautiful Lies.

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"If those baskets haven't a market value like store goods, you'd better find something better for your time. I don't want to hate my neighbors. Squaw work indeed! Squaw prices!"

Uncle Charley hunched his scrawny shoulders.

"Okay, Ellie. We'll try a man's job for a change."

He became absorbed with slabs of pine and cedar, some small, two of fence-post dimensions which became totem poles. "Used to whittle a bit for the tourist trade on The Island," he said. But he spent less time at whittling and chopping than in telling small children legends about killer whales, ravens, salmon and thunder-birds.

Guiltily I found ways to listen, being much alone these days; for Ben, loving machines as intensely as he despised Uncle Charley, now hung out at Meaker's garage, sweeping, tinkering, selling gas. So I became witness to the final madness—this object of our father's charity presenting his carvings to small kids who had best recited the legends!

"Smart little papoose," he said to black-eyed Sophie Zabrowski. "Never forget that learnin' is fun and dogin' is work. That's why I'm all bet up."

"What's bet up?"

"Means you lost all your bets. Now what story can you make of the doorposts on my shack? One totem is mine, the other is Ernie's."

I reported to Mother who was hanging a washing. She shook her head queerly, then hid behind a wet sheet. "If you wanted a totem you should have learned a legend yourself."

I choked. "You know they're crazy! Why can't he ever do anything sensible, and why do we have to keep him?"

"Because your Dad says he's one luxury we can afford. Now you figure that one out and don't be a snob because Ben is."

I took off to a chokecherry bush, where somehow the brackish fruit tasted of snob. Could I at thirteen, or even Ben, be a snob?

Kids and more kids came to clutter our yard, sometimes brought by mothers with else to do. And if Uncle Charley took off on a stroll he would have all these brats trailing after him. Folks hailed him as the Pied Piper of Grafton but he only laughed, never caring how ridiculous he made us.

Farmers took him away—and Young Ernie of course—to tramp their fields with a willow wand, dowsing for water. "As a witch," he declared, "some swear by me, others at me. Myself, I'd sooner strike beer than water." His witching seemed the final madness; it was the butt of endless jokes.

AUTUMN saw Uncle Charley employed as cook on a threshing crew. Then he calked up the logs of his shack for the winter and installed a heater. Ben could no longer hold his tongue.

"Where would you have him go?" Father asked. He was satisfied that Uncle Charley justified any trouble and expense. "Your Mother's a new woman, twenty years younger. Are you blind? You boys shame me, and Charley's kindness and forgiveness toward you shames me too."

Yes, but we fought a deeper shame. So when we were surprised at Christmas with homemade skis, truly beautiful ones, our thanks stuck in our teeth. Ben's crashed on a rock that day. Of mine I said, "So what! He's only earning his keep."

Uncle Charley passed off Ben's "accident" as bad luck and offered to make a new pair. Father clamped down and only The Day itself saved Ben a beating.

Except for some work at the curling

rink, club of the entire district, and some unloading of coal cars that winter, Uncle Charley made slight shift at being independent. With spring, he became caretaker of the cemetery, a two-bit job which was offered by the town council—not sought. Later came another job, one that officially stamped his status. Twice daily he put out from the post office with a pushcart to meet local trains, to receive and deliver mail. How perfectly suited! An hour or so's work, a chance to gossip, to mix with departures and arrivals, a focus of public attention. A chance also for youngsters to ride on the pushcart, to shriek after their unpaid Pied Piper keeper, for Young Ernie to amble the platform, staring up at travelers on the train.

In the end this remains the most burning memory—the reedy old man, the pushcart, the yelling kids, the queer quiet one—the daily public laugh.

But that began a year later, as if to confirm Ben's departure. Now Mr. Meaker offered Ben a regular job at the garage through holidays and though it broke his heart to refuse, Ben was set to leave home. All summer and right through a late harvest he worked on a farm. Glen Neilson said the kid was terrific, especially with tractor and machines, a real genius, and Ben got double his promised pay.

Left holding the fort alone, I had to admit my weakness. For sometimes in the summer evenings, a rank deserter, I sat with Father and Uncle Charley and reveled in tales of the north—as if Service danced his puppets to a drawling tune—and queer little episodes of prairie and desert and the frightening deserts of cities.

"You might say I got a worm's eye view of things, Larry, but I reckon I wasn't built for ulcers."

Endless topics crowd back: "Clumb

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up on the rig of an oil well in Texas; happiest coward ever clumb down . . . Then, woof! She went up like the flames of hell . . . High-rigger in them B.C. woods sure earns his dough . . . Apple pickin's slim pickin' but 'bout my height . . . When that tow cable let go and snapped back the grease monkey's head just fell off like a pumpkin . . . Band of Indians down in the foothills sooner raise horses 'n beef. One chief's got over four hundred an' not one worth thirty-three cents . . . You kin make your own caviar from Canadian sturgeon. Up on the Saskatchewan River . . . It was in Oklahoma I seen my first combine harvester . . . Amazin' what you learn about people as a garbage collector . . . Nothin' like newspapers to keep you warm sleepin' out. Called 'em our room in the Ritz."

Late that summer the sluice box came into being down by the creek. From tales told to gaping children grew a slatted set of wooden troughs as used for free-washing gold—or at least authentic enough to satisfy the youthful sordoughs who, with castoff section-gang shovels, piled in dirt while others carried water and sluiced endless mud into the sluggish creek. And how long could such labor entertain? Just so long, apparently, as the pay dirt held good: come clean-up there were inevitably enough pennies in the trough to take care of a bunch of small kids.

We discovered them, Ben and I, Ben for the first time, that Saturday in September when, grown-up and rich, now fourteen-past, we returned from farming. To celebrate we walked down the tracks smoking real cigarettes.

At the bridge we peered down on the last leaves of autumn reflected in a muddy creek and on a moderately silent gold-mad mob of eight, all about that age or younger except for Ernie. He towered above them, clumsily

wielding a bucket. Uncle Charley reclined on the bank, occasionally chanting:

"Swing them shovels, you'll get backs like camels,

Dig her boys, there's a fortune waiting!"

Ben's lips were never so ugly as he drew back and away.

"Damn the old fool! Listen, Bud, I'm getting away from this crazy asylum—well anyway, just as soon as I can. Listen. I got a plan."

OUT OF THIS backlog of years came jouncing the episodes that crowded my mind as on Ben's motor-bike we fought the rough gravel highway, going home.

Yes, Ben had had a plan, and not a childish one. For another year he would work on the farm; the following spring he would go to Winnipeg, get mechanical work and take evening classes. A year later I would be ready for a business course and he would help stake me. Some day we'd be partners. *Stoddard Brothers' Garage*. We saw it in neon, even then.

Riding the tractor that summer, while turning the long prairie furrows, Ben had thought things out. And with an awful clarity, too, he had seen us at home, not drawn together in a common cause, but tortured and divided because of Ernie and Uncle Charley. Was the rest of Mother's life to be given to Ernie who could have no real life? Then make the break soon. Save us all by sending Ernie to an institution where he, too, might profit.

Decently enough Ben tried to win our parents toward his decision, but in their final arguments every type of sentiment was weighed in the balance—especially his deep-seated prejudice toward Uncle Charley—and when he finally left home it was in common bitterness. He had not returned in two years.

My final year was no happier for his absence because I must uphold Ben's part, at least sufficiently to maintain his bond at home. Now I had been away eight months, with only a quick trip at Christmas which had proved long enough.

Again the buildings on Main Street seemed shrunken; the shabby old "Biscuit Box" twisted my heart as never before. But Ben was home and for the present tragedy was somewhat lifted.

The double funeral was set for tomorrow, since most of our relatives were far away. The old house was sickly with the odor of flowers; we could hardly move for visitors. Not just close neighbors but people from all over town were there, and they brought endless contributions of food, plus tears and sympathetic talk about Ernie and praise of Uncle Charley until Ben thumbed toward the door.

"Can't people be the blasted hypocrites!" he said, and I replied that perhaps they were just gifted with hindsight.

We jerked out "Thanks," when people downtown offered condolences, quizzing us with their eyes. Our one-sided feud was no secret.

We became a couple of stones. All that evening and next day even as we went to the white church on the far side of town in one of the mourners' cars my chief grief was that something in Ben would not break. It had to be broken if we were to go on as the Stoddard brothers. For in defense of him I, too, was throttled of normal emotion.

Then I looked out on street after street lined with cars, then on the church steps and yard thronged with late arrivals. I recognized farmers from far afield and, most unusual, it

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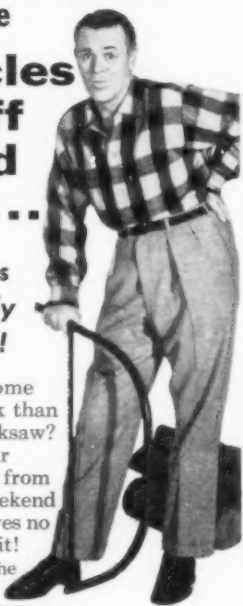
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seemed as if no one wished to go into the church. We soon found out why: because it was packed. And it looked more like a Sunday school, because every child in town was there.

For a time they all went into a blur and we stumbled to our places. Then I saw the two coffins and such enormous banks of flowers that I knew I had to get hold of myself before the children sang. Their voices began to whirl giddily as in a past scene when Uncle Charley, weaving baskets under the willows, had been called on for a story. He had thought for a moment, then improvised—

"Tell you all about a skunk

"It stunk.

"It stink, stank, stunk.

"It stink, stank, stunk."

"More," the children had shouted.

"At's all," Uncle Charley had said, and then the children, instead of being disappointed, had run in circles shouting, "Stink, stank, stunk!" I had walked away in disgust. Now the silly words kept pounding back, all mixed up in a hymn.

Come on, Ben, admit it for both of us. Harder than the endless battle to love Young Ernie was our struggle to dislike Uncle Charley.

"He was our shame and therefore our enemy. He never fought back; therefore the enemy was within ourselves."

Was that an inner voice or the Reverend Morrison reading a text? I listened.

"Whosoever therefore humbleth himself as this little child, that same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

This was Morrison's voice and never had it so much rung like a voice from the past.

Not for me was it necessary for Morrison to go on, to speak of one who had spent a lifetime seeking for gold, and failed; yet this same one with the Midas touch; one who endlessly shared his bounty with others. Admit it, Ben, damn you, with your mechanic's hands bone-white solid on your knees, solid as your icy shoulders! Admit what we always knew! "Dig her out, boys; there's a fortune hiding!"

Yes, Ben's hands make it necessary for Morrison to go on. "—This man had a secret. The great and dreadful secret of humility. He was so humble that no one could hurt him. He was the rarest of men—a truly happy man.

"Today, then, let us feel that we are gathered together to do honor to a lost friend. Simply to do him honor. He does not need our prayers. Let us pray for ourselves."

Pray for tight-jawed Ben. Let us all pray for Ben! Because only Ben can release me from this frozen prison and the black lumps blinding and choking. Wait! We have not prayed enough!

There is the last tight glimpse of the two tight faces. Then there is the ride to the cemetery past a child who will never learn about a skunk. Then there are the final words, the black huddles, the final finalities, the black half-frozen soil, the black heavy lumps, those falling, those that will not fall from under the lungs.

"Tell you all about a skunk. Tell you all..."

Parents and aunt and uncle—aunt broad and steady like father—being graciously handed into the first big black car. Heading for tea and cakes with the kindly, kindly neighbors.

Ben's eyes dry ice. "I'm walking." Walking did he say? Not going home—now—this hour! Take it or leave it did he say? I don't believe it but I am walking with Ben, away from the second mourner's car, out through the black throng, first through the small gate, into Henderson's pasture, a short cut through trampled, silver-barked poplar groves, direct to town.

Quite a few people don't plough mud to the cemetery. They look at us as if we are ghosts. I am Ben's ghost. At the garage Mr. Meaker looks at us and spills gas from the hose of a pump. Not here then. But here, in the pool hall. In the pool hall no one is playing except two strangers. And all others are strangers as we approach. Awkward, uncomfortable, halting talk. Ben buys cigarettes. Cork tips do not stick to the lips. Then we step outside and stand, Ben lighting up.

Clapham the harness and shoe repairer with his back turned to us faces Tod Hunter who is supporting a telephone pole. Better than he supports his family.

"You got it wrong, Tod. Old Charley just didn't care about what other people thought was important."

"What I meant, Ed. Charley was a free agent."

"He was sure a lot bigger'n his boots. No wonder he liked takin' 'em off. Remember how old Charley—"

Tod sees us suddenly. "Uh—hello, boys. I—uh—reckon this is a hard day for you. But a good one for a young fella to remember." Tod nods. "Oughta be mighty proud, you two."

It echoes. "Mighty proud." Ed Clapham smiles with his new false teeth. One up on nature.

We say thanks and jerkily shake hands. We are walking away now, automatically, to the station—no, to the railway track and down it, fleeing the town. Two stun blebuns getting out of town.

It is the shortest way to that point on the river below the bridge where Young Ernie fell in. Now we see where the river, still running high and muddy, sliced the cave-in. Ben, what are you seeking? Ben! Evidence that what happened was not an accident? Ben, what have you done to yourself? What are you doing? Can't you leave well enough alone?

THERE near the cave-in, half under water, swirling current lapping its slatted grey floor, is Uncle Charley's sluice box. We go down to the grey rustling river, automatically, as if drawn by some outside power, to stand beside this pitiful contrivance of weathered old boards. Poor, silly old toy!

Ben sees something. I see it, too. A one-cent piece winks up at us from under a slat on the sluice-box floor. And there is another—lower down, just at the swirling brink of the river.

Those pennies haven't been there all winter. Uncle Charley's clean-up gang would be too sharp for that. The old rogue had been salting the sluice box for Ernie when Ernie was caught by the cave-in. It was an accident.

I am reaching for my penny when Ben jerks my arm. His face is no longer a mask. He turns and picks up one of the old discarded section men's shovels lying there and begins shovelling half-frozen dirt into the sluice box. I watch till my eyes are blinded like Ben's, then I seize a rusty bucket and start dipping water and sloshing it over the dirt.

"Swing them shovels, you'll git backs like camels."

"Dig her, boys, there's a fortune waiting!"

We worked and worked those diggings. How long I don't know or care. But I know we did not care if anyone chanced to find us there, two big lugs in our best clothes, doing what we were doing.

Black chunks of earth flew into the sluice box. Water washed it away. Hard dark lumps eased from behind aching eyes, from beneath choking lungs. Hard dark lumps. Water washing them away. ★

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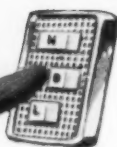
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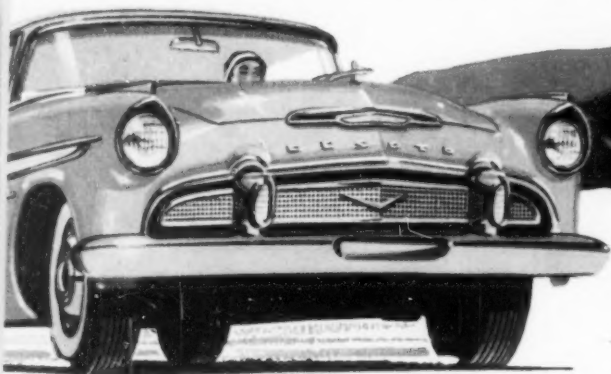
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Want a Moose In Your Parlor?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

by Spanner in 1889 was returned to the shop this year for repairs. A small crack had appeared in the lower jaw. Apart from that it was still in perfect condition.

Douglas Spanner, a grandson of the founder, is now head of the firm. He has developed a wood-working branch of the business and McCutcheon, who three years ago became a partner, runs the taxidermy end.

Clifford McCutcheon started his career as a taxidermist in 1940 by clipping a coupon in a pulp magazine from an ad for the Northwestern School of Taxidermy at Omaha, Nebraska. He was fifteen at the time, working in a chocolate factory in his native Toronto. He paid ten dollars for the complete course of five lessons. For the next four years he spent his spare time shooting starlings with an air gun, roaming the highways on a borrowed bicycle in search of rabbits, squirrels and birds killed by cars, or combing Toronto's beaches for dead ducks and gulls. Each find was hustled back to the bench he had set up in his cellar and mounted.

"Often I'd be up till two or three in the morning," he recalls. "I must have stuffed about three hundred starlings in that period, besides any other dead birds or animals I could find."

McCutcheon, a tall, slim, dark-haired young man approaching his thirtieth birthday, says taxidermy is "a messy job, but it pays and it's fun." To be a good taxidermist, he says, one must have manual skill and the faculty of never being surprised at anything or anybody. The latter quality is frequently given severe tests.

Not long ago a man came in and rolled two shrunken human heads from a paper bag onto the counter. He said they had come from South America and, except for that information, was evasive about the whole business. The

heads were becoming shapeless, and the stitching was loose. McCutcheon found that his jungle colleagues had cut and skinned their trophies exactly the way a taxidermist skins a deer or moose head—with a Y cut up the back of the neck and out to each ear (or antler, in the case of a deer or moose). His job was to soak the heads in water to restore malleability, replace the stuffing and reshape the heads and faces to their original firmness.

It may have been the novelty of the thing, but he charged only four dollars a head—about one quarter the price for stuffing a duck.

A man slapped a dead skunk down on McCutcheon's counter one day and asked to have it mounted with one paw holding its nose, as though repelled by its own odor. Told it would be a fifty-dollar job, he grimly replied, "Hang the expense. I'm going to give it to my wife."

The deceitful side of human nature is often revealed to the taxidermist by things like fish containing sinkers and stones to tip the scales beyond the actual weight of the catch. Early this summer a man brought in a lake trout with the spurious ballast still in it—two cold chisels, a coil of heavy wire, part of a half-inch iron rod and a handful of stones. When he called later for the mounted fish he unblushingly asked for the chisels.

McCutcheon is sometimes asked to stretch a fish skin as much as he can when mounting it. He points out that every inch costs a dollar (\$1.10 for trout because of the delicate hues which have to be reproduced with the paint brush), but the customer always waves that aside. Costs are trivial compared with the added length his catch may gain.

Several years ago a quiet little man came in, hugging a large, moist, brown-paper parcel. He made highly flattering remarks about the skill and artistry shown in the specimens on display. Having buttered McCutcheon up for some minutes, the little man unwrapped his parcel. It was a twelve-pound carp. With his eyes pleading for help, he asked if the carp couldn't

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By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"It's surprising the number of human traits bears will pick up."

be made to look like a bass. McCutcheon said he would see what he could do. At that time the firm was at another location which it shared with a large rat. That night the rat got at the carp and chewed off most of its scales. McCutcheon carefully fastened them all back and put the skin in what he thought was a safe place, on a high shelf. The next night the rat climbed the wall, to the shelf and again removed the scales. "Next morning they were lying all over the place, like shingles," McCutcheon recalls. And so, a living form of nature

conspired to forestall an attempted deceit.

Fish and wild animals are not the only creatures brought to a taxidermist. Many people bring dead pets, from dogs to hamsters. But there is a risk in that branch of the business—the customer doesn't always come back to pick up and pay for the finished job.

"People are all cut up when they have lost a pet," says McCutcheon. "But it takes from a month to three months to complete a job, depending on the amount of work on hand and the nature of the job itself. By that

time a pet owner may have replaced his loss with another dog or cat or whatever it is, and the new pet has replaced the dead one in his affections. So he doesn't want to bother about the one waiting here in the shop." The company has been stuck with so many stuffed pets that its policy now is to collect a substantial deposit before starting to stuff them.

Parental pride throws business the taxidermist's way. Small fish and animals caught or killed by a family's budding hunter are often brought to McCutcheon by a doting father. This

summer the record was reached when a man brought in a six-inch perch caught by his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. He was glad to pay the eighteen-dollar minimum to have it preserved for posterity. It was the smallest fish ever handled by the firm in its sixty-eight-year history. The only thing smaller ever mounted by Spanner's was a humming bird.

On the other end of the scale, the largest animal the firm has mounted was a sea lion, measuring twelve feet from nose to tail. In the same big league, polar bears have been prepared by Spanner's in recent years for fur company display purposes. A polar bear is the next largest quadruped on the continent to the Alaska brown bear and usually four hundred to five hundred pounds heavier than a grizzly.

Last summer a man asked if he could buy or rent a stuffed bear. "It's like this," he confided. "Up at the lake the guy in the next cottage and I play jokes on each other—just for fun, y'understand. Like he gets into our place and files all the barbs off my fish hooks; then I get his kid and get him to lie out flat on the dock while I pretend I'm working on him—artificial respiration. Gee, my neighbor and his wife come tearing out of the cottage and nearly go nuts. Well, I thought it would be a great joke to sneak a stuffed bear into their living room, just at dawn, prop it against their bedroom door and give a horrible roar, then hide." He was disappointed, poor chap. There were no surplus bears on hand.

One of the trials of being a taxidermist is having to listen to the stirring and usually fictitious tales hunters insist on telling him about their quarries. One day an elderly man brought in a polar-bear skin to be made into a rug. He wanted to talk and McCutcheon listened. The old fellow proceeded to give an exciting account of his stalking the beast, its final angry rush at him and the near terror which held him as bullet after bullet was pumped into the animal without apparently checking its murderous charge—until it dropped dead a few feet from the hunter. It was such a good story, McCutcheon almost believed him. But later, when the customer had left the shop, McCutcheon did some investigating. He soon located the Hudson's Bay Co. stamp on the hide.

Having to listen politely to scores of such tales, McCutcheon gets back at the customer when he can. For several years there has been a weird beast in the Ontario hinterlands known as the wambeeze. It was dreamed up as a gag by the late Lou Marsh, sports editor of the Toronto Daily Star, back in 1931. The wambeeze, Marsh explained, was a rabbit, with horns and the dorsal fin of a pike. In the past few years it has changed to a groundhog with a twelve-inch spread of moose antlers, carved from balsam wood, which McCutcheon prepares for the Toronto Hunters and Anglers Association. It is presented to the member who has bagged the largest number of rabbits each year.

There are still many people unaware of the gag and when they see the wambeeze in Spanner's shop, awaiting delivery, they ask questions. McCutcheon gravely explains that it is a hybrid found in the Holland Marsh, north of Toronto. More than one credulous hunter has swallowed the story and streaked for the marsh. One of them spent almost a week beating the district for the beast, then, puzzled and empty-handed, returned to McCutcheon for further information.

Since then, McCutcheon has added an albino trout to the game. It is an unclaimed speckled trout painted

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white, with pink eyes and a few red spots on the body. He hangs it in the shop once in a while and tells any enquirer that albino trout have been caught occasionally in a certain stream about fifty miles from Toronto. He explains that they have very weak eyes, sensitive to sunlight, and so they are active only at night. Worms are recommended as bait. Many a gullible listener has hit out for the magic stream.

This sort of thing could understandably set some customers, who know of McCutcheon's stories, to wink knowingly when he begins talking about the splake. But the fact is, the splake is a real fish and Spanner's claim to have mounted the first specimen ever caught, a nineteen incher. It's a cross between a speckled trout and a lake trout, developed at a government hatchery for a speckled trout's fight and a lake trout's size.

Last fall a well-to-do customer who has given Spanner's several game animals to mount, showed up with a brace of ordinary barnyard ducks from his farm near Toronto. He wanted to have them finished before mid-December, he said, because they were to be Christmas presents to his two sisters. Even the imperturbable McCutcheon raised an eyebrow at that one.

"What else?" the man helplessly exclaimed. "They have everything."

Many people have the idea that taxidermy is a matter of skinning an animal, then poking stuffing into it—like preparing the Christmas turkey—until it has been filled out to its proper shape and size. Actually, the technique—which is much the same for fish, animals and birds—demands more artistry than that.

All the Deer Squinted

Before the trophy is skinned, its measurements are taken and its general conformation is studied. The skin is removed and treated with arsenic to kill all vermin and prevent later attacks by pests which feed on dead tissue.

Excelsior is the commonest material used for stuffing. It is tightly worked into the shape of the animal, the shape being brought up by numerous tight windings of thread, string or heavy cord depending on the size of the subject. A good taxidermist can recreate the size and shape of an animal so accurately that when the last strand of string has been wound, the skin can be pulled over the form and fit as snugly as a shrunken sweater. Before stitching up, it is usually necessary to poke a few small wads of cotton into place here and there to give a natural puffy look and reach other spots which can't be shaped as smoothly as necessary by string winding alone. Then the skin is stitched, the glass eyes are stuck in place and wire, in the case of birds and small animals, is forced through the legs to give support to the body.

Placing the eyes is quite a trick. They are what impart any lifelike appearance the mounting may have, and must be set accurately, just as nature had them in the first place. A few years ago Spanner's had a taxidermist who was a whiz at all operations except setting the eyes. He had a slight squint himself and gave all his deer heads and other jobs a similar squint. He was such a good taxidermist in other respects that for years his fellow workers followed him from job to job, re-setting the eyes without his knowing it.

The principle of mounting is the same with large animals as with small but some of the materials are different. For a bear, a centreboard of five-ply or five-eighths deal is fashioned into

a silhouette shape of the body. Pieces of two-by-four and iron rods are fixed to the centreboard at various places, so the stuffing will not sag or get lumpy. Excelsior is piled around this skeleton and finally wound with heavy cord until it is tightly packed in and the correct size and shape has been built up. The skin is pulled on, the finishing touches are poked in where needed, and the skin sewn up.

Repair work is a fairly steady and not too interesting phase of taxidermy. But last fall a deer head came in for repairs, and with it a chilling story.

The previous evening a man had entered the beverage room of a Toronto hotel, seated himself at a table near the wall and called for a beer. When the drink was placed on his table he surveyed the other patrons with the look of amiable approval with which anyone regards his fellow man just before quaffing the first after-work beer. Then he raised his glass and swallowed the beer in one draught. Something hard rattled against his teeth. He put the glass down and saw looking up at him from its bottom a large, moist brown eye.

After a violent session in the men's room he was quietened down by the proprietor and shown that it wasn't a glass eye from a human head, but one from a deer head on the wall above his table, which had fallen into his drink during that moment of pleasurable abstraction he had allowed himself.

McCutcheon started his taxidermy as a hobby. "I used to dream of having expensive rods and guns and doing a lot of fishing and hunting—then mounting my own trophies," he says. "When I saw an ad in the paper for a taxidermist at Spanner's, I applied

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and got it." That was nine years ago. Now, he has the equipment he dreamed of as a boy—five rods and reels, five rifles and guns, all of superior quality—but he seldom has time to use them. So far, his only mounted trophies are two ducks and a lake trout.

In the fall of 1954 McCutcheon managed to get three days away from the shop to go deer hunting. It rained most of the time and the only deer he saw was a buck standing on a path he was taking. The deer stood still, watching McCutcheon approach without any sign of fear. "You couldn't

call yourself a sportsman and blast at a target like that," McCutcheon explains. So he came back empty-handed.

There is an old saying that taxidermists never are lucky in the field. McCutcheon claims it's quite true. As proof he cites a discouraging experience he had last spring.

He went out to a trout stream near Millbrook, Ont., one morning. After whipping the stream from early morning until noon with no results, he began to disassemble his rod and prepare for the trip home. Another angler happened along and asked McCutcheon

why he was leaving. "Because they aren't biting—if there are any to bite," he replied. The newcomer urged him to be patient a little longer, but McCutcheon had had it.

The next morning his first customer was the man from the trout stream—with a six-and-a-half-pound brown trout. As he entered the shop both men gazed at one another in slack-jawed surprise. Then they simultaneously exclaimed, "You!"

"Landed it about twenty minutes after you left," the customer said, as softly as he could. ★

God's Little Fleet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

the long wet wait in the boat. In Vancouver both his legs had to be amputated.

"Under conditions like that," said Antle, "it's no good going up to the loggers and preaching. We must demonstrate our Christianity with deeds. I am going to build a ship and devote my life to them."

With the help of the Hastings Mill Company, one of Vancouver's earliest sawmilling firms, Antle built a sixty-five-foot vessel, took command himself, hired a doctor, engineer and deckhand, and sailed north to minister to the loggers. Within five years provincial government grants, private donations, and missionary society collections from as far away as England enabled Antle to put three ships on patrol. During the years that followed the CCM built twelve churches, three hospitals and an old folks' colony on sites that even today may be reached only by boat or seaplane.

By 1930 the CCM had forty-five employees, the majority doctors, nurses, chaplains and lay readers. In 1932, when Antle wished to replace a ship, he heard of a yacht going cheap at Monte Carlo. The British Columbia and Yukon Church Aid Society of London, England, bought her for him. Five volunteers helped Antle sail her back to Vancouver via England, the Azores and the Panama Canal. The yacht had been built for semi-tropical harbors and several times her performance in the Atlantic brought the crew to their knees. But under Antle's seamanship she survived.

The brine in Antle's blood never thinned. In 1940, when he had been retired six years and became widowed, he traded his cottage on Vancouver Island for the yawl *Reverie*, which was moored in England. Though the yawl was only twenty-five feet long, Antle, with two elderly seamen, sailed her to Vancouver. The voyage took nearly a hundred days and during it Antle reached the age of seventy-five.

From then on he lived aboard the *Reverie* and cruised his old parish as a sort of superintendent emeritus of the CCM. His old-fashioned glasses with small oval lenses, his crumpled yachting cap, jeans and rubber-soled shoes were a familiar and welcome sight at every camp.

Antle died of a stroke in 1949, near to his God in the wheelhouse of the *Reverie* as she lay in Vancouver Harbor. His last words were a quotation from the Scriptures. The Vancouver Province, in an obituary, called him "The Grenfell of the Pacific."

He was buried at sea from the after-deck of the Columbia, the CCM's oldest and biggest ship. Built in 1910, she resembles one of those early private yachts in the background of faded photographs of Edward VII at Cowes. She is a hundred feet long, Diesel-powered, and capable of twelve knots. The forepart of her big deckhouse is a two-bunk hospital equipped with an operating table and dental chair. Her main cabin belowdecks becomes, as occasion demands, a chapel, movie theatre or community hall for forty or fifty people. Every year the Columbia travels twenty thousand miles on the most northerly of the CCM's three patrols. By radio telephone she keeps in touch with her sister ships and the shore. She answers about eighty emergency calls a year to the scene of accidents and sickness in a watery wilderness.

The skipper is George MacDonald, a bulky bald-headed man in his seventies

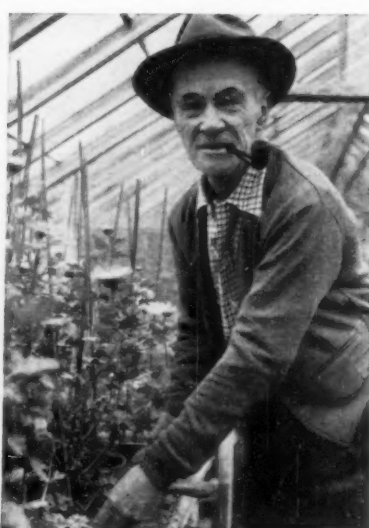
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who often spends ten hours a day at the wheel. He is also the ship's notary. Her engineer is a pale, bespectacled, taciturn man of forty named Bob McCrae who doubles as the movie projectionist. Thirty-two-year-old Henry Wetselaar, a thin blond Dutch immigrant, is the doctor; Lou Toy, a seventy-year-old Chinese, is the cook, and the deckhand is seventeen-year-old Bob Hamilton.

Since old John Antle retired in 1936 the Columbia and CCM's two other ships—and all the work of the mission—have been administered by Canon Alan Greene, a cheerfully efficient man who holds the title of superintendent and who carries on many of Antle's more colorful traditions. He navigates the John Antle II on patrol, and at sea he usually wears old flannel pants, an Indian sweater and a yachting cap with the CCM badge—a red cross in the upper corner of the flag of St. George. Alan Greene has been with CCM since 1910. At the logging camps he's always in demand at Christmas as Santa Claus.

He is also one half of CCM's famous team of brother canons. The other half is his older brother—by two years—Canon Heber Greene, a chubby little cleric in his late sixties, with white hair, pink cheeks and blue eyes peering gravely over the top of steel-rimmed spectacles. For twenty years Heber Greene has been chaplain of the Columbia. Like his brother Alan and John Antle before them, he's noted for his casual dress. He toddles around the deck of the Columbia in a battered black fedora, sports shirt and tie, the unmatched jacket and trousers of two old business suits and often a pair of sea boots.

Rugs for a Floating Village

The father of Alan and Heber Greene was the late Canon Richard Greene of St. James Church in Orillia, Ont. He was said to be the original of Stephen Leacock's amusing character Dean Drone in the Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. Heber Greene inherited his sire's sonorous and digressive habits of speech. Apologetically aware of this, he frequently stops short in the middle of a sermon or conversation and exclaims: "There I go again, babbling like the proverbial brook." One of his married daughters once said to him: "Daddy, that old head of yours is so full of thoughts they simply overflow."

One evening last August the Columbia put into a Seymour Inlet logging camp owned by the Dumaresq Brothers of Vancouver. It's a floating village of many well-painted buildings on a log raft about two hundred yards long by seventy-five yards wide. Dominating the centre is the biggest building, the cookhouse, where loggers often down two or three T-bone steaks for dinner. Nearby are several bunkhouses with spring mattresses on the beds, rugs on the floor and reading lamps among the occasional chairs. They sleep about fifty men. Next to them are showers.

At one end of the raft there are a number of workshops, and at the other the homes of half a dozen married families. These might have been lifted off some suburban street, for each has a refrigerator, washing machine and modern kitchen. They are surrounded by little fenced-off gardens full of flowers in boxes and tubs. Between all the buildings are plank walkways, lit by overhanging electric lamps, and suggestive of miniature streets.

Ashore, at the back of the raft, a creek snakes inland between two high mountains. Following its course is a dirt road. Down the road come trucks laden with logs. With a block and tackle, supported from a huge A-frame,

the logs are plucked off the trucks, dumped into the water, assembled into Davis rafts by the boom men, and readied for the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile tow to the mills of Vancouver.

The camp is one of scores of various sizes in the B. C. fiords that employ anywhere from ten to a hundred men. All remain moored in one spot until its stand of timber is logged out. Then one or more tugs tow the whole shebang to a new site, often three or four days' voyage away. During the voyages the women carry on with their housework as usual.

Within ten minutes of tying up at the Dumaresq camp there was a queue of patients on the Columbia's deck waiting to see the doctor. Wetselaar, who has studied psychology, was frank with one young lumberman who complained of heart trouble. He told him he was imagining the ailment and traced the illusion to the fact that the man's mother had died of a heart attack. He told another lumberman who complained of abdominal pains that he should get his appendix out when he was next in Vancouver. For a third logger he pulled four teeth. Then

he examined a logger's wife who was pregnant and told her all was well.

At eight o'clock engineer Bob McCrae rang the ship's bell to announce that a program of movies, including the Queen's tour of New Zealand, a documentary about the Powell River Company's pulp operation, several National Film Board productions and a comic cartoon, was about to begin. McCrae is proud of the fact he was able to show A Queen Is Crowned, the movie of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, three weeks after it was shot. This was at a time when only first-run houses in big



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cities could get it. J. Arthur Rank, who had heard of the Columbia's shows, ordered a special copy flown to the ship.

As the loggers and a handful of women and children filed down to the cabin each man was asked to sign his name on a slip of paper and specify the amount he would like to contribute. Through an arrangement with the camp's timekeeper the money would be deducted from next month's pay. One logger put himself down for five dollars. None contributed less than a dollar. "We wouldn't like to be without these shows," explained one.

While the program went on Skipper MacDonald, in his role of notary, witnessed the citizenship documents of a European immigrant. "Ha!" said the New Canadian, when MacDonald had signed. "Now I am a British object."

At this time Canon Heber Greene was on the raft, baby-sitting for a young logging couple who didn't want to miss the movies. Later he returned to the Columbia to attend to a dozen loggers who wished to change their library books. In addition to hardback novels there was a big stack of pocket-books with sexy covers. A man would put three or four he'd read into the stack and take away an equal number. "We don't bother much about the quality of the literature," said Heber Greene. "Who are we to set ourselves up as censors? In any case there is a lot of good literature in those pocket-books."

Later the entire Columbia crew, with the exception of Heber Greene, visited the home of Sandy McPherson, one of the loggers. There they gossiped about community life and took coffee and sandwiches prepared by McPherson's pretty wife Myrna.

Heber Greene was busy visiting the single loggers and other married families. Among the children he distributed juvenile magazines published by the Anglican Church. At one married home he conducted a private communion service. Around midnight he went to play chess with the camp cook and didn't get back to the Columbia until three in the morning.

He has taught chess to dozens of loggers and in many camps is eagerly awaited for a game. Several of his former students now beat him. The loggers address him as "Reverend." They seem to think he rates more than "Mister" yet find "Canon" too formal. "I don't know why they don't call me Dean Drone," he says.

Heber Greene has witnessed a revolution in living conditions and moral standards in the camps. He attributes this to modern mechanical equipment which has taken many stresses out of the life. A more ambitious and provident type of man, he says, is being attracted to the craft. Nearly all the independent owners of small camps in Greene's parish started working for somebody else, saved a stake and set up for themselves.

Now most of them own their own seaplanes, have homes in Vancouver, send their children to boarding schools, spend a couple of winter months in Mexico, Honolulu or Europe, and think nothing of slipping the CCM an occasional check for a hundred dollars.

Although many of the loggers—who now earn up to a hundred and fifty dollars a week—are still drifters and spendthrifts Greene knows more who handle their funds well. Bachelor Mike Tomsick, for example, a last war veteran employed at Crowther's camp, has spent three months in Europe every year since 1949. This winter he is touring Australia and New Zealand—first class.

Nor are the bosses and leading hands the only ones whose life is shared in

the camps by wives and children. Jim Zoney, at present an employee of Greening's camp, owns his own small raft house and a powerboat strong enough to tow it. He simply ties up alongside any camp where he happens to get a job. In this way he is able to take his wife and five children with him. The youngsters wear lifebelts all day and receive their education through a special correspondence course administered by the British Columbia Department of Education.

The presence of womenfolk, who often entertain groups of the single men in their family circle at night, has ameliorated much of the loneliness that used to lead to bunkhouse drinking and gambling. The air taxi, a seaplane that may be summoned to any camp by radio telephone, links with scheduled CPA and TCA flights to Victoria and Vancouver and gives the men a sense of contact with the "outside." When a man feels bushed he simply quits and calls a taxi. As a result it is fairly easy for the camp bosses to enforce no-drinking and no-gambling rules in most camps.

Occasionally however loggers let their hair down. Heber Greene says the most common excuse is a wedding.

A couple of years ago the Columbia took him up one of the mainland fiords to marry the daughter of a logger. As Greene stepped onto the raft the Columbia moved on to show a film in another camp. The sixteen-year-old bride took up position on her father's arm outside the cookhouse door. Inside, on dining benches, were about fifteen loggers who'd just washed up after work. Among them were four women: the boss' wife, the wives of two leading hands and the camp cook. The groom, a brawny high-rigger, stood waiting as Greene set up his portable altar and donned his surplice.

A Pastor Has to Dance

When he was ready Heber Greene nodded to a logger who squeezed a faltering bridal march out of a concertina. When Greene asked: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the bride's father said: "I do. An' if the punk don't look after her I'll blow his brains out!" Heber Greene waited for a murmur of approval to die down, and then continued.

By the time it was all over two bottles of gin had been emptied and everybody was ready for the dancing. "Come on, Reverend," said the cook. "Give me a whirl."

At midnight the young couple retired to a new bungalow on the raft. But not for long. About one o'clock the bride's father said: "Let's shivaree them." This old custom of turning the young couple out of their bed and bringing them back to the festivities was carried out with zest. At four o'clock the bride's father wanted to dunk his daughter and her husband in "the chuck," which is Chinook jargon for the salt water. Looking up from a glass of whisky he'd been nursing for several hours, Heber Greene said: "Well, I'd better be going. We parsons have to watch our Ps and Qs."

Heber Greene sailed off toward the Columbia, some ten miles distant, in the loggers' boat. The Columbia's crew were eating breakfast when he climbed aboard. He was asked what sort of a time he'd had. "It was a bit foggy, and a bit soggy," he replied, "but otherwise very nice."

Today Heber Greene insists the wedding was not typical of all logging camp ceremonies. "It reminded me more of the old days," he says. "But it just shows you never know what to expect."

He marries about twenty couples a

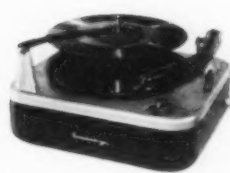
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year and few of the ceremonies pass without incident. Late one fall, when it was unseasonably cold, he was in the middle of the service when one of the guests leaped up and cried: "Look! The wolves are packing!" Everybody rushed to the window and saw a dozen wolves staring down hungrily at the camp from a rocky eminence. Another service was interrupted by the arrival of a launch carrying an RCMP officer who suspected one of the guests had robbed a post office. At a third a hefty bride decided she would cut her cake with her father's falling axe and in a single stroke reduced both cake and table to a little heap of sugar-coated kindling.

Good timing of weddings is sometimes impossible, owing to the remote camp sites. Heber Greene waited three days in one camp to marry a bride whose gown was somewhere at sea in a fogbound mailboat. He tarried a week in another until the groom, who was trying to get in with his own sea-plane, found a break in the low-lying clouds.

Many young parishioners prefer to get married in the city. Since they usually want Heber Greene to perform the ceremony he has to leave the Columbia for a few days. Last summer Greene received a radiophone summons from a bridegroom who was getting married the next day in Vancouver. The groom promised he would pay the air passage and Greene promised to leave immediately. But owing to bad weather the air taxi could not get alongside the Columbia to take him off. So he embarked on a nautical hitchhike.

First he got a fish boat to take him out to the open gulf. There he transferred to a loggers' boat which took him as far as a small island. On the island Greene discovered that if he waited until four the next morning he could get a government fisheries protection boat as far as Campbell River, at the end of the road on Vancouver Island. It was only nine in the evening so he repaired to the local beer parlor to wait.

He talked to loggers until the beer parlor closed at midnight. Then until three o'clock he talked to the owner. At this point the owner's wife hammered on the floor above and groaned: "Aw, Reverend, do please dry up." Remorsefully Heber Greene spent the last hour waiting in silence.

At breakfast he was in Campbell River. He took a bus to Nanaimo and a CPR ferry to Vancouver, arriving just in time for the wedding. He spent that night with his wife on the outskirts of the city, and next day returned by air to Port Hardy, where the Columbia was waiting to pick him up. Before he left the airport at Port Hardy he noticed that the runway was fringed with bulrushes. He spent an hour collecting an armful for a logger's wife who, he knew, used them as living-room decorations.

Heber Greene sometimes takes services under conditions that would reduce a city parson to hysterics. At the top of Kingcome Inlet is an Indian village which falls within his care. A few months ago he was baptizing a baby there in a shabby frame house. Although the Indians are Anglicans they follow their faith informally. As Heber Greene read the service the guests stood around laughing and chatting, children ran in and out screaming with laughter, and a mongrel dog yelped and snapped at his surplice. Henry Wetselaar, the doctor, who was looking on, says: "I was cringing." But Heber Greene was oblivious to the commotion for he was in communion with God.

Wetselaar is the latest of a long line

of doctors aboard the Columbia. Since the war, because the CCM has not been able to pay high salaries, the Columbia has taken on specially licensed immigrant doctors who are waiting to pass the examinations that will permit them to practice in British Columbia. Wetselaar bears a severe neck wound, a testimony to his fighting services in the wartime Dutch underground. After the liberation of Holland he became an interpreter in the British Army of Occupation, later worked as a movie theatre usher to

pay his way through medical school, and came to Canada a couple of years ago.

Nowadays injured loggers are usually flown from camp to hospital. But there are many occasions when the weather is too bad for aircraft. Then the Columbia is a valued standby. Recently Skipper MacDonald spent eighteen hours at the wheel and negotiated dangerous rapids at dusk to reach an accident case. Once a logger's wife gave birth to a baby aboard the Columbia. But when she is not

Where a Wedding Depends on a Ship's Schedule



At a gasoline landing north of Vancouver a wedding party meets the mission ship John Antle II. The date is usually set by radiophone.



Canon Alan Greene, chaplain on the John Antle II, sets his altar outdoors for the ceremony. One wedding was interrupted by wolves.



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MARIE BRIZARD Two Centuries of Tradition

interrupted by emergency calls the Columbia makes a regular patrol, stopping at each camp on her route about every second week. To the south her two sister ships undertake similar duties. They are less than half the size of the Columbia and do not carry a doctor. But they are near to three loggers' hospitals which the CCM built at Alert Bay on Vancouver Island, Van Anda on Texada Island, and Pender Harbor, forty miles north of Vancouver on the mainland. A few years ago the CCM handed the administration of these hospitals to local committees.

The central CCM patrol is covered by the Rendezvous under the command of Joe Titus, a young clergyman from Nova Scotia who makes his base at Whaletown on Cortes Island and carries his wife as crew. He joined the CCM only a couple of years ago but already has succumbed to its sartorial traditions. Last summer he waded ashore at a logging island in a straw hat, reversed dog collar, black jacket and khaki shorts. A logger's wife who saw him cried: "Now I've seen everything!"

Alan Greene in the John Antle II

completes the fleet. He sails the most southerly patrol so that he can get to Vancouver for a few days each month to work in the CCM's two-room office on Hastings Street. Here, with the help of a part-time secretary—a retired bank manager—he administers the whole fleet.

On the John Antle II Alan Greene relies on scratch crews. He often takes another parson who takes the trip as a holiday. Once he had a bishop as deckhand. Each year he takes his daughter and his niece on at least one trip.

There are many retired loggers and loggers' widows on his beat, and he is forever carrying out commissions for them on his visits to Vancouver. Recently one old lady asked him to buy her a set of flannel underwear in a department store. For months afterward he couldn't understand why she was so cold to him. Then he discovered that the department store had mixed up two deliveries and sent the old lady a set of exotic black-lace scanties.

Recently Alan Greene made a lecture tour across Canada and raised sixty thousand of the hundred thousand dollars required to replace the aged mission ship Columbia. He makes no bones about the CCM's constant need of funds. It costs more than a hundred thousand a year to keep the mission going and though it receives regular grants from the provincial government and the Vancouver Community Chest it is largely dependent on private donations and collections. The loggers themselves are among the most generous supporters. Occasionally however they need prodding and Greene has no compunction about doing it.

Once at a service in a logging camp the collection plate came back so lightly laden that the timekeeper who'd been taking it around exploded: "What a bunch of cheapskates you are!" He showed Alan Greene the plate and said: "Will I take her round again, Reverend?" Firmly, Greene said: "Yes." The loggers laughed and the offerings were more than trebled.

Funds come to the CCM from the most unexpected sources. Once an Indian made the mission a gift of a horse. The CCM had no use for the horse and tried in vain to sell it. Eventually they swapped the horse for a cow and the cow provided the three ships with beef for several months.

One of the most colorful patrons of the CCM is the New England Company of London, England. It originated as a trading company between England and the American colonies. After the American Revolution the company lost its trade and liquidated its assets. The funds were placed in trust by the management, which specified that the interest should be devoted to Indians who crossed the border from New England into Canada and remained loyal to the Union Jack.

Each year the trustees, who call themselves a court, meet for dinner in Bloomsbury Square. They eat off the old company gold plate. After dinner they vote a portion of the company's annual income to the Indians of Kingcome Inlet in B. C. Their ancestors came from the old American colonies, and the money is administered for them by CCM.

"It's not a big sum," says Greene, "but it's enough to support our mission to the Kingcome Indians."

Most loggers and their families know how much expense and effort are required to bring comfort and cheer to the coastal outposts, and they're grateful to men like the Greens and young Joe Titus. But it wasn't always that way.

During the Thirties Alan Greene used to visit a community of Finnish loggers. Times were hard and they were poverty-stricken. Many had adopted communism and they jeered at Greene on his visits and called him "a crack-brained sky pilot." They refused to go to his services. But he kept going back regularly and gradually over the years the Finns changed.

A few months ago Alan Greene dropped into the community again and spent one of his busiest Sundays in years. He conducted services all day, christening Finnish children and administering the sacrament to new communicants. ★

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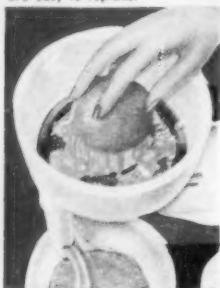
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What's Your Day To Shine?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Tuesday is something else again. I simply loathe ironing. The telephone always seems to be ringing on Tuesday. I have committee meetings . . .

It's obvious that Betty Henderson is a down-with-Tuesday woman from 'way back. On the other hand, our daughter Patsy has had a high regard for Tuesdays during the past school year. "On Tuesdays," she explained, "our teacher is always in a good mood. She lets us talk and have fun, and she never scolds us." This points up the fact that weekday mania is a complicated subject. To get at the bottom of why Patsy likes Tuesdays, I'd have to find out why her teacher is a Tuesday-lover, and this I haven't yet had time to do.

The people I've quoted have tried to give some sort of rational explanations of their likes and dislikes. You may not agree with them but you can at least see, in a vague way, what they're trying to get at. Others, however, seem to go by a sixth sense—or possibly a seventh sense, since they'll select any one of the seven days in the week.

A friend of my wife says flatly that Wednesday is tops. I asked her why. "Things look better," she said.

"What things?"

"Everything," she replied. "People, houses, trees, the sky—everything."

I didn't pursue the subject when she added, "And on Fridays our record player always sounds terrible, no matter what we put on." You don't argue with people who are that far gone.

Baseball Sunday, Blue Monday

I have encountered a great many Sunday-lovers in my investigations and they take first prize for the variety of reasons they give for their choice. Some are deeply religious people: they like to go to church. One woman is crazy about chicken dinners and she adores Sunday because that's when she has chicken. A couple of baseball fans stand foursquare for Sundays because that's the day, they figure, more double-headers are played. One of these baseball types, who likes to call the plays from his living room, has discovered that on certain Sundays you can see the major portions of four ball games by some judicious TV channel-switching between innings or when pitchers are being changed. (Your typical Sunday-loving baseball fan is probably a Monday-hater because of the light game scheduling on that day.)

I know some people who actually enjoy Sunday driving, and then there's one individual who lives near a busy boulevard and likes to watch the traffic tie-ups on late Sunday afternoon and early evening. "Makes me feel wonderful sitting here on the porch watching them saps," he says, "instead of being in the middle of that awful snarl."

The Sunday-haters are usually counterparts in reverse of the Friday-lovers. Both live in the future. The Friday-lover is buoyed up by the thought of a festive week end ahead. The Sunday-hater may tolerate the first part of the day but, as it draws to a close, his spirits flag at the thought of impending Blue Monday. And he actually suffers more at the prospect than during Monday itself.

I've encountered people who might be styled divided-day specialists. They like some parts of a certain day of the week but not others. One Monday-

hater I know confines his hatred to the 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. period and claims that the rest of Monday is the cream of the entire week because the bad part of the day is over. He gets his fun from looking back on the dismal instead of looking forward to the pleasant.

Occasionally you'll run into someone who selects a composite week on the principles applied in picking an all-star team. He may choose the Monday cocktail hour, Tuesday lunch (his favorite restaurant serves a goulash he loves on Tuesday) and swear that Wednesday from 8 p.m. to midnight is tops

because that's his night for poker with the boys. The Thursday morning coffee break at 11 a.m. seems the finest of the week to him and he likes mid-Friday afternoon because his boss has by then gone away for the week end. This fellow, unlike our Saturday-hater mentioned earlier, likes late parties and he prefers that part of the week end when late Saturday evening becomes indistinguishable from early Sunday morning.

What about me? I like Thursday afternoon from 2.15 on because then I always feel absolutely swell . . . ★

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Two Hunters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

He hesitated, as if racking his brain for any further thoughts, and then said: "Now you are alone."

Meksak felt an uncontrollable surge in his chest. Even if the seal should drag him into the blowhole where he would become instantly frozen, he could ask no help until he had killed the seal.

Angut at last seemed to be satisfied that he had told his son all that it was possible for him to tell. Now the boy would be on his own. Silently the older man moved off until he was lost among the grey pillars of ice that stood like ghostly sentinels on the surface of the frozen sea.

The boy looked around behind him at the widening streak of light in the south. He tried to make out the shape of the bird cliffs at Agpat, where he lived, but they were too far behind to be seen in the half-darkness. In this vast, soundless world the boy was now alone, a small solitary figure in the desolation of ice and drifting snow.

Meksak thought, as he looked back, that he saw the figure of his father dimly outlined in the shadows made by the ice mounds. He wondered if he might not be following, ready to jump in if it were necessary to make the kill. A seal was a seal, and was needed for meat and blubber and its tough hide, regardless of who made the kill. This was a disturbing thought, because if Meksak did not make the kill he would not be a man.

MEKSAK had lost an eye as a small boy and his single eye glittered in the darkness. His mouth set in a straight line and his small fist gripped the wooden shaft of his long oonark, or spear, as he bent forward, pushing against the icy whip of the wind. His white hood made his short, round body appear even shorter, like a ball of fur. He moved slowly, step by step, toward the blowhole.

This was the dream of every boy. Later he would sit in his hut, like old Amorok who lived down by the edge of the water at Agpat, and talk of great battles with white bear, or of driving his spear into the back of a walrus out among the treacherous floes of the rough ice. But now his mind was fixed on one thought: his first seal!

The snow was sliding stealthily across the solid surface of the sea, so that it looked like moving water in the flickering illumination of the northern lights. The surface ice was slightly rubbery, which warned him he was nearing thin ice around the blowhole. He suddenly realized that he had been staring ahead intently, with his face fully exposed to the freezing wind so that his nose was slightly frozen. This made him think of Kulee, the girl in the hut next to his father's at Agpat, who called him "Kringaranguitsit," which means "little creature without a nose," because his nose was so thin. Actually it was not badly shaped and would have passed for a handsome nose in another climate, but long thin noses were not beautiful in a land where the proper length was measured by the degree of exposure to the freezing air.

The light was growing stronger, and Meksak, still thinking of the girl, looked back to see if his father was coming behind him. The figure on the ice was much closer now, only a few feet away. Meksak tightened the grip of his mittened hand on the shaft of the spear. The notion that his father might have to kill the seal was more painful to Meksak than the cold air on

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his nose. He knew he would rather be dragged into the blowhole by the seal than suffer the humiliation of returning to the village without his kill, to face the laughter of the other hunters—and particularly the laughter of Kulee.

While his thoughts were on these matters, a voice came through the wind, low and hoarse; and Meksak realized it was not his father's voice.

"Bend down close to the ice, little one," the voice behind him said. "Don't lift your head. Move your feet slowly so the uksuk will not hear you. Make yourself think like an uksuk."

MEKSAK knew the voice. It was the voice of Karangak, the greatest hunter in the village. The boy was surprised that Karangak should be out on the ice. Only Ikyak, his younger cousin, had come with his father and himself, and Ikyak was somewhere behind with the dogs. Karangak must have followed them out from the village and staked his dogs some distance back. His presence caused new excitement to beat in Meksak's chest. Karangak was known as a strange man, who lived alone and was believed to possess strong powers with the spirits. His presence might mean wonderful things for Meksak on his first hunt alone. Karangak would know for certain that the bearded seal was ready to come up to the blowhole and be killed.

It might also mean certain difficulties, however, which Meksak understood quite well. It was unheard of that a man should come out on the ice to give advice to the son of another man—particularly when the father also was on the ice! It implied that Meksak's father was not capable of giving proper instruction to his son; and it was well known that Angut, the father of Meksak, was a great hunter. Furthermore, he had already given his son all the advice he needed, and any further efforts by Karangak would create unendurable humiliation.

In spite of this, Meksak could not help feeling a surge of pride. It was a good omen that Karangak should be out on the ice with him on his first hunt; since he knew the habits of the seal, obviously he would not have come out unless he knew the hunting would be good.

"Walk slowly, little one," the husky voice came again through the low monotone of the wind and the sharper noises of cracking ice. "The uksuk will follow . . . but move slowly. The ice near the blowhole is thin."

Meksak could feel the slight resilience of the ice as his sealskin kamiks slid slowly forward, testing each step before he put his weight on the ice. And now he could hear the faint, chuffing gasp of the giant seal, grunting as it came up to the blowhole for air. He knew the seal could sense his presence. The curiosity of animals was their undoing; soon the seal would push its round nose up to the blowhole to find out whether the shape on the ice was another seal.

At that moment, Meksak would lift his oonark and drive it straight through the blowhole. The tip was made of walrus tusk cleverly fashioned so that the flange would slip off the shaft once the spear was driven into the seal's body. The harpoon head served as a hook, fastened to a heavy line of twisted sinews, which was used to drag the seal through the ice.

"You are near the hole, little one," Karangak's voice continued, drifting to Meksak against the wind. "Watch for the eyes. Be sure you see them before you strike."

All this Meksak knew. Yet it gave him a warm thrill to know that the hunter was helping him. But he also thought, I must not tell my father of



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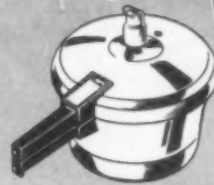
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this. It would shame him to know that another hunter had helped me!

BY THIS time daylight glowed faintly on the dead world around them. The sallow sun, barely appearing on the rim of the sea to the south, threw soft shadows across the hummocks of ice which stood out like white boulders on a moonlit plain. From the north came occasional flickers of northern lights, creating a weird contrast of light and shadow.

Meksak heard the sharp cry of a dog, and he looked around. One of Ikyak's dogs had worked loose from the pack and had crawled up to them. Karangak, without shifting his weight, drove his heavy booted foot into the dog's side and it ran whimpering back across the ice.

Meksak took a firmer grip on his whalebone spear and leaned forward. He heard another gasp below him, this time much louder, and he knew he was over the blowhole. This was the moment when a hunter's real skill counted. Many times had Meksak practiced thrusting the spear into the ice, but always his father had been with him.

"Strike!" the voice behind him said. Meksak had seen two round blobs rising toward the thin surface of ice around the blowhole, which was hardly as big as a seal's head. With a gasp that was like a prayer, he raised the spear and plunged it downward. "Good!" the man behind him said.

Meksak had no time to think of anything but the seal. He felt the sharp tip strike something dead and soft. The force of the blow carried his arm downward so that he almost fell to the ice. For an instant he thought the spear had missed. Then there was a terrific thrashing, and a wrench that tore the shaft loose from the harpoon-head. The boy uttered a startled cry, and reached for the twisting line with his other hand.

Meksak clung to the tough line with both hands, desperately holding the seal against the gaping hole in the shattered ice. He could see the huge black body of the animal, a writhing monster in the dark water.

I can't hold it, he thought; and this drove him to more frantic efforts. He felt his feet slipping against the surface, and he wondered if the ice was strong enough to hold him.

Let the uksuk drag me in, he thought; I won't let go! I'll go into the ice first!

He held the line for what seemed an interminable time, trying to keep his feet while the seal struggled wildly, churning the icy water. The blood from the wound in the neck of the enormous animal splashed up on the ice, leaving dark, widening stains.

Meksak felt a heavy hand grasp the line and the pull of the seal seemed to go out of it. There was a mighty tug, and the bearded face of the animal appeared out of the water. Meksak had seen seals after they had been pulled through narrow holes in the ice by white bear, with every bone broken so that their skin was like a limp sack of smashed bones and flesh. It seemed to him this was happening to the seal as the head was slowly drawn up. The seal's eyes, set in round, black sockets of its strange face, bulged as if they were about to explode.

It was Karangak who had come up to the blowhole. Now, with incredible strength, he was literally drawing the seal through the opening.

In the gloomy half-light the weird battle was like a strange torture scene, enacted without benefit of an audience in a land that was dead except for this sudden violence. The hunter stood over the boy, his short legs solidly planted,

both hands grasping the line. The giant seal, weighing almost half a ton, fought desperately against the cold death that was slowly reducing its round, twisted body to a ragged pulp.

With a final heave the huge squat hunter wrestled the seal out on the ice. He dropped his grasp on the line at the last moment and threw his arms around the twisting monster, heaving the dying seal bodily out of the shattered blowhole. It lay there, its flippers slapping feebly against the ice and the great blobs of eyes staring unseeingly at a fading world of greyish light. The white spear stuck out from its neck at an odd angle, startling in contrast to the dark body.

OUT OF the dark, almost miraculously, other figures appeared in the distance. Angut, Meksak's father, waddled first out of the mist of the swirling snow, and the yapping of dogs indicated that Ikyak was not far behind. Meksak was trying to twist the harpoon-head from the seal's neck as his father approached them. Karangak now stood above the boy, watching silently as Meksak dragged the animal away from the blowhole. He was a short but huge man, with enormous shoulders. His hooded head, sunk into the broad outline of his body, seemed to be part of the shoulders and not separated by a neck.

As Meksak hauled at the body of the flattened seal, Karangak leaned over and with a single blow of his fist knocked the animal senseless.

"The kill is yours, little one," he said quietly. "Nevertheless, let's see that it is dead."

He knelt beside the boy and took the seal's jaw into the crook of his arm. Then, with his shoulder pressed against the neck, he drew the head back until there was a soft snap.



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Meksak looked up and saw his father. Ikyak had run up, tugging at the dogs, and was fairly dancing around the seal, his face glowing with excitement.

"Meksak has killed the seal! Meksak has killed the seal!"

Meksak, feeling his sudden elevation to the seriousness of manhood, turned to his cousin and said sharply:

"Be quiet, little fool; somebody will scare away the other seals."

Meksak's father stood for a moment looking at his son. He was slightly taller than Karangak, although not so bulky. Finally he leaned over and looked at the limp body of the giant seal as if to make sure it was dead. Then he turned to Karangak.

"You saw my son kill the seal?" he asked.

Karangak nodded, without smiling, and turned to Meksak. A scowl deepened the lines in his face, which drew his mouth down, like scars in his cheeks. His face was pointed at top and bottom, with wide cheeks, and his eyes were deep-set and close together. Even in the half-darkness they were unusually bright, like the fevered eyes of a starving dog, gleaming from the recess of his white hood. His black hair hung in long strands around his face, matted around his neck, framing the feverish intensity of his eyes.

Meksak said nothing. He felt that perhaps he should express some kind of gratefulness to Karangak for his help; but this would result in humiliation for his father, who—as a great hunter—should have told his son all he needed to know.

"The seal was dead when it was dragged from the hole," Karangak said finally, in his low guttural voice. "Somebody had to crack its neck and the little one is not yet strong enough. Perhaps someday he will be a great hunter."

Meksak thought there was a trace of contempt in the voice of the old hunter. He wondered if he should explain to his father that Karangak had stood with him when he drove the spear into the seal—and that the seal was very much alive when Karangak had pulled it through the blowhole!

While the boy was pondering, Karangak turned without another word and strode across the ice toward the distant village, which was perhaps two hours' traveling time by dog sled, back in the direction from which the sun was rising.

MEKSAK stared after the wide swaying figure as it slowly became lost in the sifting snow. Then he heard someone speaking.

"You must remove the harpoon head from the uksuk," his father was saying, in his rasping voice. "Let me show you how this is done . . . He inserted a finger in the wound, and deftly turned the head around."

"For this you need a knife, which you must have if you expect to be a hunter," he said.

Meksak had seen all this done before. But he watched dutifully as his father drew a knife from the folds of his fur jacket. It was a crude knife made of a seal's jawbone with chips of sharp stone wedged into the tooth sockets. This saw-tooth knife did not cut easily but it was the only knife known to these people, whose tools were entirely of bone and stone.

Meksak watched his father's bloody surgery as the old hunter extracted the tip of the harpoon from the dead seal's neck. The sight of blood staining the white ice was vaguely pleasing to him, and his single dark eye still glowed with the excitement of the kill.

He was still vaguely troubled, however, by Karangak's sudden departure. Meksak knew that the great hunter was a strange man, given to solitary moods. Was he angry because I did not speak to my father about the help he had given me? the boy asked himself.

This seemed hardly likely. Karangak had killed many a great seal and had fought battles with the white bear. His fame as a hunter had passed from village to village, and he would have little reason to concern himself over the first kill of a hunter who was still little more than a boy. Yet the matter had great importance. The power of the old man in predicting good hunting was well known. He might also turn the spirits of the seal and walrus against Meksak, so that the boy's hunting days would be over before they had begun. An unlucky hunter among Meksak's people was better off dead.

Meksak was not given to worrying, however. He quickly forgot the trouble with Karangak as he turned to help Ikyak harness the dogs to the sled, which had been dragged up to carry the dead seal back to the village. It was customary to cut up the seal at the place where it was killed, but this was Meksak's first seal, and he wanted to display his prize back at the village.

The island upon which the village was located was several miles away. This island was near the coast of the great land known as Umivik. During

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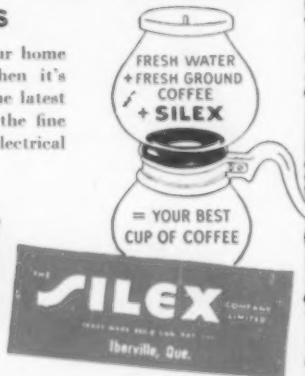
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the long summer day there was good hunting in the open water between Agpat and Umivik for walrus, which were killed from a kayak with a harpoon. But in the winter and early spring, when the kayaks were stored away, the only hunting was for seal, which came up to the blowholes to breathe; and since the fierce winter winds blew almost continuously across the frozen sea, this hunting was hazardous and most of the men of Agpat stayed in their huts or went north to hunt caribou and white bear where the hunting was safer.

THE village itself consisted of a dozen huts made of stone and sod. About fifty people lived in these huts during the winter, the exact population depending upon the number of hunters that had gone north. The huts sprawled along a rocky ledge between the base of the bird cliffs and the sea. These cliffs rose in a series of irregular ledges, appearing from a distance like the open mouth of a giant full of broken teeth, scarred and mottled from the erosion of wind and water.

The cliffs faced to the southwest, and the great auks flew in from the sea in

the early spring, each bird laying a single egg. The auk eggs, found high on the cliffs, were used in preparing a delicacy known as *manik panertut*, which consisted of eggs and blubber stuffed into seal gut.

Beyond the circle of the way to the south lay the ice field of Narsasuk, and the deep gorges of Arnaluluark Nuna, filled with rivers of ice which poured down from the great icecap. The icecap was a wild and lonely place, stretching many hundred miles to the east and filling an immense bowl between two mountain ranges.

The village could not be seen from the hunting place, but as the boys raced across the ice with the dead seal, the ragged shapes of the huts became more distinct against the snow. Some of the huts were empty, and those back near the base of the cliffs were partly covered with snow. But along the lower end of the shelf or rock upon which the village had been built the wind had blown away most of the snow, leaving bare patches of stone and hardened ground.

Above the village the rattle of the wind against the jagged rocks that rimmed the bird cliffs gave a constant overtone of sound, interspersed with the fierce cry of gulls and the longer scream of the great auks as they came.

Few people were outside their huts, but the dogs of the village set up a quick howling, apprising all of the arrival of fresh meat. Meksak and Ikyak drove the dogs up to the hut which his father, Angut, shared with a brother, Enwarsok, and his family. The seal was well frozen on the surface, and had lost some hide in the process of being dragged through the blowhole. Meksak rolled the carcass off the sled, as the people of the village began to cluster around.

An old woman, short and sturdy, crawled out of the doorway of the hut as the boys drove up. She stood with her kamik-booted legs spread apart as she surveyed the boys and their kill. From the crown of her head there rose a black knob of hair with a white bone thrust through it, standing as firmly as a Chinese temple and giving her an appearance of belligerent dignity. Her face was round and was extraordinarily fat and ugly, the nose almost buried between bulging cheeks, so that she looked perpetually as if she were about to whistle.

This was Pekronnik, the mother of Ikyak; in the household of Angut, in which she was the only woman, she ruled with matriarchal authority. She had been a mother to Meksak as well as her own son since the days when the people of Agpat had lived in the lands of starvation to the west, where Meksak's mother had been stolen by wild men, who had taken her from the village at Kangerdlug to be killed and eaten.

NOW she looked at Meksak's first kill, her black eyes gleaming from the fat folds of her face.

"So—a boy has killed a seal!" she snorted, and turned to Ikyak. "It is time somebody brought meat to a house where your worthless father sits all day on the sleeping ledge, guzzling blubber and making noises like a walrus!"

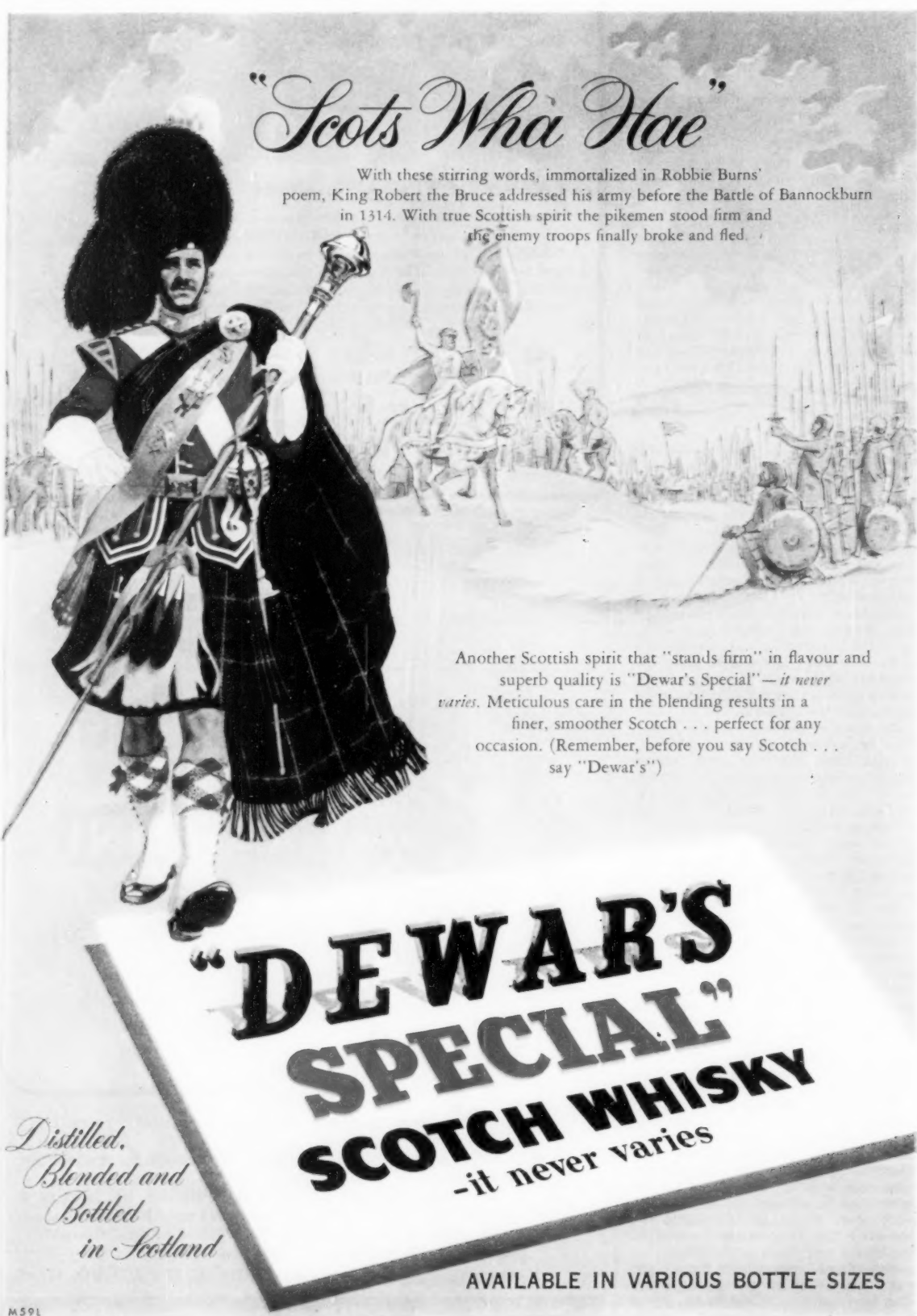
Ikyak grinned at Meksak—the matter of his "worthless" father being a subject for continual discussion in the household of Angut—and turned toward the other occupants emerging from the small door of the stone hut, shouting excitedly.

"Meksak has killed a seal! Meksak has killed a seal!"

Ikyak's father, Enwarsok, had roused himself from the sleeping ledge and waddled toward the door. Meksak's older brother, Kroomanapik, a fat, lazy youth in his early twenties, reached the door at the same time. Since it was hardly large enough for one fat man to pass through, both of them became wedged in the opening and had to be pulled through.

Both were naked to the waist, but their bodies were smeared with grease and the cold did not immediately affect them. Enwarsok, his huge girth bulging over the top of his sealskin pants, waddled over to where the seal lay.

"We should keep it for isswenark—since it is Meksak's first seal," he said



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importantly. Isswenark was seal meat that had been allowed to ripen nicely in the summer sun and would be ready for eating the following fall or winter. "On the other hand," Ikyak's father continued, his broad face wrinkling in a frown, "perhaps we should eat it now."

"Perhaps you should go back and guzzle seal blubber!" Pekrornik exclaimed, unceremoniously thrusting him aside. "If it is Meksak's seal, let him say what to do with it! If you wish to decide about a seal, roll your fat blubber out on the ice and find one!"

Everyone roared, and Enwarsok, slapping his bulging stomach to keep warm, ducked hastily through the door into the warmth of the hut. Kroomanapik, who had barely emerged from the hut, had already gone inside. By this time Angut had helped Meksak haul the seal on the stone, and it was decided to cut it up.

BEFORE the seal could be dismembered, it was necessary to propitiate the spirit of the dead animal. This was done by tying an old spearhead to part of the spleen and hanging it from the roof. The tip was broken and useless, but it resembled the one Meksak had used, and since seals are notoriously nearsighted, the spirit of this one would not know the difference. This linking of the seal's mortal parts with a replica of the weapon that had killed it was designed to prove to its spirit, by some obscure logic, that those who did the killing were neither wicked nor malicious at heart.

When this had been properly done and the bundle hung by a string of seal gut to the roof of the hut where the seal would be eaten, the butchering began. This was a special function, requiring the most exact principles of priority. Meksak, as the hunter who struck the lethal blow, had the privilege of hacking off the choice portion. The four main portions were awarded according to a set priority—first, the right and left forequarters, then the right and left haunches, with two ribs attached to each. After that the ribs were apportioned to others in the hut of the hunter who had made the kill.

The butchering ceremony struck a snag after it started. Meksak, grinning with unrestrained delight, used his father's saw-tooth stone knife to hack off his portion. When he had finished they looked for Karangak, who had helped pull in the seal and cracked its neck, and therefore was next in priority.

"Perhaps he is in his hut," someone suggested. "Somebody should go and fetch him."

Old Angut looked intently at his son. He was a man in the middle forties, which was old for his people. Although he was older than Karangak, he did not have the tremendous shoulders and bulk of the great hunter. His nose was shorter than Meksak's, curved like a tooth, which gave him a perpetually puzzled expression. Now his dark eyes were grave as he spoke to Meksak.

"I spoke to Karangak after the seal was killed," he said. "He said you killed the seal. Is there any reason to believe you did not?"

Lying was not a habit of these people; and Angut's question was not directed to his son's veracity. It was a matter of custom that must be settled; if Karangak was adjudged to have killed the seal, Meksak could not be regarded as the killer and must not claim the first portion of the meat.

"Karangak broke the seal's neck," the boy said finally. "Maybe he should have the first portion."

"Meksak killed it!" Ikyak shouted heatedly, but Pekrornik thrust him aside.

"Shut up!" she said. "This is for older heads to decide."

ANGUT shook his head. Differences of this sort were rare, yet an important principle was involved. He looked from face to face seeking some solution. In this frozen land, where danger and death were the constant

fare of every living creature, hunting was the basis of life itself—and therefore the rules of hunting were more important than any other rules by which men lived. Here was a situation without precedent—a hunter who did not claim his rightful portion of the kill! There was a strangeness to the situation, like profaneness in a temple, that disturbed the old hunter.

After a period of weighty deliberation, he said, "Karangak is a great hunter. If there is any question about this, he must be called in to take the first portion of the seal."

Meksak listened, but said nothing. He knew the seal was his kill, because it was the rule that the hunter who thrust the first spear at an animal had the honor of the kill, even though a dozen wounds were made in the animal afterwards. Old men, with frozen joints, might throw small stones at a dying uksuk or walrus in order to be able to take a few ribs as their portion without being thought of as beggars. But no one had ever claimed the first portion who had not thrust the first spear!

Nevertheless, he was a young hunter and it was not his place to speak. If his

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this. It would shame him to know that another hunter had helped me!

BY THIS time daylight glowed faintly on the dead world around them. The fallow sun, barely appearing on the rim of the sea to the south, threw soft shadows across the hummocks of ice which stood out like white boulders on a moonlit plain. From the north came occasional flickers of northern lights, creating a weird contrast of light and shadow.

Meksak heard the sharp cry of a dog, and he looked around. One of Ikyak's dogs had worked loose from the pack and had crawled up to them. Karangak, without shifting his weight, drove his heavy booted foot into the dog's side and it ran whimpering back across the ice.

Meksak took a firmer grip on his whalebone spear and leaned forward. He heard another gasp below him, this time much louder, and he knew he was over the blowhole. This was the moment when a hunter's real skill counted. Many times had Meksak practiced thrusting the spear into the ice, but always his father had been with him.

"Strike!" the voice behind him said. Meksak had seen two round blobs rising toward the thin surface of ice around the blowhole, which was hardly as big as a seal's head. With a gasp that was like a prayer, he raised the spear and plunged it downward. "Good!" the man behind him said.

Meksak had no time to think of anything but the seal. He felt the sharp tip strike something dead and soft. The force of the blow carried his arm downward so that he almost fell to the ice. For an instant he thought the spear had missed. Then there was a terrific thrashing, and a wrench that tore the shaft loose from the harpoon-head. The boy uttered a startled cry, and reached for the twisting line with his other hand.

Meksak clung to the tough line with both hands, desperately holding the seal against the gaping hole in the shattered ice. He could see the huge black body of the animal, a writhing monster in the dark water.

I can't hold it, he thought; and this drove him to more frantic efforts. He felt his feet slipping against the surface, and he wondered if the ice was strong enough to hold him.

Let the uksuk drag me in, he thought; I won't let go! I'll go into the ice first!

He held the line for what seemed an interminable time, trying to keep his feet while the seal struggled wildly, churning the icy water. The blood from the wound in the neck of the enormous animal splashed up on the ice, leaving dark, widening stains.

Meksak felt a heavy hand grasp the line and the pull of the seal seemed to go out of it. There was a mighty tug, and the bearded face of the animal appeared out of the water. Meksak had seen seals after they had been pulled through narrow holes in the ice by white bear, with every bone broken so that their skin was like a limp sack of smashed bones and flesh. It seemed to him this was happening to the seal as the head was slowly drawn up. The seal's eyes, set in round, black sockets of its strange face, bulged as if they were about to explode.

It was Karangak who had come up to the blowhole. Now, with incredible strength, he was literally drawing the seal through the opening.

In the gloomy half-light the weird battle was like a strange torture scene, enacted without benefit of an audience in a land that was dead except for this sudden violence. The hunter stood over the boy, his short legs solidly planted,

both hands grasping the line. The giant seal, weighing almost half a ton, fought desperately against the cold death that was slowly reducing its round, twisted body to a ragged pulp.

With a final heave the huge squat hunter wrestled the seal out on the ice. He dropped his grasp on the line at the last moment and threw his arms around the twisting monster, heaving the dying seal bodily out of the shattered blowhole. It lay there, its flippers slapping feebly against the ice and the great blobs of eyes staring unseeing at a fading world of greyish light. The white spear stuck out from its neck at an odd angle, startling in contrast to the dark body.

OUT OF the dark, almost miraculously, other figures appeared in the distance. Angut, Meksak's father, waddled first out of the mist of the swirling snow, and the yapping of dogs indicated that Ikyak was not far behind. Meksak was trying to twist the harpoon-head from the seal's neck as his father approached them. Karangak now stood above the boy, watching silently as Meksak dragged the animal away from the blowhole. He was a short but huge man, with enormous shoulders. His hooded head, sunk into the broad outline of his body, seemed to be part of the shoulders and not separated by a neck.

As Meksak hauled at the body of the flattened seal, Karangak leaned over and with a single blow of his fist knocked the animal senseless.

"The kill is yours, little one," he said quietly. "Nevertheless, let's see that it is dead."

He knelt beside the boy and took the seal's jaw into the crook of his arm. Then, with his shoulder pressed against the neck, he drew the head back until there was a soft snap.



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Is the one leaving first.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Meksak looked up and saw his father. Ikyak had run up, tugging at the dogs, and was fairly dancing around the seal, his face glowing with excitement.

"Meksak has killed the seal! Meksak has killed the seal!"

Meksak, feeling his sudden elevation to the seriousness of manhood, turned to his cousin and said sharply:

"Be quiet, little fool; somebody will scare away the other seals."

Meksak's father stood for a moment looking at his son. He was slightly taller than Karangak, although not so bulky. Finally he leaned over and looked at the limp body of the giant seal as if to make sure it was dead. Then he turned to Karangak.

"You saw my son kill the seal?" he asked.

Karangak nodded, without smiling, and turned to Meksak. A scowl deepened the lines in his face, which drew his mouth down, like scars in his cheeks. His face was pointed at top and bottom, with wide cheeks, and his eyes were deep-set and close together. Even in the half-darkness they were unusually bright, like the fevered eyes of a starving dog, gleaming from the recess of his white hood. His black hair hung in long strands around his face, matted around his neck, framing the feverish intensity of his eyes.

Meksak said nothing. He felt that perhaps he should express some kind of gratefulness to Karangak for his help; but this would result in humiliation for his father, who—as a great hunter—should have told his son all he needed to know.

"The seal was dead when it was dragged from the hole," Karangak said finally, in his low guttural voice. "Somebody had to crack its neck and the little one is not yet strong enough. Perhaps someday he will be a great hunter."

Meksak thought there was a trace of contempt in the voice of the old hunter. He wondered if he should explain to his father that Karangak had stood with him when he drove the spear into the seal—and that the seal was very much alive when Karangak had pulled it through the blowhole!

While the boy was pondering, Karangak turned without another word and strode across the ice toward the distant village, which was perhaps two hours' traveling time by dog sled, back in the direction from which the sun was rising.

MEKSAK stared after the wide swaying figure as it slowly became lost in the sifting snow. Then he heard someone speaking.

"You must remove the harpoon head from the uksuk," his father was saying, in his rasping voice. "Let me show you how this is done . . . He inserted a finger in the wound, and deftly turned the head around."

"For this you need a knife, which you must have if you expect to be a hunter," he said.

Meksak had seen all this done before. But he watched dutifully as his father drew a knife from the folds of his fur jacket. It was a crude knife made of a seal's jawbone with chips of sharp stone wedged into the tooth sockets. This saw-tooth knife did not cut easily but it was the only knife known to these people, whose tools were entirely of bone and stone.

Meksak watched his father's bloody surgery as the old hunter extracted the tip of the harpoon from the dead seal's neck. The sight of blood staining the white ice was vaguely pleasing to him, and his single dark eye still glowed with the excitement of the kill.

He was still vaguely troubled, however, by Karangak's sudden departure. Meksak knew that the great hunter was a strange man, given to solitary moods. Was he angry because I did not speak to my father about the help he had given me? the boy asked himself.

This seemed hardly likely. Karangak had killed many a great seal and had fought battles with the white bear. His fame as a hunter had passed from village to village, and he would have little reason to concern himself over the first kill of a hunter who was still little more than a boy. Yet the matter had great importance. The power of the old man in predicting good hunting was well known. He might also turn the spirits of the seal and walrus against Meksak, so that the boy's hunting days would be over before they had begun. An unlucky hunter among Meksak's people was better off dead.

Meksak was not given to worrying, however. He quickly forgot the trouble with Karangak as he turned to help Ikyak harness the dogs to the sled, which had been dragged up to carry the dead seal back to the village. It was customary to cut up the seal at the place where it was killed, but this was Meksak's first seal, and he wanted to display his prize back at the village.

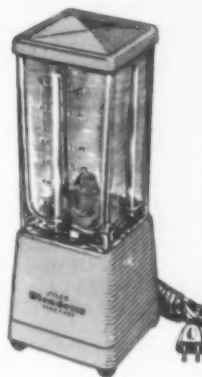
The island upon which the village was located was several miles away. This island was near the coast of the great land known as Umivik. During

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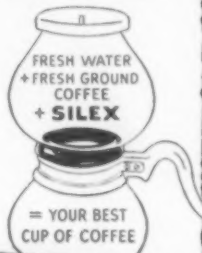
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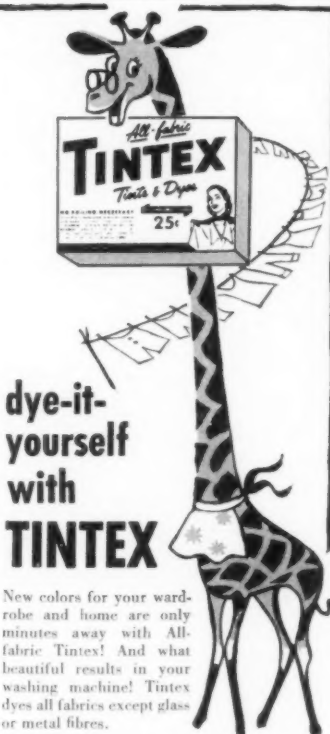
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the long summer day there was good hunting in the open water between Agpat and Umivik for walrus, which were killed from a kayak with a harpoon. But in the winter and early spring, when the kayaks were stored away, the only hunting was for seal, which came up to the blowholes to breathe; and since the fierce winter winds blew almost continuously across the frozen sea, this hunting was hazardous and most of the men of Agpat stayed in their huts or went north to hunt caribou and white bear where the hunting was safer.

THE village itself consisted of a dozen huts made of stone and sod. About fifty people lived in these huts during the winter, the exact population depending upon the number of hunters that had gone north. The huts sprawled along a rocky ledge between the base of the bird cliffs and the sea. These cliffs rose in a series of irregular ledges, appearing from a distance like the open mouth of a giant full of broken teeth, scarred and mottled from the erosion of wind and water.

The cliffs faced to the southwest, and the great auks flew in from the sea in

the early spring, each bird laying a single egg. The auk eggs, found high on the cliffs, were used in preparing a delicacy known as *manik panertut*, which consisted of eggs and blubber stuffed into seal gut.

Beyond the circle of the way to the south lay the ice field of Narsasuk, and the deep gorges of Arnaluluark Nuna, filled with rivers of ice which poured down from the great icecap. The icecap was a wild and lonely place, stretching many hundred miles to the east and filling an immense bowl between two mountain ranges.

The village could not be seen from the hunting place, but as the boys raced across the ice with the dead seal, the ragged shapes of the huts became more distinct against the snow. Some of the huts were empty, and those back near the base of the cliffs were partly covered with snow. But along the lower end of the shelf or rock upon which the village had been built the wind had blown away most of the snow, leaving bare patches of stone and hardened ground.

Above the village the rattle of the wind against the jagged rocks that rimmed the bird cliffs gave a constant overtone of sound, interspersed with the fierce cry of gulls and the longer scream of the great auks as they came.

Few people were outside their huts, but the dogs of the village set up a quick howling, apprising all of the arrival of fresh meat. Meksak and Ikyak drove the dogs up to the hut which his father, Angut, shared with a brother, Enwarsok, and his family. The seal was well frozen on the surface, and had lost some hide in the process of being dragged through the blowhole. Meksak rolled the carcass off the sled, as the people of the village began to cluster around.

An old woman, short and sturdy, crawled out of the doorway of the hut as the boys drove up. She stood with her kamik-booted legs spread apart as she surveyed the boys and their kill. From the crown of her head there rose a black knob of hair with a white bone thrust through it, standing as firmly as a Chinese temple and giving her an appearance of belligerent dignity. Her face was round and was extraordinarily fat and ugly, the nose almost buried between bulging cheeks, so that she looked perpetually as if she were about to whistle.

This was Pekornik, the mother of Ikyak; in the household of Angut, in which she was the only woman, she ruled with matriarchal authority. She had been a mother to Meksak as well as her own son since the days when the people of Agpat had lived in the lands of starvation to the west, where Meksak's mother had been stolen by wild men, who had taken her from the village at Kangerdlug to be killed and eaten.

NOW she looked at Meksak's first kill, her black eyes gleaming from the fat folds of her face.

"So—a boy has killed a seal!" she snorted, and turned to Ikyak. "It is time somebody brought meat to a house where your worthless father sits all day on the sleeping ledge, guzzling blubber and making noises like a walrus!"

Ikyak grinned at Meksak—the matter of his "worthless" father being a subject for continual discussion in the household of Angut—and turned toward the other occupants emerging from the small door of the stone hut, shouting excitedly.

"Meksak has killed a seal! Meksak has killed a seal!"

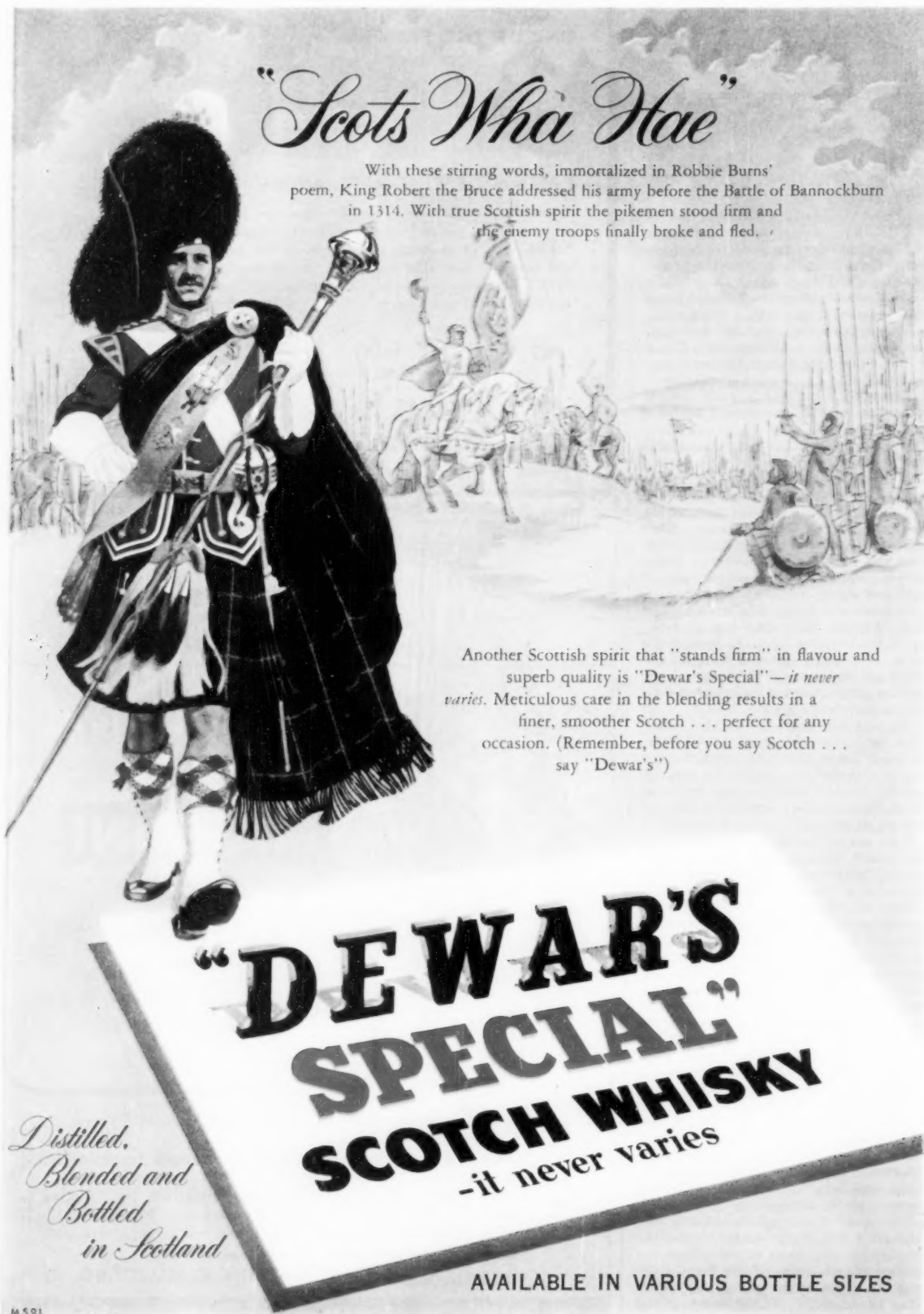
Ikyak's father, Enwarsok, had roused himself from the sleeping ledge and waddled toward the door. Meksak's older brother, Kroomanapik, a fat, lazy youth in his early twenties, reached the door at the same time. Since it was hardly large enough for one fat man to pass through, both of them became wedged in the opening and had to be pulled through.

Both were naked to the waist, but their bodies were smeared with grease and the cold did not immediately affect them. Enwarsok, his huge girth bulging over the top of his sealskin pants, waddled over to where the seal lay.

"We should keep it for isswenark—since it is Meksak's first seal," he said

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importantly. Isswenark was seal meat that had been allowed to ripen nicely in the summer sun and would be ready for eating the following fall or winter. "On the other hand," Ikyak's father continued, his broad face wrinkling in a frown, "perhaps we should eat it now."

"Perhaps you should go back and guzzle seal blubber!" Pekrornik exclaimed, unceremoniously thrusting him aside. "If it is Meksak's seal, let him say what to do with it! If you wish to decide about a seal, roll your fat blubber out on the ice and find one!"

Everyone roared, and Enwarsok, slapping his bulging stomach to keep warm, ducked hastily through the door into the warmth of the hut. Kroomanapik, who had barely emerged from the hut, had already gone inside. By this time Angut had helped Meksak haul the seal on the stone, and it was decided to cut it up.

BEFORE the seal could be dismembered, it was necessary to propitiate the spirit of the dead animal. This was done by tying an old spearhead to part of the spleen and hanging it from the roof. The tip was broken and useless, but it resembled the one Meksak had used, and since seals are notoriously nearsighted, the spirit of this one would not know the difference. This linking of the seal's mortal parts with a replica of the weapon that had killed it was designed to prove to its spirit, by some obscure logic, that those who did the killing were neither wicked nor malicious at heart.

When this had been properly done and the bundle hung by a string of seal gut to the roof of the hut where the seal would be eaten, the butchering began. This was a special function, requiring the most exact principles of priority. Meksak, as the hunter who struck the lethal blow, had the privilege of hacking off the choice portion. The four main portions were awarded according to a set priority—first, the right and left forequarters, then the right and left haunches, with two ribs attached to each. After that the ribs were apportioned to others in the hut of the hunter who had made the kill.

The butchering ceremony struck a snag after it started. Meksak, grinning with unrestrained delight, used his father's saw-tooth stone knife to hack off his portion. When he had finished they looked for Karangak, who had helped pull in the seal and cracked its neck, and therefore was next in priority.

"Perhaps he is in his hut," someone suggested. "Somebody should go and fetch him."

Old Angut looked intently at his son. He was a man in the middle forties, which was old for his people. Although he was older than Karangak, he did not have the tremendous shoulders and bulk of the great hunter. His nose was shorter than Meksak's, curved like a tooth, which gave him a perpetually puzzled expression. Now his dark eyes were grave as he spoke to Meksak.

"I spoke to Karangak after the seal was killed," he said. "He said you killed the seal. Is there any reason to believe you did not?"

Lying was not a habit of these people; and Angut's question was not directed to his son's veracity. It was a matter of custom that must be settled; if Karangak was adjudged to have killed the seal, Meksak could not be regarded as the killer and must not claim the first portion of the meat.

"Karangak broke the seal's neck," the boy said finally. "Maybe he should have the first portion."

"Meksak killed it!" Ikyak shouted heatedly, but Pekrornik thrust him aside.

"Shut up!" she said. "This is for older heads to decide."

ANGUT shook his head. Differences of this sort were rare, yet an important principle was involved. He looked from face to face seeking some solution. In this frozen land, where danger and death were the constant

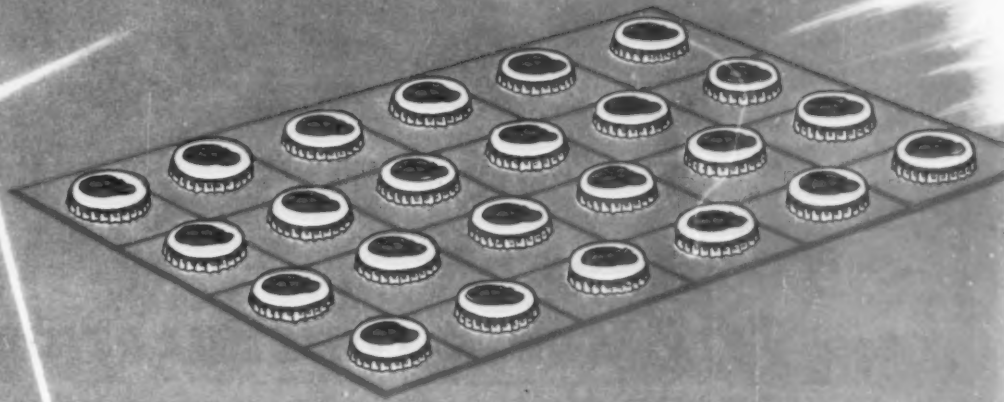
fare of every living creature, hunting was the basis of life itself—and therefore the rules of hunting were more important than any other rules by which men lived. Here was a situation without precedent—a hunter who did not claim his rightful portion of the kill! There was a strangeness to the situation, like profaneness in a temple, that disturbed the old hunter.

After a period of weighty deliberation, he said, "Karangak is a great hunter. If there is any question about this, he must be called in to take the first portion of the seal."

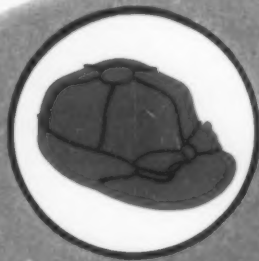
Meksak listened, but said nothing. He knew the seal was his kill, because it was the rule that the hunter who thrust the first spear at an animal had the honor of the kill, even though a dozen wounds were made in the animal afterwards. Old men, with frozen joints, might throw small stones at a dying uksuk or walrus in order to be able to take a few ribs as their portion without being thought of as beggars. But no one had ever claimed the first portion who had not thrust the first spear!

Nevertheless, he was a young hunter and it was not his place to speak. If his

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father wished to call Karangak to take the first portion, Meksak would in a sense be a boy again. He would have to hunt another seal for his first kill.

The other hunters stood around the butchering rock, watching Angut intently. They were all fairly short men, dressed in almost identical fashion—dark fox-fur coats, with white hoods and sealskin pants tucked into sealskin kamiks. Their features were very much alike: flat, round faces, with dark skin and black eyes. Those who were not wearing hoods exposed their long, straight, black hair that tumbled over

their faces and hung to their shoulders. Their expression reflected the same similarities. Each face wore a look of surprise and expectancy as if they were waiting for someone to solve this dilemma.

Finally one of the hunters, Avatuk, spoke up. His wife Kriwi was considered the strongest woman in the village. Nobody ever argued with her, and her husband's opinions had acquired much of the authority accorded her.

"Meksak killed the uksuk," Avatuk said gruffly. "He struck it first with

the spear. If Karangak is not here to take the second portion, then Meksak should say who gets it!"

Kriwi, standing behind her husband, nodded firmly. The glint in her black eyes, gleaming above a broad, straight mouth that looked like a crack in solid rock, was ample evidence that she agreed with her husband. Meksak was well liked in the village, and he was a particular favorite of Kriwi.

Everyone else nodded, ready to agree without argument to anything that offered a solution to this abnormal situation. The people of Agpat dis-

liked anything unusual, or lacking in precedent. These things puzzled them, and it was not easy to laugh when one was puzzled.

Soon everyone was shouting for Meksak to cut up the second portion of the seal. The boy looked at his father, and old Angut also nodded.

MEKSAK, whose heart had been torn by this sudden break in the liveliness of the occasion, lowered his head modestly, and rubbed the toe of his kamik against the butchering rock. Then he looked again at his father.

"Old Amorok has little to eat," he said, with a certain shyness since he was not accustomed to making decisions on the division of meat. "If Karangak does not claim his share, let me give it to the old man."

Everyone was delighted at this solution, and faces brightened visibly. Meksak grabbed his father's saw-tooth knife and began to hack off the shoulder. He snagged his thumb on one of the stone chips, tearing off part of the flesh, and laughed uproariously. After a good deal of sawing and cracking the flipper joints, he finally tore loose the portion that was to have been Karangak's, and set it aside for Amorok, who subsisted on what was thrown to him by others in the village.

Meksak had a great fondness for Amorok and was deeply pleased that he should be in a position to give part of his first seal, which entitled him to be regarded as an inuk—a man—to his old friend.

By this time everyone was happy again. Meksak sawed off part of his breast portion and passed it to Avatuk, who chewed it with relish, smacking his lips to indicate its good flavor—although everyone knew fresh meat had little flavor and was far less tasty than it would be after it had been piled on a dirt shelf, covered with blubber to keep out the air, and left to rot slowly in the rank air of the smoky hut.

Angut beamed at his son. Since he was third in sequence he snatched his saw-tooth knife from Meksak and began to hack off pieces of his portion, which he passed to the hunters who had come from other huts and were now crowding around the butchering rock.

"It is a man's seal!" he exclaimed, tossing the first piece to Krissuk, who lived in the neighboring hut. Krissuk, not wishing anyone to think he was in need of meat, passed the piece quickly to another hunter. Soon pieces of dripping seal flesh were being passed from hand to hand, while everyone grinned and no one ate. The case of Karangak had rendered everything appropriate. Finally Angut settled the matter by retaining one of his own pieces of meat, which he began to eat. Soon all were eating raw seal meat, smearing their faces and hands with blood, their dark eyes glowing with pleasure, and all talking and laughing at once. By this time everyone seemed to be getting into a mood for a feast.

Pekronnik had undertaken the task of slicing the pieces belonging to her hut—which was almost the whole seal—into smaller chunks, using an ooloo, or woman's knife, a flat, wedge-shaped stone with one edge sharpened and a bone handle fastened to the broad side, making a kind of chopping blade.

The meat was stowed away on a dirt shelf in the side of the hut. A piece of sealskin was laid over the dirt and the meat piled on this, not as a concession to sanitation but to keep the blood from draining off into the ground, which was warm and soft from the constant heat.

THE next day Karangak drove his dogs northward. He drove so fast that the ice-coated runners of his sled,

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encased in "boots" of walrus skin to prevent the wood from wearing down, cut through the crust of snow with a constant humming sound, like the whine of the wind.

He had covered two days' travel when he saw the tracks of a gigantic white bear, and halted his dogs.

Karangak knew, with the experience of many years, that this was a tremendous bear. The snow crust was frozen, showing clearly the deep gashes cut through to the ice by the talonlike claws. The toes pointed toward a cleft in a wall of rock that formed the western barrier of the icecap, and Karangak immediately swung his dogs around and started up the slope toward the bottom of the cleft where a glacier spilled itself across the lower plain.

"Nanooksu!" he cried to the dogs, and they struggled forward as if they understood that their master was on the trail of a great white bear.

Behind him the dark shadow of the headlands which guarded the crimson cliffs rose against the opalescent whiteness of the southern sky, and as the sun sank lower the entire coastline was swimming in a radiance of purple and gold cast out by the vanishing sun.

This was "storm weather." The Negark was blowing from the southwest and, while it did not carry the freezing whip of the west winds, it usually brought snow. Karangak glanced now and then at the gathering pile of purple clouds behind him, as his sled snaked upward toward the looming cliffs. Several times he slowed the dogs, thrusting his whipstock into the snow as a brake, and examined the bear tracks, noticing the formation of ice around the holes dug by the spiked toes which showed how much time had elapsed since the bear made the tracks.

At times he left the wandering tracks and cut directly across the rising slope, crusted with thinning layers of snow as he neared the lower edge of the glacier. Each time his burning eyes, now peering between strands of thick hair which he had drawn across his face to shield his eyes from the blinding whiteness of the glacier, quickly picked up the spoor again.

The sun now had reached the point midway between its long disappearance during the winter night, and the summer days when it would revolve ceaselessly in the sky around the rim of the world; and even now, when it dropped below the edge of the ice-crusted sea, it cast a glow like the light before dawn upon the white rim of the icecap.

It was bright enough for Karangak to see the tracks in the snow, and he knew the moon would soon flood the upper valley with its white light. He also was sure the bear was hungry. It had come down to the ice after the long winter cold, perhaps seeking a seal; but the ice was still too thick along the shore for hunting.

Now it had gone back to the upper regions of the icy world where it lived, starving for food. Karangak knew that a hungry bear sometimes was a careless bear.

As soon as he reached the lower rim of the glacier he tethered the dogs, turning his sled to provide some shelter against the gathering storm. By this time the wind was sweeping across the ice plains and a veil of snow was drifting through the lower end of the valley.

THE ground along the edge of the glacier was bare of ice or snow, and Karangak followed the fringe of ice, keeping his dark, fur-clad figure concealed against the background of black rock. He carried a bow and arrow and a short spear. The bow was made of caribou horn, with a shaft so heavy that no other man in Agpat could use it. Its power was sufficient to drive an

arrow of splintered bone halfway through the body of a white bear.

The dark cliffs hung above him like curtains, closing out the brilliance of moonlight that flowed across the icecap; but across the white surface of the glacier he could see clearly. He strayed down from the rim of the icecap, staying against the dark background of rock to make himself less visible.

In spite of his caution, Karangak did not see the enormous animal until he was within a few feet of it. Only the round black snout was visible at first,

but the low gruff noise in the heavy silence of the snow was unmistakable.

The bear had come around a huge boulder partly buried in the ice. Karangak barely had time to draw an arrow from the sack and fit it to the string of tough narwhal sinew when the bear reared its head, panting at the smell of another creature.

Normally the bear would have avoided the hunter, since these animals dislike the smell of man. But the overpowering hunger often dulls their normal instincts. Now the long snout was pushed out tentatively, while a low

whimpering sound came from the bear's throat.

Suddenly the bear rose to its full height, its paws flailing the air like a fainting boxer. The bear was enormous—a massive monster that towered above him. Karangak's eyes never left the crimson mouth, and his aim was steady, although it was by far the largest bear he had ever seen. As the bear lunged, he drove the arrow into its throat.

The bear gave a strangling cough, wrestled furiously with the arrow, embedded deeply in its throat. Then,



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with a desperate lunge, the huge white monster careened forward toward Karangak.

THE old hunter had dropped his bow and now gripped his short spear, which he snatched from the ground. He stood with his legs wide apart, his heavy body receiving the terrific impact of the bear's lunging charge. Before he could drive the spear into the bear's throat, the great talons ripped into his back. Karangak knew from the sudden weakness of his left arm that the muscles of his back were torn badly.

This was a serious thing to have happened at the start of a fight. Many times Karangak had faced death when he fought white bear, since it was not always possible to kill from a distance—and he usually fought alone. But never before had he fought such an immense bear with one arm useless.

He thought of the tallow ball with the hidden bone. If there had been time, he thought, I would have made the bait; but there had not been time, and now there was no use thinking about it.

The bear was a monster, much taller than Karangak. The old hunter's tremendous strength was equal to almost anything, but now he began to wonder if his legs, already bearing part of the weight of the huge animal, would withstand the crushing burden long enough for the bear to die from the wound in its throat.

He felt the warm, stinking breath of the bear as it drew his massive body closer to its own tangle of reeking hair. The short spear was now useless, but Karangak's body was partly turned, so that he could reach with his right hand into the folds of his jacket. Now he let the short spear drop and reached for the knife lying against his body.

He found it with his mittened hand. The pressure on his back was now almost unbearable, but the bear seemed to be squeezing him rather than bearing him down with its weight. He could feel the hot panting of the huge animal as it towered above him. His left arm now was almost powerless, but he managed to work it loose as the bear relaxed its grip, snatching with its paw at the arrow still projecting from its mouth.

At this instant Karangak shoved his left forearm deep into the bear's mouth. He could hear the snap of the arrow as it broke off. He pushed his arm deeper, until it was well behind the cruel fangs that curved backwards along the line of the bear's jaw. He knew that as long as he kept his arm there, the bear could not close its jaws or slash at him with its long sharp teeth. It was now a question of how long he could hold his arm in the mangling grip of the bear's jaw before the pain would render it numb and useless.

Karangak had shaken off the sealskin wrapping from the knife, and now pulled it from his coat. Holding the unfamiliar weapon by the handle he began to slash wildly at the neck of the white monster, which once again had engulfed him with its huge forelegs.

The two—man and beast—remained locked in this strange rigadood, cloaked in the swirling snow that now filled the glacial valley. Karangak had strength such as no other man possessed, and he had previously outlasted white bears in this kind of struggle to the death, knowing that the bear was slowly dying from its wounds. But now he did not know whether the bear was dying from the arrow driven into its throat.

Perhaps it is I who will die, he thought, and he drove the knife again and again into the bleeding neck.

THE huge beast might have crushed the life out of the old hunter, except that the burning pain in its



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throat distracted the full force of its fury. Now and then it would relax its grip and snatch with its paw at the broken end of the arrow, which was driven against the roof of its mouth by Karangak's forearm.

It seemed to Karangak that strength was running out of him like blood from the throat of a dying animal. His arm was almost paralyzed from the crushing grip of the bear's jaws, and the blows he was driving at the side of the bear were becoming weaker and weaker. His head swam in blind madness, until he saw nothing. His breath was sucked in and exhaled with sobbing noises, and his legs, which had lost all feeling, began to tremble violently until he felt that he would soon lose his footing.

He knew there was a place behind the shoulder of the bear where a spear would destroy the animal's ability to fight and he drove the knife with all his strength, aiming blindly for this spot.

The bear gave a gasping cough, and suddenly the pressure against Karangak's body relaxed and he found himself standing alone.

Karangak, still on his feet, watched the immense body of the bear topple backwards, its crimson mouth open and the white fur now stained with great blotches of red. The bear was dead when it rolled to the ground. For several seconds Karangak was unable to move. His left arm, soggy from blood, hung at his side, and his great chest heaved as he strove to draw air into his tortured lungs.

He looked at the knife, clutched in his mittened hand. The blade and handle were red with the bear's blood, and he stared at it in growing wonder. The new knife had killed the bear! Finally he was able to kneel without falling, and he groped for the piece of sealskin lying on the snow. He first wrapped the knife in the sealskin; then he remained for many minutes, crouching on his knees while the warm blood ran down his arm.

When enough strength had returned to his body, he unwrapped the knife and cut a strip of sealskin which he used to bind his mangled arm.

He knew the muscles of his back had been torn, but the blood must have clotted against the feather lining of his aukskin inner jacket. He could move both arm and shoulder, but could not exert any strength.

Using the new knife and his teeth, he stripped the hide from the bear and managed to sever its head, which had special healing powers and would be needed to restore his wounded arm to full strength. The new knife slashed through the tendons of the neck so swiftly that Karangak now knew the knife had the power of the spirits.

HE walked back to the foot of the glacier, where he had tethered the dogs, and he drove them up to the place where he had killed the bear. He loaded the skin and head of the bear on his sled, and started northward again toward Agput. In his mind was a new thought, which burned like the pinions of fire that streamed across the northern sky at night.

He—Karangak—now possessed the power of the spirits! He was an angakok... the greatest angakok in the world! The new knife had been given him by the spirits to kill the great white bear—when otherwise he would have been destroyed!

It was a thought of such powerful intensity that Karangak, plodding northward beside his sled, felt nothing of the pain that seared his shattered arm. His eyes burned through the tangled mattress of hair, seeing again and again, against the whiteness of the snow and ice, the red mouth and flashing white teeth of the giant bear, and



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the hot breath of the monster against his face. And again and again he felt in his aching arm the agony of the hot claws drawn through his living flesh . . . And each time he felt, with a deep pleasure that ran through his body like a tremor, the deadly impact of that knife as it drove so easily, again and again, into the solid flesh of the bear . . .

Karangak drove his tired dogs up the slanting ledge from the rocking surface of the breaking ice, already interlaced with widening cracks of open water, to the ledge of rock where the stone huts of Agpat lay in the shimmering

sunlight. Some of the hunters were in the village, and they came over to examine the huge head of the bear, shaking their own heads in wonder.

Karangak said nothing, which was not unusual. He dragged the white head with its shaggy mattress of bloody hair into his hut. He showed no one the new knife.

For nearly a moon he sat in his hut, while the wounds on his back and arm healed slowly. He kept the new knife in a sealskin wrap, but often unwrapped it and sat looking at it as it glinted in the flickering light of the seal blubber

burning in the stone lamp. And as he watched, and his wounds healed, his thoughts grew together, almost as the scars on his back and arm, flesh welded to flesh, until his mind held only a single thought: I am Karangak, the greatest angakok in the world! . . .

He had killed the mightiest white bear with his Great Knife, and the knife was the symbol of his greatness! ★

This story will be included in the book, The Knife, by Theon Wright, to be published later by Julian Messner, Inc., New York.

How The Highlanders Took Nova Scotia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

granted the charter of New Scotland to Sir William Alexander, Nova Scotia has a new blue, green, yellow and red tartan registered with and recognized by the Lord Lyon King of Arms at Edinburgh. Thousands of Nova Scotia women are wearing skirts of Nova Scotia tartan. Thousands of Nova Scotia men are wearing Nova Scotia tartan ties.

They wear them at Pugwash, where Gaelic street signs are being put up under the English street signs, and at Sydney, where the Stornoway Society is providing free Highland dancing and piping lessons for sixty children. They wear them at St. Ann's, where for five weeks each summer a privately operated Gaelic College offers instruction in Gaelic, Scottish dancing and piping from instructors brought from Scotland. These instructors this year included the world's Highland dance champion, James MacKenzie, and the principal of the Glasgow College of Piping, Seumas MacNeill.

They wear them at Grand Narrows, where lean six-foot-two Hugh MacKenzie, farmer, lumberman, fisherman, newspaper correspondent, piper, fiddler and secretary of the Grand Narrows Board of Trade, writes comedies in Gaelic. He has produced four of these, with his neighbors as actors, staging them in church and school halls through his district to raise money for churches and home and school associations.

Nova Scotia tartan skirts and ties are also worn, of course, in Halifax, the provincial capital, where Dalhousie University has instituted a Gaelic course for teachers and where the Nova Scotia Department of Education has engaged a full-fledged Gaelic expert, Calum Ian MacLeod. A scholarly import from the British Isles, MacLeod is a poet who was crowned national Gaelic bard of Scotland in 1937. In midwinter, as in midsummer, he swings along in a kilt, knees bare. Once, his costume would have prompted stares and possibly jeers. But not now. For the Scottish renaissance has converted lots of Nova Scotians to the kilt.

One of Nova Scotia's best-known lawyers, D. C. Sinclair QC, of New Glasgow, goes to and from his office in the green Sinclair kilt, a bonnet with the white cockade—the sign of the Jacobites—on his head and a *cromach* or shepherd's staff in his hand.

A less-prominent resident of New Glasgow, Charles Fitzpatrick, a laborer, dons a kilt and tucks his bagpipes under his arm when he is temporarily unemployed. This solves his transportation problem as he travels from place to place in search of a job, for no Nova Scotia motorist would refuse to pick up a kilted hitchhiker, and if Fitzpatrick's funds run low he can pipe for supper.

One footloose Old Country Scot named Alexander Boyd, formerly a piper for the Cunard Steam-Ship Company, has settled down to a career of rambling through rural Nova Scotia from farmhouse to farmhouse, playing his pipes and giving lessons for his keep. As a piper he's warmly welcomed wherever he chooses to stay.

But the warmth of the welcome extended pipers may be gradually diminished by the sheer weight of numbers, for five hundred Nova Scotians have learned to pipe in the last eight or nine years and more and more boys and girls are joining piping classes all the time.

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More than half of them have been trained on Cape Breton Island, the rugged northeastern end of Nova Scotia, which is separated from the mainland by narrow Canso Strait and has more Macdonalds than Smiths, more MacNeils than Joneses, more MacLeods than Browns. On Cape Breton the music stores are currently selling bagpipes at the rate of at least one hundred sets a year, at from eighty to four hundred dollars a set. They used to sell about half a dozen sets a year.

That's one yardstick for measuring the progress of the Highland conquest. Still another is the sale of tartans, which has increased a hundredfold. And which is new—there's a brisk sale of recordings by Nova Scotia's Scottish singers, pipers and fiddlers.

What explains the conquest? Why is everybody for it and nobody against it?

The answers aren't clear-cut, but the quest for tourists has been a factor. In the 1920s when Nova Scotians began to build up a big vacation business (they estimate the 1955 tourist crop was worth forty million dollars to them) they advertised that the scenery of Cape Breton was like the scenery of the Scottish Highlands, which, indeed, it is.

Outsiders who came and saw it were enchanted by it, but were equally enchanted by the sound of bagpipes in the glens, the soft accent of Cape Breton Scots—who say "chust" for "just" and "wass" for "was"—and the occasional sight of Scottish dancers dancing and Scottish weavers weaving. So the authors of the tourist literature wrote the Highlanders into the script and a pretty girl in a kilt, doing a Highland fling, became to Nova Scotia tourist folders what a voluptuous girl in a Bikini bathing suit is to the tourist folders of Florida.

A New View on Gaelic

This was heady stuff for Cape Breton. More than seventy thousand of the island's one hundred and sixty thousand residents are Gaels and they were accustomed to being ridiculed, not praised. Thousands of them in the 1920s could remember being punished by teachers for using in their schoolrooms, and in the yards of their schools for that matter, the language of their parents. While there was never a provincial ban on Gaelic the teachers discouraged it with straps, canes and the best of intentions. They were sure pupils who retained the Gaelic wouldn't learn to speak English properly and would thus be handicapped in life.

The teachers held this conviction, and acted accordingly for half a century prior to 1921, when the Nova Scotia Department of Education ordered them to adopt a new attitude toward Gaelic and authorized the teaching of Gaelic as an optional subject in the public schools. By then the harm had been done. The Scots had a deep-rooted inferiority complex about their Scottishness. Some who could speak Gaelic perfectly were ashamed to admit it.

But when they were billed as a tourist attraction their racial pride reasserted itself. They weren't aggressive about it; they merely emerged and were themselves.

Ironically, once the attention of the non-Scots was fixed on the Scots by the tourist literature, the non-Scots discovered they were as charming and colorful as the tourist literature claimed. Thus did the conquest of Nova Scotia by the Highlanders begin, with the non-Scots waiting with open arms to be captured.

But every movement, however popular, needs a leader. The Scots got one in

1933 when Angus L. Macdonald was elected premier of Nova Scotia. Except for the war years, which he spent as federal navy minister at Ottawa, Macdonald was premier of Nova Scotia until his death in 1954. Already he's a legend in his own province, a kind of Nova Scotian Bruce or Wallace.

Macdonald, born on Cape Breton, spoke Gaelic before English and preferred the kilt to trousers. He was slim and handsome, like many Cape Breton Scots, and he had the poetic flair and the lilting intonation of the true Gael. It was Macdonald who

resurrected Nova Scotia's old Scottish flag, which had fallen into disuse after Confederation. It was Macdonald who appointed the border piper, Wallace Roy, at the suggestion of Mayor Kaufman of Amherst.

It was Macdonald who encouraged a Presbyterian minister, Rev. A. W. R. MacKenzie, to establish the Gaelic College at the Cape Breton village of St. Ann's, although Macdonald himself was a Roman Catholic, like half the Scots in Nova Scotia.

It was Macdonald who had the Department of Education engage the

Scottish bard, Calum MacLeod. And when Mrs. Bessie Murray, a weaver, came out from the Old Country after the war and designed a lovely new plaid, it was Macdonald who prevailed on that august official, Edinburgh's Lord Lyon King of Arms, to recognize it as Nova Scotia's tartan. This was a major triumph. A plaid is merely a pattern, but once the Lord Lyon registers it as a tartan it is the textile equivalent of a coat of arms. No province had ever had its own tartan before.

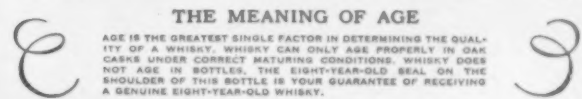
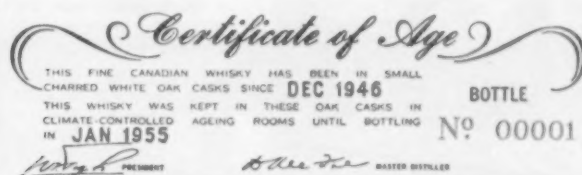
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"Cia mar a tha sibh," the premier said. He just meant "How do you do?"

helped create a flourishing handicraft industry. She now has a staff of weavers and a Nova Scotia-born partner, Mrs. Alex MacAuley, who drives a convertible with a Nova Scotia tartan top. Mrs. MacAuley tailors all the kilts of Nova Scotia tartan, and insists that they must be hand-stitched—every stitch—to qualify as "real kilts."

From their shop in Halifax, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. MacAuley have filled orders for kilts from such unlikely individuals as two Vancouver physicians and the mayor of Saskatoon. Customers from other provinces often volunteer proof of their Nova Scotia birth or ancestry to show they have a right to wear the Nova Scotia tartan. This isn't necessary—anybody who chooses may wear it.

Nova Scotia's tartan trappings, Scottish flag, border piper, patches of heather, scores of pipe bands, Gaelic College and Highland games and *mods*—which are competitions for pipers, dancers, singers, fiddlers and bards—make the province seem like a scene out of the musical comedy *Brigadoon*. It's a scene with some funny lines.

When Scottish-born Ramsay MacDonald was prime minister of Britain and visited Nova Scotia, Premier Angus Macdonald greeted him with "cia mar a tha sibh?"—the Gaelic for "how do you do?" Ramsay MacDonald frowned and looked baffled. Suddenly the shadow lifted from his face and he beamed with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Premier," he said. "It's a unique experience to be welcomed in Iroquois."

A tourist from South Dakota once pointed to the hairy sporrán of Wallace Roy, the border piper, and inquired, "Where'd you get the scalp?" And an elderly woman from Georgia, who walked around and around him staring as he played his bagpipes, asked afterward, "Where's the motor that makes the noise?"

But, under the musical comedy surface, Nova Scotia's Highland movement has an earnestness and a heroic quality and a strain of sadness. Wallace Roy, for instance, is a piper because this was the dying wish of his father Ben, a coal miner who was fatally injured in a mining accident at Stellarton on Christmas Eve, 1918. Wallace Roy pipes at the border for two and a half months at two hundred dollars a month. A miner like his father, he's unemployed the rest of the year because the shaft in which he worked has closed down. Last winter he applied unsuccessfully for a job scrubbing floors at Camp Hill Hospital in Halifax. Yet, with his fine face, his strapping six-foot-four figure, his pleasant Scottish voice and the five-hundred-dollar uniform furnished by the Nova Scotia government, he's so impressive that none of the thousands of tourists he plays for would dream of offering him a tip—even if he were willing to accept.

Or take the story of the Gaelic College. Rev. A. W. R. MacKenzie, a stern-jawed Old Country Scot who was minister of Knox Presbyterian Church at Baddeck, Cape Breton, felt such an institution was needed to stimulate Gaelic culture. Premier Macdonald endorsed the idea. So, in 1939, MacKenzie and a handful of followers bought the abandoned homestead of Rev. Norman MacLeod, a fabulous figure in Cape Breton history. The fields MacLeod had cleared at St. Ann's had grown up in spruce. MacKenzie and his followers cut and

peeled spruce logs and erected an oversized log cabin, stuffing the chinks with moss and oakum. This was, and is, the main college building, although there are other buildings on the property now, among them a handicraft centre.

The hundred and thirty or so students who attend the college for five weeks in the summer live in rustic dormitories. They are mostly in their teens and the girls among them far outnumber the boys. At classes they sit on pews from MacLeod's old church. MacLeod, a grim-visaged dictator, brought a shipload of Highlanders to St. Ann's in 1820. A law unto himself, he once had a boy's ear cut off because he thought the boy had stolen. It turned out later that the victim was innocent. When MacLeod noticed that the women of his congregation were curling their hair, he browbeat them into bringing him their curling irons, which he dropped into the deep water of Black Cove.

When his own wife wore a frivolous hat to church MacLeod preached a four-hour sermon in Gaelic about her shortcomings. He rode herd on morals so diligently that in the thirty-one years he was at St. Ann's not one illegitimate child was born within a radius of twenty miles.

Finally MacLeod decided Cape Breton was not the promised land he had hoped for and ordered his congregation to build ships and prepare for a voyage to Australia. He sailed on the first of these ships, the *Margaret*, in 1851, but didn't like Australia and went to New Zealand. Between then and 1860 five vessels trailed the *Margaret* to New Zealand. St. Ann's people who didn't emigrate nailed a cross over the door of his empty house, which was to crumble and blow down without ever again being entered by a human being.

MacAskill was a Giant

At the Gaelic College there's a model of the *Margaret* and a picture of MacLeod. MacLeod scowls darkly from a dark frame. He wouldn't have approved of the dancing, the piping, the gay kilts, the droves of tourists with their jeans and gaudy sport shirts and cameras.

But the Gaelic College also has a picture of Angus MacAskill, who would have approved heartily. MacAskill was the Cape Breton giant—height seven-foot-nine, weight four hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was one of MacLeod's flock but instead of going to New Zealand he toured North America and Europe with Phineas T. Barnum, the circus man, holding Tom Thumb the midget on the palm of his hand.

Eighty-five-year-old James D. Gillis, a retired Cape Breton schoolteacher, who describes strong drink as "tangle-foot" and is convinced that tobacco should only be used as a remedy for snakebite, wrote a biography of MacAskill. Reluctantly he headed one of his chapters, *MacAskill Would Take A Glass*. Then, with Scottish honesty, he confessed: "Did I say (he took) a glass? Well, 'twas a mistake. He used to drink out of a wooden dish called a tub." Gillis added: "It may be superfluous to say he was not a bigot."

The Cape Breton Highlanders are fiercely proud of MacAskill, and most of them are fiercely proud of Rev. Norman MacLeod—but not the ones who live at the village of Boularderie. MacLeod one hundred and twenty-

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Chipman and the father then tried to enter the building. The father collapsed from the smoke and so Chipman went in alone. He rescued one child then re-entered the smoke and flames to bring out another.



Chipman then revived the father with artificial respiration. When the father could speak, he told Chipman that the small child was still inside the house on an upstairs cot.



Without hesitating, Chipman made for the inferno again. He was driven back time and again by smoke but finally made his way in, found the trapped child and brought him safely to his anxious parents.



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five years ago called the pastor of Boularderie "a sheep"—the worst insult in the Gaelic language. The memories of Highlanders are long and the insult hasn't been forgotten. Even today most Boularderie folks stay away from the annual Gaelic Mod and Highland Scottish Gathering at St. Ann's because this is held at the Gaelic College on MacLeod's homestead.

But, if it's boycotted by Boularderie, the St. Ann's mod and gathering, which lasts for a week, draws thousands from the rest of Nova Scotia and from elsewhere in Canada and the United States.

Highland games, mods and clan gatherings are held at such other Nova Scotia communities as Glace Bay, Dartmouth, Pugwash and Antigonish, and they vie with one another to secure the services of piper Fraser Holmes, Gaelic singers Malcolm MacLeod and Neil Steele, and fiddlers Angus Chisholm, Angus Gillis, Dan Campbell and Hugh MacDonald.

All these and a dozen or so others are "recording artists." Their music, tape-recorded at Sydney radio station CJCB, has been put on records by Metrodisc of Montreal and Quality Records of Toronto, and the sale of these records in Nova Scotia runs into tens of thousands. The lively Scottish songs and tunes—several by Cape Breton composers like Jonathan MacKinnon of the village of Whycomagh and Dan Alexander MacDonald of the village of Framboise—are giving recordings of nasal whining cowboy singers stiff competition. The Nova Scotia Department of Education, which tried in the old days to stamp out Gaelic, is happy about this. Says Guy Henson, Nova Scotia's director of adult education: "When the Gaels began to lose their Gaelic culture a vacuum was created and hillbillyism moved in. With Gaelic

culture coming back I hope hillbillyism will be squeezed out."

Henson's branch of the Department of Education now has fourteen evening classes for the study of Gaelic, ten on Cape Breton and four on the mainland. And the Gaels wish their clan chiefs could be persuaded to come from Scotland and enroll. Their chiefs have been a tremendous disappointment to them.

The head of a clan has been imported each year since 1947 to preside at the St. Ann's Gaelic Mod and Highland Scottish Gathering. Dame Flora MacLeod, chief of the MacLeods, was the first. She was a remarkably fine and attractive woman but to the eternal disgrace of Nova Scotia's MacLeods she hadn't a word of Gaelic. The MacLeods blushed with shame.

In 1948 the guest of honor was Lord Macdonald of Macdonald, chief of Clan Donald. Premier Angus Macdonald met him.

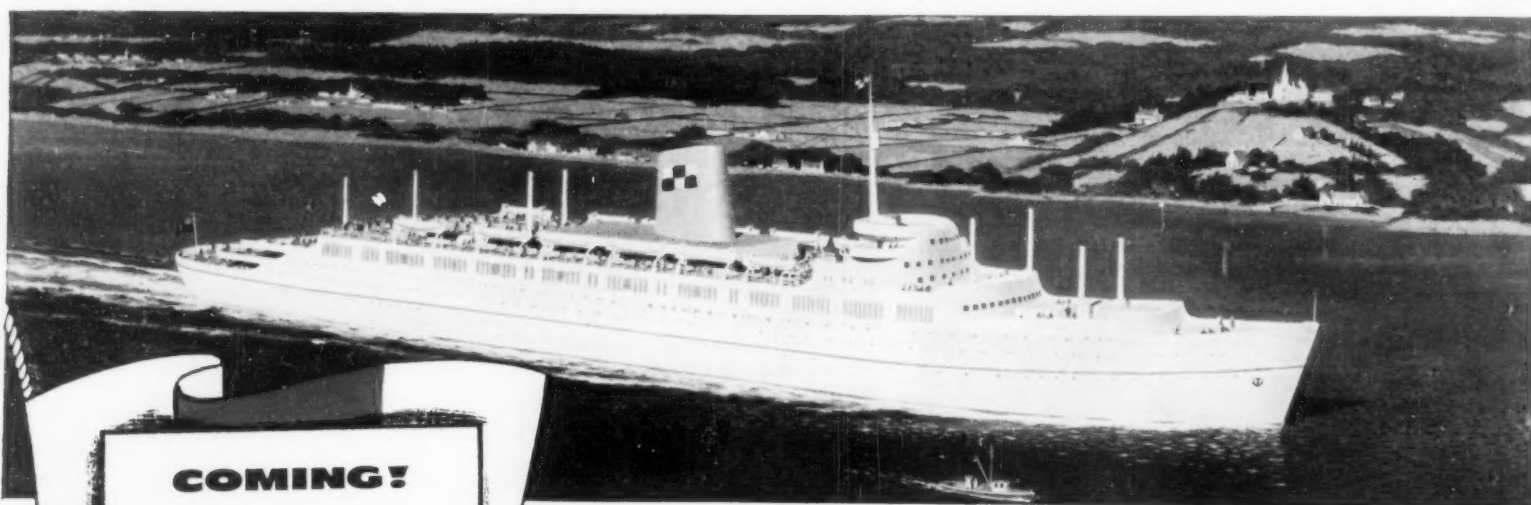
"Cia mar a tha sibh?" Angus Macdonald asked him, as he had asked Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.

"I'm frightfully sorry, old boy," said Lord Macdonald, in the unmistakable accent of Oxford, "but I don't speak that."

Hoping to avoid the shame that had fallen on Clan MacLeod, Angus Macdonald summoned his brother, Rev. Stanley P. Macdonald, parish priest of Big Pond, Cape Breton.

Father Stanley, as he's called in Cape Breton, is a pipe-smoking snuff-sniffing man, full of fun but stern when he has to be. He was stern with Lord Macdonald. He wrote a short address in Gaelic for him to deliver at the mod, spelling it out phonetically, and he stood over him until he memorized it.

The address, following on the shame of the MacLeods, was a terrific hit. The cheers of the Macdonalds could be heard from one end of Cape Breton to



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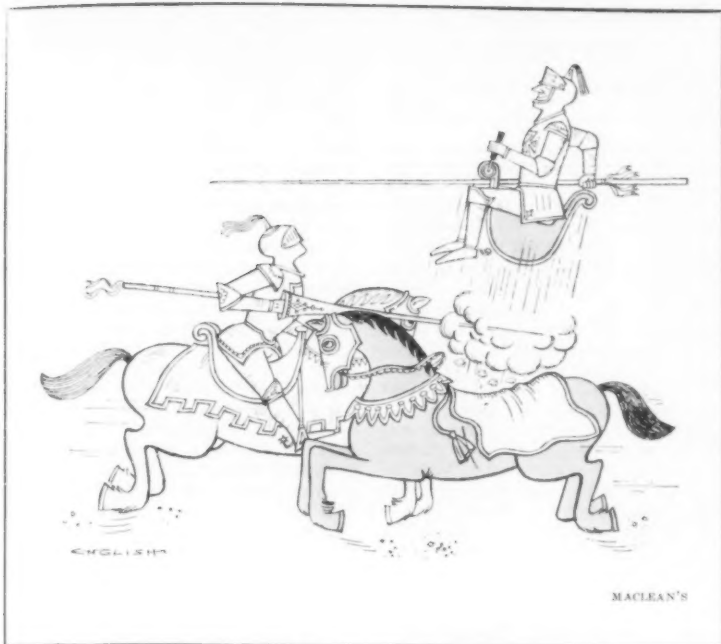
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the other. Unfortunately Lord Macdonald, overwhelmed by the reception, left the speakers' platform to mix with the crowd. He was peppered with Gaelic from all sides and he didn't understand a word of it and the awful truth came out. He had no Gaelic. The Macdonalds, like the MacLeods, blushed furiously.

But the Macdonalds and the MacLeods were not to remain alone in their misery. Sir Charles MacLean, the MacLean of Duart, followed Macdonald to St. Ann's and couldn't speak Gaelic either. Not knowing what was going on, he wandered off the speakers' platform and sat down in the shade under a tree. So the MacLeans joined the MacLeods and the Macdonalds in their agony. So, eventually, did such other great clans as the MacNeils and the Frasers, whose chiefs also arrived for the St. Ann's Gaelic Mod but had no Gaelic.

Ottawa Roasted in Gaelic

If the failure of their chiefs to speak Gaelic has disappointed Cape Breton Gaels, and Gaels elsewhere in Nova Scotia, it has likewise convinced them that they are the last custodians of Scotland's mother tongue, "the language of the Garden of Eden," and has strengthened their determination to keep it alive.

How many of them actually speak it every day instead of English? About seven thousand, according to the 1951 census. But Calum MacLeod, since 1950 the Gaelic adviser of the Nova Scotia Department of Education, estimates that another twenty thousand or more have a fair knowledge of Gaelic—enough, for instance, to understand a speech.

An incident last August 13 at the formal opening of the mile-long Canso Causeway, constructed to link Cape Breton with the Nova Scotia mainland, made MacLeod's estimate look conservative. The ceremony was attended by two federal ministers, Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe and Hon. George C. Marler, and the program was arranged at Ottawa. One single minute was allocated to the only Gaelic speaker, Father Stanley Macdonald. Angered by the time limit, which he regarded as an insult to the Gaels, Father Stanley protested indignantly and was granted two minutes. In the two minutes he said, in Gaelic, exactly what he thought of Ottawa for restricting the Gaelic

speaker to two minutes on an occasion so important to Cape Breton, "the Highland heart of North America."

If Ottawa had any excuse for its discourtesy, he said, it might be that Ottawa was a very young town and bad manners were frequently a mark of youth. Or it might be that Ottawa, which was originally a logging camp and where the smell of spruce still hung in the air, had clung to the notoriously bad manners of lumberjacks.

There were twenty-five thousand in the crowd who heard him and most of them had sufficient Gaelic to get the gist of his remarks. They laughed until they were doubled over and tears ran down their cheeks. The federal ministers, meanwhile, looked quite pleased. Even proud. While they hadn't a clue to what he was saying they had heard the name of Ottawa frequently, so at least he wasn't ignoring the national capital.

When Father Stanley referred to Cape Breton as "the Highland heart of North America" he wasn't exaggerating. So well known is Cape Breton, because of the Highland conquest of Nova Scotia, that in recent years British film producers have switched the locale of two outstanding pictures, *Johnny Belinda* and *The Kidnappers*, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Highlands of Cape Breton. The plots of both movies revolved around Scottish character and its odd mixture of fierceness and gentleness, sternness and kindness. While the films were actually shot in Scotland the producers felt the Scottish traits they portrayed would be more believable if Cape Breton were designated as the background, Cape Breton being more Scottish than Scotland of the present day.

An Ohio woman who had once been a resident of Cape Breton was engulfed by a wave of nostalgia when she saw *The Kidnappers* last spring. She had to hear Gaelic again, so she telephoned a cousin on Cape Breton, fifteen hundred miles away, and pleaded with her to sing the Cape Breton boatmen's song, *Fear a' Bhata*.

Her cousin was on a rural party line. By the time she started singing, receivers were coming down off the hooks and staying down. As each receiver came off the hook the reception in Ohio grew fainter. But by then the song was no longer a solo. It was a chorus. ★

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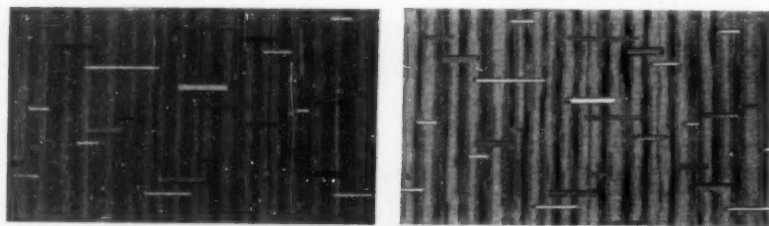
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The Unconquered Warriors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

men by forcing them to sell and surrender for little more than eight hundred thousand dollars all their grant except the timberless acres of what is now the reservation. This money is still held for them in trust by the federal government, with the interest being spent as the Indian Affairs branch decides. Canada administers the reserve in the same way as all other Indian reservations in the country, forgetting that the Six Nations have a treaty with Britain which calls them her allies, not subjects. Canada considers the Six Nations tract crown land: no one on it can get a clear title to property or borrow money to build or buy. The Indians are exempt from property taxes but the interest on their own trust fund, they say, should be enough to keep up their roads, schools, hospital and other public services. Money earned on the reserve is exempt from income tax but only school-teachers and a very few others can make enough there to benefit from the exemption; two thirds of the Indians commute to work in nearby cities and farms and have to pay tax on their incomes earned off the reserve. They pay all other taxes that Canadians pay.

Canada has tricked them and robbed them and broken their treaties, the Iroquois say. They claim Canada has no right to govern them at all and that their land is not a reservation but a sovereign state in North America, as Switzerland is a country in Europe. They write their own passports which are honored abroad.

As the unconquered Iroquois, they refuse to take oaths of allegiance to any land except the confederacy of the Six Nations. Their loyalty is unswerving. Even though some have lived and worked many years in far-away cities they call the Six Nations country their home and insist on being enumerated there when a census is taken.

Clinging to their past independence, old men like Chief Henhawk dream of the days when their fathers wandered free in the forest, where they hunted and fished while their wives hoed the corn. While most of those who work off the reserve buy cars and TV sets, can't speak their tribal languages and can't speed a snowsnake or swing a lacrosse stick, they brood on their glorious heritage. The ones who stay home on their poor little farms lament and protest and hope and stop hoping that they'll prove they are still a great nation. One Iroquois, who is realistic and prosperous told me the sooner they become Canadians and have to give up the reserve the better it will be for all of them.

But the hereditary chiefs advise them not to accept the doubtful new privilege of voting in Ontario's elections: it might lead to Canadian citizenship, land tax and the loss of their homes. They dread their absorption by the white man. Canada, they say, is a foreign power that threatens extermination of their proud race.

They send delegations to Ottawa to protest interference. They appeal to the courts as the white man keeps filching more of their land. They have presented their grievances to the League of Nations at Geneva, the San Francisco Conference and the United Nations Assembly, asking that they be freed from the dictatorship of Canada's Indian Act which makes them wards of the government. They want complete freedom—their own laws, their

own lands, their own money.

A treaty with the British crown gives them a different status from other Indians in Canada. At the end of the War of American Independence in which they fought valiantly for the British, they were dispossessed of their villages and their beautiful lakespangled hunting grounds in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. To compensate them for their losses Britain gave to her "faithful allies" the lands of the Grand River valley, six miles deep on each side of the stream from its mouth at Lake Erie to its source one hundred and eighty miles inland, "for them and their posterity to enjoy forever."

At the time of the grant, 1784, the Grand flowed through wilderness that no white man wanted. Now its fertile valley has four flourishing cities, Kitchener, Waterloo, Galt and Brantford, forty-odd towns and villages, some of the richest farms in Ontario and almost four hundred thousand white people. The lands of the Iroquois have shrunk to a plot of hard clay with marshes, scrub bush, a muddy creek too shallow to float a canoe and a ten-mile frontage on one side of the Grand.

The Six Nations reserve is a flat, dejected little island landlocked by lush hills and the bustle of industrial plenty. At its borders all paved highways end abruptly. (That's how you know you are there.) The roads that divide it into one-and-a-half-mile squares are rough gravel or deeply rutted clay. The farms look less productive than those on the outside; barns are smaller and shabbier; there are fewer cattle and tractors; many fields are untended. About a quarter of a mile apart, or gathered together at the corners where they catch all the dust from the roads, are old one-room log houses, tar-paper shacks with a clutter of things around them, many neat little homes covered with asbestos shingle and some fair-sized brick houses or new ones of painted clapboard, ranch style. Scattered widely are garages and stores, fifteen grade schools, several brick churches, small stucco missions and four Longhouses of faded frame.

They Don't Like Mounties

On crossroads near the centre of the reservation is the village of Ohsweken, the capital of the Six Nations country. There its parliament meets in the Council House, a small, white brick building that looks like an old township hall; on its broad shady lawn a memorial honors the hundreds of Iroquois braves who fought in two world wars as Canadians. There is a government-subsidized hospital, a co-operative agricultural building, an Orange Lodge hall and a funeral parlor. There is a new school equipped to teach home economics and industrial arts, the gift of Canada's government, and a smaller grade school built by Six Nations funds. There are a few stores and houses, two churches and manse, the greatly resented quarters of the RCMP, and a friendly little restaurant with a bulletin board that announces when there is a bingo in Buffalo, N.Y., with bottles of whisky for prizes.

Ohsweken looks not unlike any sleepy Canadian hamlet except that most of the people who come there from all over the reservation have black hair, dark eyes and high cheekbones, small hands and small feet and skin that is swarthier than just a good tan. They dress like any rural Canadians. Their names might be Canadian: Hill, Green, Martin, Freeman, Jamieson, Anderson, Sky. They are Anglican, United Church, Baptist (no Roman Catholics), a smattering of Adventists or Mormons, and the twelve hundred who

belong to the Longhouse and celebrate Christmas with gifts and a tree.

While I was visiting the reservation I boarded at the home of William Johnson, a Mohawk and Anglican, a veteran of World War I. He had a big garden out front and did odd jobs in the village. Mrs. Johnson made good rhubarb pie and fried pork chops and sighed about her weight. Their house, spotlessly clean and well-furnished, had electrical equipment but no running water.

Every day I was there I called on people in all parts of the Six Nations country. Though I was white and intruding with questions about Iroquois ways, I was always cordially welcomed. If I came too close to a mealtime the housewife put a plate on the table for me. "That's how Iroquois does," Chief Henhawk told me. "It is educated right into our children that girl, no matter if she's a stranger, she's your sister, and all old women is your mother, and same way with the men. Tecumseh dropped the poor Delawares here in 1813 and they ain't left us yet and when the Mississaugas sold their land at Port Credit they asked shelter here for a day and a night; now they got five squares of our land." The chief shrugged his shoulders, "We can't put 'em out, they're our brothers."

I went often to call on Chief Henhawk. We sat in his scraggly woodlot near the outbuildings that were little more than boards leaning against one another. I sat on a chair he brought from his house and he sat on one he told me his daddy had made before he was born.

"I think the real old Indians must have been pretty nice people," he said as he reached for a wood tick that had got down the back of his shirt. "They had not one blaspheming word in their language." He cracked the insect between his fingernails, then drew peacefully again on his pipe. "Way back, maybe million years ago, all the leaders got together and they looked at the stars and the moon and the sun going round, and the rains came and they got the benefit of it and they thought there must be something makes things so good and they got the idea of a Creator. They knew the creator of good things must be good and they figured people should be good like that too. They never forgot it and they taught their young ones, and they taught theirs when they come along, and that's how it was carried on through the years. Nothing wrote down. We just have to look around us to see it." His eyes swept his bit of woodlot, his small shallow pond and the sky.

He then looked at me, shaking his shaggy old head. "But the whites keep trying to change it," he said. "I was talking one day to a preacher. Asked me why I didn't give up being pagan. He said it was a sin the way the Indians dance and feast at the Longhouse."

"I said to him, 'Now you got three children and sometimes you go into town. Perhaps some day you say, 'Now this time I'm going to bring you all presents. I'll bring this one a doll and that one a gun and the other some candy.' All day the children wait for you to come home and at four o'clock, say, you come and you give what you bought 'em.'" Chief Henhawk stood up, put his hands in the air and danced up and down. "You see," he said, smiling, "the children are glad and they dance for joy and thanksgiving. I said to the preacher, 'Are your children pagans?'"

All the Iroquois feasts are feasts of thanksgiving, Chief Henhawk told me. They give thanks for everything that grows in the woods and the fields. The biggest feast of the year, lasting five



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or six days, comes when the back of the winter is broken; then there is the feast of the maple sap, the planting of seed, the wild strawberry feast, feasts for peas, beans, green corn and pumpkins. "The chiefs start a feast by telling the people how to be good," he explained. "They haven't got the words 'don't do this, don't do that' to give people bad ideas. They just got the words for goodness."

I called one day on Mrs. Alma Green who lived near Chief Henhawk in a house with a blue roof and a lean-to that sheltered her shiny red car. She told me any white person who stayed in the Six Nations country without permission of the council was a trespasser. She was a thin, grey-haired woman who had once been a teacher, a lumber-camp cook, a church organist, a reporter for the Toronto Star, and had six times gone to Ottawa to talk to men of high rank about the plight of her Indian people. She now commutes every day to Brantford where she punches a factory time clock.

In her living room there was a TV set, a cabinet full of china figurines, five cats, each asleep on a cushioned chair, a picture of long-skirted fair ladies in front of a castle and, on the wall above the sofa where she sat, a copy of the Lord's prayer carved in wood.

"I am bitter," she told me. "If I went outside this minute and saw your car and got into it and drove away because I had discovered it, would that make it mine?" Her dark eyes narrowed angrily. "That's how the white man got our lands. We trusted him and he cheated us."

The Chiefs Aren't Boss

She went out of the room to fetch a leather briefcase and showed me copies of treaties the British had broken, letters that proved Iroquois lands had been stolen, and, emblazoned on buckskin, the wording of the treaty that gave the Six Nations the Grand River valley.

"Do you blame us for being mistrustful?" she asked. Then she told me that Canada, not content with depriving them of their lands, in 1924 had disbanded the council of hereditary chiefs that guarded the interests of the confederacy for over four hundred years and forced an elective system on the reserve. Twelve councillors and a chief councillor now seek election like the aldermen and mayor of a town. They meet regularly with the Indian agent at Ohsweken to administer the internal affairs of the reserve. "But they don't represent our people," Mrs. Green said. "Not ten percent vote; no Iroquois who is loyal to the Six Nations would vote for a man who must swear allegiance to the crown when he is elected." She chased a cat that jumped up on the sofa beside her. "Occasionally a good, intelligent Indian goes into the council, but he isn't given a chance. If he tries to do anything to better our ways he's told to sit down and keep quiet or get out. He has to obey the Indian agent who gets his orders from Ottawa." Mrs. Green frowned. "But our hereditary chiefs still meet in the Longhouses; they fight for our rights and tell us what to do."

Mrs. Green put her papers back into her briefcase. "Of course I blame many injustices on Joseph Brant, our own leader. He was the only Iroquois in his time who could speak English, so he was appointed to deal with the British. They treated him like a king. He made decisions without consulting the chiefs, he led us into war, he brought us up here and, flattered by the white man, gave away lands that were not his to give. The white man

called him a hero—you have seen his bronze statue in Brantford. He was noble in everything he did. But he betrayed his own people. And for that I could kick him in the pants." Her foot jerked involuntarily.

Brant was a Mohawk but he never learned the religion of his tribe. He was brought up by an Anglican minister and took Christianity so seriously that the British used him to convert his people. They listened to the missionaries and slid away from the Longhouse. Her intense dark eyes stared straight ahead as she spoke. "Our forefathers prophesied that if we stepped into the white man's canoe desolation would befall us," she said solemnly. "That has come to pass. The Mohawk has no Longhouse now. Christianity has brought only sorrow. We are a lost people." Mrs. Green's daughter, a handsome girl wearing blue jeans and lipstick, passed through the room smiling.

"Sometimes I go to the Longhouses of the Onondagas, the Cayugas or the Senecas," Mrs. Green went on. "I don't need a new dress or new hat to go there. The people are humble and penitent; the old ones, so sincere, have no stain of sin. But I don't understand their language, I don't feel at home among them." She held up her hands and looked from one to the other. "I am always between two fences."

One sunny, warm morning I drove past the Onondaga Longhouse, a plain, low-gabled frame building with small-paned windows and not enough paint. Its only door was open and I stopped to look in. Two rows of benches stood round the pumpkin-yellow walls, at each end of the room was a round-bellied stove, and between them two long backless benches stood end to end with an oil lamp hanging above. A man was sweeping the unstained pine floor. He wore a red headress with a single quill feather, a factory-made fringed buckskin jacket, colored beads around his neck, dark trousers with long black horsehair mane sewn into the side seams, a beaded belt and a handsomely decorated apron that hung front and back.

"Come in, come in," he called when he saw me. "We're having a dance here today. You're welcome to stay if you want to." He paused in his sweeping. "Not a worldly dance; it's a feast to give thanks for the sun and the moon and the having of seed to be planted."

He said the ceremony would begin at eleven o'clock, but no one arrived till past noon. Most people came in their cars. They spoke to each other in the Cayuga language. The men wore plaid shirts or jerseys, old trousers or jeans, the women their best rayon dresses; two little boys had headresses of feathers bought in the fifteen-cent store. A woman with a permanent explained to me that not many have Indian costumes to wear any more; they can't get the buckskins and feathers of eagles.

At one-thirty we went into the Longhouse. All the women and little children sat at one end, the men and boys at the other. The man who had been sweeping the floor was standing at the men's end preaching in dialect, his tones impassioned, pleading or monotonous. When he sat four other chiefs rose in turn, gave a high whooping call, chanted as they walked five paces forward and back to their benches.

During the hour that the preaching went on, more people wandered into the Longhouse till there must have been more than a hundred. Little children kept getting drinks of water from a dipper in a pail. Two large butcher's baskets covered with bread

paper were brought in and put on the floor near the stove at the women's end of the room. Then a great iron kettle full of steaming grey corn soup, thick as library paste, was set down beside it.

The youngest chief dusted off one of the benches in the centre of the room and two men sat down facing each other. One shook a rattle of cow horn, the other beat a small drum. A line formed behind the chief wearing the beads and the feather, chiefs first, then men and boys, then women and girls, some carrying babies. The dance started slowly, not much more than a rhythmic shuffle with everyone looking serious. The man beat the drum somewhat faster. The rattler kept pace. The dance became lively. An old chief who had walked with a cane went back to his place on the benches. Two women, well over seventy, friskily raising their feet and their elbows, cavorting and laughing, seemed to infect the whole troop. The head chief waved his arms and stepped high, the children and young people stepped higher, a few kept on looking glum and just shuffling.

Soup in Honey Pails

The rattle and drum beat were hypnotic. More and more joined the dance. The circle widened till it went round the stoves instead of between them. Women passed their babies to grandmothers on the sidelines so they could dance with more verve. Round and round they went many times, to the throb of the drum and the rattle.

When they stopped, laughing and mopping their brows, they sat again on the benches. Two men took the large basket around and handed each person there a slice of un buttered bread and a fat, spicy cookie. Then with a big ladle and dipper they filled the shiny tin honey pails that each woman had brought with the starchy soup from the kettle. Each family retrieved its own pail and dipped into it with a spoon or with bread. And the woman beside me smiled and generously offered to let me dip in with her.

Outside on the road I met Willie John, a Seneca, a spry seventy-nine. "The churches are losing their customers," he told me. "They never get so many people out to meeting as come to the Longhouse." We walked to the little house where he lived with another old war vet, a big man with one eye who didn't say a word. They kept their place fairly tidy, cooked their own meals, and both wore their hats in the house.

"Couple times a year our chiefs

preach our sermon," Willie said as he sat by the stove. "It takes four days to say the whole thing, beginning at six in the morning and stopping when the sun is halfway up the sky. Not wrote down and all learned off by heart in verses like the Bible. Young chiefs taught by old chiefs." Willie shook his head slowly. "Takes lots of learning. Iroquois scripture was give us by Handsome Lake, a chief of the Senecas. Round about 1800 he took out a hunting party one day and they went to the trading post and give skins for barrels of whisky, the first the braves ever had. They went back home in their canoes and got pretty wild, whooping and hollering and breaking down doors so their kids and wives got scared and ran away into the bush.

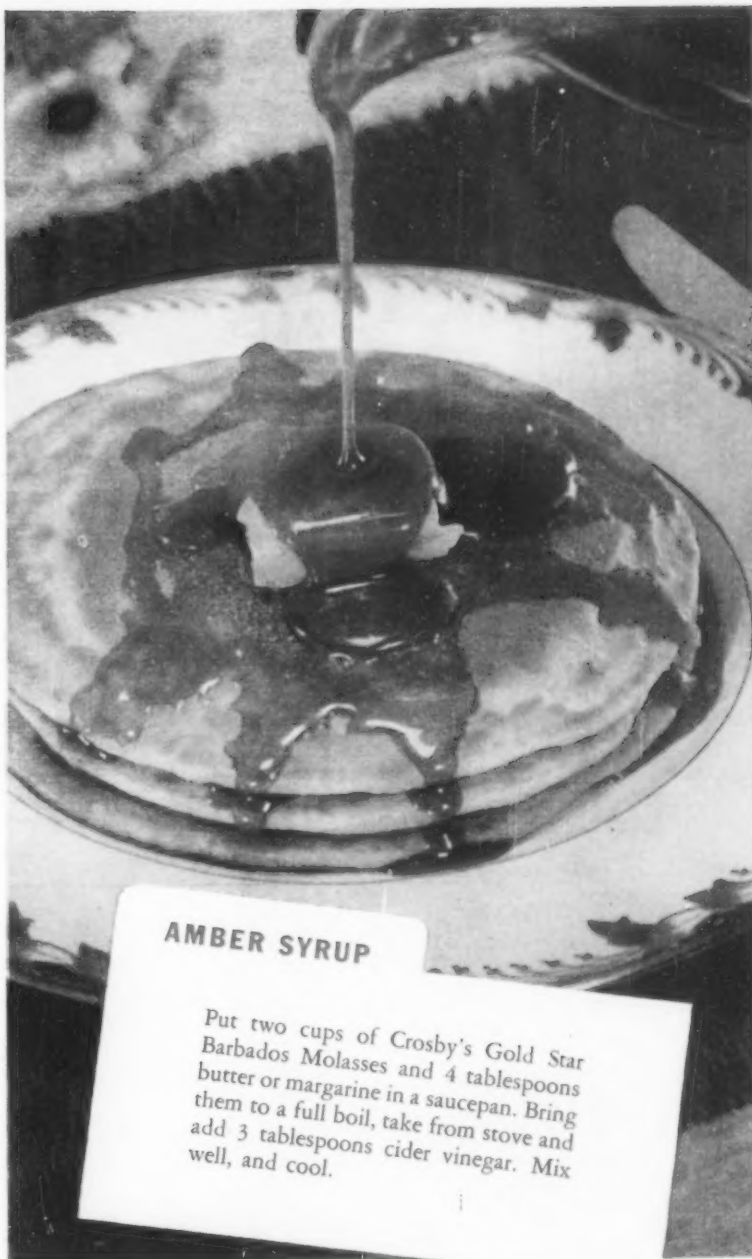
"When Handsome Lake noticed what a bad thing he done to his Indians he repented night and day for four year and at the end of that time four angels came and stood in the doorway with their feet off the ground and said they come from the Creator to take him on a trip.

"They took him along a wide road that went down to a building with no windows and so long they couldn't see the end of it and inside they could hear people yellin' something fierce like the devil was torturing them. The angels said, 'This is hell and the devil won't let no one out of it.'

"And then they took Handsome Lake to a different road, real narrow with the traces of children on it leading to heaven. It was just like here only brighter, no night at all, and the angels says, 'Listen to this,' and in a big building they were having religious sermons and dances, real lively. And the angels asked the chief was he thirsty and he said he believed he could drink and they give him a little dipper of water that kept filling up the more he drank out.

"And on the way home they told him how to make medicine and to be kind to the aged and never strike children, and if your husband strays take him back without anger, don't gossip or listen to gossip and all the things that are in the Longhouse sermon. And the angels told Handsome Lake to go round and preach it to all the Indians. He preached for the rest of his life and that's what all the Iroquois Longhouses believes in," Willie John said. "It's not pagan, not idolatry like the white people say, it's pure Protestant religion, will take you to heaven when you die, if you live by it."

I spoke to many of the Iroquois about the Longhouse religion. In those who were Christian I sensed a consciousness of superior enlightenment



AMBER SYRUP

Put two cups of Crosby's Gold Star Barbados Molasses and 4 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan. Bring them to a full boil, take from stove and add 3 tablespoons cider vinegar. Mix well, and cool.

Taste what this new syrup does for pancakes

Amber Syrup makes pancakes a new taste treat. And a whole pint of it costs $\frac{1}{4}$ less than other table syrups.

Crosby's is the light molasses, liquid sunshine, sweet and tangy. It satisfies the craving for sweets in a wholesome, healthy way. (Barbados Molasses is extra rich in food energy.)

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Some people may tell you that rum is made from cane sugar and is therefore sweet. They do not know that all spirits which we drink, including rum, are distilled from fermented sugar of some or other sort. If you compare Lemon Hart with other spirits, you will find that it is noticeably dry, which is why it mixes so well with cola, ginger ale or fruit juice.

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but also a trace of nostalgic envy of those of their race who had kept the faith of their fathers and remained truly Indian. They told me that the people of the Longhouse were the best living people among them, sincere, kindly, sure; and schoolteachers said the Longhouse children were the best-behaved pupils, respectful and honest. Josephine and Sylvanus General, a young Christian Mohawk couple, said they'd like their son Joe to go back to the Longhouse.

I spent a day with the Generals. Josephine called Sylvanus from the potato patch and we sat by the pump and chatted till too many caterpillars fell on us from the tree overhead and Josephine invited me to come into the house, "if you don't mind the chickens in the kitchen."

Sylvanus was a big man with plump cheeks and a slow, lazy smile; he farms and writes poetry. Josephine, tiny and bright, with a pony tail and slant-eyed spectacles, told me she was a city Indian, born in Buffalo, N.Y.

Their house is the oldest on the reserve and they love it. Made of red pine logs two feet square, it has one big room downstairs and up, plus a lean-to. Josephine wants a new floor because it is cold in the winter; she talks too of adding French doors and a porch, but they haven't got round to it yet. They've been there eight years and can't make up their minds if they want to stay or build a new place where they wouldn't get so much dust from the road. They can't get a mortgage or loan to help them finance it because the reserve is crown land.

Are Whites Too Cunning?

They don't feel secure: any day the government might take the reserve away from them—it often has tricked them before—so why go to a lot of trouble fixing a place up, only to lose it? They live one day at a time, they say, and don't worry about the next one, but they talk about it incessantly.

They constantly contradict themselves. One minute they say they live like kings, have privileges that the poor whites can't enjoy; next minute they are miserable slaves under Canada's Indian Act. They say no Indian can go out into the white man's world and cope with his cunning, then they boast that many of their people have left the reserve to become rich, doctors and lawyers and one a brigadier. Josephine was brought up a Roman Catholic, Sylvanus an Anglican; now they both think they'd like to belong to the Longhouse. But they've had too much education to believe in Longhouse witchcraft or medicine rites. So what should they do?

Josephine set the kitchen table for lunch. With the chicks peeping in their corner we ate canned corn and beans, bread and butter, sardines, store doughnuts and cookies with pink marshmallow icing while they apologized for not giving me real Indian food—corn soup that takes a day to prepare, corn bread, heavy but nourishing, delicious corn cakes and pudding or sweet corn steamed in the husks.

We were still drinking tea at the table when Joe, a handsome boy of eight, came home after school with his friend Gordie Buck carrying a rattle of cow horn. Without any prompting Gordie sat on the edge of a chair and said, "Fish dance." Then he sang a weird, wordless Indian song and kept time with the rattle while Joe solemnly danced in a circle. "War dance," Gordie commanded and Joe's antics changed. Buffalo dance, Women's dance, False Face dance followed, the children performing them seriously and

Fire Fighters THROW OUT RED



No—not a Communist, but the fire-engine red that goes with clanging bells, screaming sirens and racing fire trucks.

The Kent Fire Brigade, in England, has gone against tradition and now uses vehicles of aluminum—for three good reasons: No more painting. Less gas . . . we mean petrol. And better roadability and handling because of the lighter-weight aluminum bodies. We'd guess there's a further premium that the Kent folk enjoy: pride in their fire brigade when it flashes by in its gleaming new dress. Few materials can match aluminum for its fresh and lasting good looks.

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without any words. Sylvanus, watching, said dreamily he'd like to open a school to teach Iroquois dances and languages.

"But how can you, Sylvanus?" Josephine asked. "You can't dance and you only know English." She sipped her tea daintily. "I'd rather sell Indian handicrafts to get money to build a stone fireplace."

Sylvanus smiled his slow, lazy smile. It is hard to earn money on the reserve, he told me, for there is no kind of industry. It isn't in the Indian's nature to be greedy and competitive like the white man: he longs only for the wisdom of understanding and the betterment of his soul.

Old Ezekiel Hill got enough money from his bead work to buy a tiny log house for fifty dollars and have it moved up near the Seneca Longhouse. The plaster came out of the chinks in the moving and it let in the wind, but he stopped it up on the inside and it wasn't too bad in the winter if he kept covered with blankets. He wondered at first what he'd do for water and wood because he couldn't get out of his wheelchair except to roll himself onto his bed but a neighbor came every other day and looked after him so he had nothing to worry about outside of his rheumatism.

Ezekiel rummaged in the boxes on the table with the remains of his breakfast and supper to show me the bead work he did with his crippled hands when he felt like it. There were belts with Union Jacks and American flags, headbands and necklaces with flowers or the words Mother's Day worked into them. "But nobody round here wants bead stuff no more," Ezekiel told me. "Only tourists sometimes comes in and buys 'em. Everything's changing from what it were. Indians is wearing underwear now, even the old folks. Days gone by people didn't work hard, they just lay around and they always had plenty. They made axe handles and baskets that they traded for food. Now just a few know how to make 'em. They used to go out and cut poles if they felt for it, then come in and sit or play games by the creek. Nowadays they get into cars and go into town to the pictures."

"Can't play snowsnake on the roads any more with cars running round," Ezekiel sighed. He leaned far over in his wheelchair to search in the piles of odd things on the floor. He pulled out a snowsnake, a slim, steel-tipped stick, highly polished, that is speeded along a track in the snow for perhaps half a mile if icing conditions are favorable and a man's arm strong and skilful.

"Nowadays kids can't play round like we used to, they got to go to school every day and get such learning put in their heads they got no room for their Indian language." Ezekiel shook his white head. He never learned how to read or to write. He went to school when he felt like it—about one day a month.

Now all the Six Nations children go regularly by bus to the fifteen schools on the reserve, each child to the school that teaches his own grade. The books, bus fares and teachers' salaries are paid for by the federal government. One hundred and fifty pupils are taken every day to the high schools in the nearest town where they learn to mingle with white people and often surpass them in academic results. All the teachers on the reserve are Indians who hold first-class certificates and use the Ontario Public School curriculum with an extra bit of Indian history.

"It isn't easy for us to teach our history from the school textbooks," I was told by Reg Hill, a soft-voiced Indian teacher who graduated from

Upper Canada College. "The source material was written by our enemies, the French. When they attacked us they were at war, when we attacked them it was a massacre. They called us bloodthirsty savages, not braves fighting for our lives and our lands."

Reg Hill said the white man has never written the truth about the Iroquois. The French maligned them. The British have never given them their due. The Iroquois held the balance of power that won Canada from France; Canada would have been lost to the Americans in the war of 1812

if the Iroquois hadn't defended it.

"I'm always especially annoyed at having to teach that Brock, the British general, was the hero of Upper Canada at the Battle of Queenston Heights," the schoolteacher said. "He was a defeated leader. He led his men into an open field and ordered them to climb an unscalable cliff while the Americans fired at them from above; his soldiers fled and the battle was lost. It was the Iroquois, spearheading the Canadian militia of pioneers, who routed the Americans and saved Canada for itself."

Another teacher irked by textbook history was Miss Emily General, with dark hair a yard long, a sister of Sylvanus. She once traveled to Europe on a Six Nations passport and studied Iroquois records in England. She taught school for twenty years on the reserve but was asked to resign because she wouldn't take the oath of allegiance to Canada that all teachers were required to take in 1947. Now she raises turkeys and pigs and produces the Indian pageant each year in the Great Pine Forest Theatre at the back of her mother's farm.



"There's no such thing as luck," said Goldie

"SKILL WINS EVERY TIME," said Goldie as he took the game. Consider *Molson's Golden Ale*."

"You mean Molson's left nothing to chance?" suggested Goldie's opponent.

"I'll explain," said Goldie quietly. "Before the first label was put on a bottle thousands of ale drinkers were asked to describe an ideal brew. *Molson's Golden* is the perfect answer."

"Describe it!" challenged his opponent.

"Gladly," said the friendly lion, "I'd say it has a golden *brilliance*, is *lighter*, and that it flows *smoothly* over the delighted tongue."

"Tell me more!" exclaimed his fascinated friend.

"The brilliance you can see," said Goldie, "the lightness you can taste—ah, but the smooth delight is an experience! I suggest we put it to the test."

Have you discovered *Molson's Golden Ale*? You'll find it's *less filling*—"light as a feather", yet alive with all the zest and authority of a traditional brew. Like it light? Then choose *Molson's Golden*! Flavour conscious? Let the *Molson's Golden Ale* lion be your guide.

Molson's GOLDEN ALE



The pageant re-enacts the life of an Iroquois hero or some phase of Iroquois history, this year Handsome Lake, the Seneca prophet revered by the Longhouse, and Pauline Johnson, the poet of the Six Nations Reserve. Everyone who has buckskins and feathers is asked to take part and they all do so freely and happily because it helps to keep real and alive the traditions of the confederacy.

Emily General is fiercely jealous of the sovereignty of her nation. She believes, as do most of her people, that their Creator gave the Iroquois a big

space to live in and it wasn't to be bartered or sold. The people of the present generation are only custodians of the lands of those not yet born.

But what heritage have they left to pass on to their children, the Iroquois ask as they look at their flat meagre country with the dust rising thick on the roads. Will the greedy white man who covets all that he sees deprive them even of that? The Iroquois believe so. They live with their fears, their cars and TV sets, and their dreams of the green wooded hills and the lakelands that their fathers had

before them. But they'll keep on fighting for their rights. The Iroquois haven't been conquered.

On my way off the reserve I stopped to say good-bye to Chief Henhawk. He was sitting on his little back stoop with a note pad on his knee on which he was laboriously writing. He smiled when he saw me. "You're just in time to give me a hand with this here," he said.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"I'm writing a letter to the Queen. I'm asking her to give us back our freedom." ★

Where to Buy an Ancestor Cheap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and newly arrived immigrants—these are the bargain hunters, the collectors, the entertainment seekers, and the gamblers who find bidding for antiques as fascinating as buying an Irish sweepstake ticket.

It takes roughly three weeks of preparation on the part of the twenty employees of Ward-Price Ltd. for each sale, which, including a two-day preview, lasts about two weeks. First Ward-Price inspects the furnishings in the home from which they are to be removed for auctioning, mentally evaluating them and noting any unusually good pieces. Then they are taken to the galleries. Here the staff sorts the items according to value and special significance to collectors, keeping close watch for any distinguishing marks that might indicate unusual age or value.

It was during one of these routine inspections that the Queen Anne teapot that sold for \$1,750 was discovered. The client whose estate was being auctioned knew his dead wife had owned a valuable teapot but a search through the house failed to bring it to light. One of the Ward-Price staff, while sorting a miscellaneous collection of badly tarnished silver plate which had been stored on the top shelf of an old cupboard, noticed a hallmark on a small teapot of unusually graceful design. He brought the teapot to Ward-Price, saying, "I think this is good." After excitedly checking through reference books, Ward-Price agreed with him wholeheartedly. It was a Queen Anne teapot made in 1712 by Augustine Courtauld, rated as one of the finest silversmiths in England. Teapots of that time were extremely rare, as tea was still an expensive luxury. Its beauty restored by careful polishing, the teapot was the *pièce de résistance* of the sale.

There are two auction sessions held each day while a sale is in progress—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. When sorting items the staff saves for evening sales those more likely to bring high prices. They try to build up one or two sale sessions of special interest—usually on Friday nights—and these are the most heavily attended. For bargain hunting, the afternoon and ordinary night sessions are best. Occasionally there are special sessions entirely devoted to silver, books, linens or Oriental rugs.

After Ward-Price sorts the items to be sold they are numbered and catalogued. The catalogues, sometimes illustrated, selling usually for twenty-five cents, are written in fascinating prose. Here, for example, is an excerpt from the foreword to the catalogue for the sale of the estate of Sir William Mortimer Clark in 1949:

"There may still be some who can recall their acquaintance with its distinguished owner, the late Sir William Mortimer Clark, who was Lieutenant Governor of Ontario from 1903 to 1908 . . . It was only necessary for the door of 28 Avenue Road to be opened, at the tinkling of a bell, before one was ushered into the splendor of the Victorian age, for here, in this lofty house, with its labyrinth of carpeted rooms, giant lace-curtained windows and dignified décor, the years took flight and a panoramic picture of Toronto social life, nearly a half century ago, could easily be visualized."

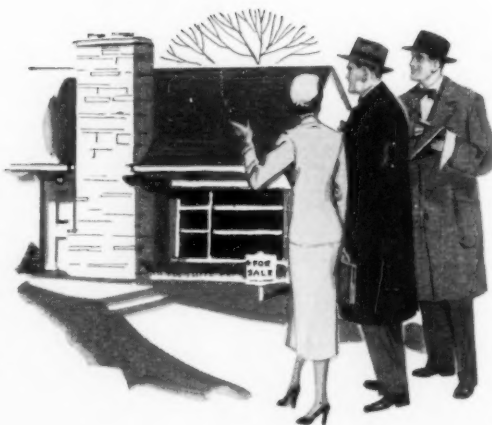
About three hundred items are sold each day of a sale, two hundred in the afternoon and one hundred at night.

Two ways to check your buying skill

1

When you buy a house

Would you buy a house without looking it over thoroughly first? Or would you examine plumbing, heating, storage facilities, the neighbourhood and the reputation of the builder? The more thorough you are, the higher you rate in buying skill . . . and you'll be hundreds of dollars ahead of the careless buyer in the long run.



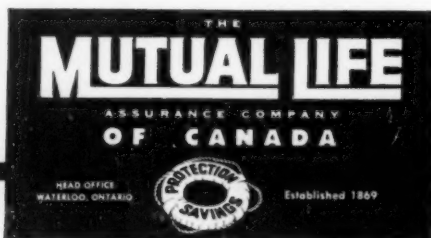
2

When you buy life insurance

Would you buy a life insurance policy on the strength of the premium alone; or would you look carefully at equally important features—dividends, cash value, and the reputation of the company? If you consider these things you'll save yourself time and trouble—and hundreds of dollars in cash!



The Mutual Life offers outstanding service



The Mutual Life of Canada is renowned for the helpful service of its representatives. That is why many of Mutual Life's policyholders are second, third and even fourth-generation customers of the Company. When you're looking for best protection at low net cost, it will pay you to see a Mutual Life of Canada representative.

ML-6-55

Each item is knocked down in about a minute and a half.

Ben Ward-Price is usually present at some time during the preview of a sale, chatting with old friends and customers, and available for consultation. At this time, too, if anyone wishes, he may bring in a professional evaluator. Anyone wishing to bid on an item without attending the sale may examine it at the preview and telephone in an advance bid. These bids are entered at the sale by the bookkeeper, who acts as agent for the bidder. On the other hand, Ward-Price refuses to accept an item for sale with a reserve bid—a price set by the owner below which he does not wish the piece sold. Ward-Price feels reserve bids waste the company's time but he uses his own discretion and, if the price seems far too low, will hold the item over for a later sale.

The preview of a recent sale of "bits and pieces" from many home owners filled every bit of exhibition space, excepting the tiny display room on College Street. Two hundred or more prospective buyers armed with catalogues fingered Oriental rugs, peered at the underside of china, tested the springs of stuffed chairs, inspected crystal for minute chips, and made mysterious distinguishing marks in their catalogues. The atmosphere was as full of cheer as an old-home-week celebration and as full of intrigue as a meeting of spies, not yet sure they were among friends.

Wavers Can Expect Trouble

Between the time of the preview and the opening of the first sale session the Ward-Price staff had cleared the pale-green auction room of the furniture on display and arranged hundreds of straight-backed chairs with a narrow aisle up the centre. They placed the auctioneer's small velvet-covered table to the left of a raised platform at one end of the room and a desk for the bookkeeper at the right. The furniture to be sold at the first session was heaped together in order of sale in a small room beyond the platform, hidden from the audience by heavy drapes. That to be sold at later sessions was left in the outer display rooms or crowded around the walls of the auction room and of the balcony which extends across the back of the room and along either side. Richly colored rugs hung from the balcony, giving the place somewhat the appearance of an Oriental bazaar.

At seven-thirty on the last night of the sale (a Friday night) buyers began filtering into the auction room. A plump ruddy-faced man with a tuft of snow-white hair ringing his scarlet bald spot puffed in through the back entrance, stopping to inspect the furniture. Two matronly women fluttered indecisively about the balcony, then selected seats with the best view. A bored-looking man hid himself behind a newspaper and to all intents and purposes ignored the sale from then on. A young woman arrived with her knitting and, with a catalogue open on her knee, knitted busily throughout the sale. Around her there was much chatting and waving at friends elsewhere in the room. It's safe to wave at this stage of an auction but Ward-Price discourages it during a sale by calling, "Fifty dollars bid by the woman waving." Ward-Price justifies the manoeuvre by saying, "Anyone who comes in to an auction and starts waving at friends should expect trouble."

At precisely eight o'clock (by now the room was three quarters full) Ben Ward-Price entered the room with a catalogue, a long blue record book and

a glass of water. He seated himself at the table. A big, fair, handsome man in his early fifties, impeccably dressed in a dark suit and red tie, he is an imposing figure with a pleasant, if slightly formal, manner. Holding his horn-rimmed glasses in his hand and tapping his teeth with them occasionally, he began briskly:

"Well, here we are, ladies and gentlemen. You'll notice that we try to leave things on view as long as possible before they are sold. It's nicer that way, I think. Now what's the first item for tonight?

"Pair of Ridgway china boat-shaped bowls decorated in rust-and-blue Oriental pattern, B.A.D.A. gold seal," he read from his catalogue, then glanced at the bowls an attendant had arranged on a velvet-covered easel.

The B.A.D.A. seal guarantees that the article has been passed by the British Antique Dealers' Association as a genuine antique—that is, over one hundred years old.

The sale moved briskly on to more interesting things. (The first and last items at any sale session are usually of minor value—to allow for late-

comers and early leavers—and Ward-Price wastes little time haggling over them.) A pair of Chinese carved teakwood wall brackets, twenty-three pieces of cut crystal stemware, several sets of English brass fire tools and other brassware sold quickly. An open-arm easy chair on turned legs and upholstered in blue brocatelle started at ten dollars.

"A lovely little piece," said Ward-Price with warm enthusiasm. "How much am I offered? Eleven dollars, \$12 in the balcony . . . \$13 to the lady near the back"—and as the bidders

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yourself
to a
Moirs
masterpiece







POT OF GOLD
Sheer luxury in chocolates, enjoyed for generations. A large selection, including soft creamy caramels, nut meats, nougatines, liquid cherries, ginger and crispy nut pieces.



LUXURY
A treat you'll thrill to. Rich fruit cream centres, butter creams, nut creams, nougats and crispy, chewy pieces.

Canadians make the finest chocolates in the world. Buy Canadian—Keep Canadians employed.

How to remove WINTERTIME DANDRUFF

with just one shampoo!



ONE SHAMPOO with Fitch removes ugly dandruff flakes, even in winter when dandruff is worse!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR ^{UP} TO 35% at the same time!



NEW, Milder Fitch is so gentle, you can use it every shampoo—not just to remove dandruff!

Only FITCH guarantees dandruff-free, brighter hair...or money back!

These winter days embarrassing dandruff is at its worst. Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats may interfere with circulation. Glands are also overactive.

So, in cold weather, you really need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It's the only shampoo specially made and guaranteed to remove flaky dandruff with one shampoo—or money back! Of course, when Fitch removes dulling dandruff flakes, it brightens hair up to 35% too!

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at retail counters today. If one shampoo doesn't leave your hair free of "wintertime dandruff"—at the same time brighter, more beautiful—return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask for professional application at your Barber or Beauty shop.



hesitated—"...\$13 wouldn't even buy the material to cover it...\$14 in the balcony...\$15 if you say...\$16, \$16 in the balcony. Sixteen dollars then, is that the price—\$16?"

Managing to convey pained incredulity, Ward-Price tapped quickly with his ivory hammer head and the sale was completed. In Ward-Price's great-grandfather's time the ivory hammer was probably complete but some time before Ben joined the firm the handle was lost. It's better that way. The discreet, gentle tap of the hammer head, held between thumb and first finger, scarcely disturbs the sedate calm of a Ward-Price sale.

If the auctioneer knows the buyer he simply marks the name and price in his blue record book. If he does not, he notes his location on the floor—"second row, third in"—and a floor clerk slips unobtrusively down to get the name, address and number of the item from the customer.

Ward-Price likes to give a bit of background for the items he sells. This adds interest to the sale, he explains—it also tends to bring prices up. He told the audience that the function of the red ruffled curtain at the back of an antique buffet was to keep gravy from splashing on the wall, that a high-backed chair not only protected its owner from draughts but also from an enemy's knife in the back, and that, in those perilous times, a glass-bottomed beer mug made it possible to watch for enemies while drinking.

Now growing tension was apparent in the bidding. A beautiful golden Royal Tabriz rug with an indistinct pattern in subdued tones sold for one hundred and ninety dollars.

"It's worth much more than that," commented a man who'd been watching the rapid bidding with interest. "I'd have bid myself but it wouldn't go with my home."

The Royal Tabriz had come to Canada with one Viennese lady and now went into the home of another New Canadian. Europeans, who find it hard to understand the North American craze for broadloom, buy many of the used Oriental rugs that are auctioned at the Ward-Price Galleries.

"A pretty little piece," commented the auctioneer as two attendants wheeled a neat, mahogany military chest with brass hardware through the drapes. "Turn it around and let them have a good look at it. It's a lovely bit." At a Ward-Price auction "pretty little pieces" and "lovely bits" follow each other as smartly on the stage as in a well-trained revue.

"Let's start it at \$30...\$30, \$40...\$50 it is...\$60 near the back. This is a particularly nice chest...\$70—it's your bid madam, at least I think it is. Are you two together?" Sheepishly, husband and wife discovered they'd been trying to raise each other's bids. "At the rear, \$80...\$90...\$90. Is that the price then—\$90? You have a bargain, sir."

The catalogue description for the next item read: "A fine Louis-design, walnut display cabinet with curved glass panels, carved decoration." This item started at twenty-five dollars and inched its way up.

"Looks like a coffin," commented a woman with merry dark eyes who was leaning over the balcony. "I wouldn't take it as a gift."

"Seventy dollars?" agonized Ward-Price. "Why the glass alone is worth seventy dollars. This piece in New York would bring one hundred and fifty."

"Oh, come now, Ben, don't let yourself get carried away," a mild voice from the rear admonished him softly.

because
you admire
something
just a
little bit
different



Kwakwaka'wakw
Indian mask

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SCOTCH IS FOR YOU

... because our Best
Procurable has
rather an unusual
background. We first
brought it over from
Scotland 250 years ago
for our own company
officers. So unusually
good was this rare
old Scotch that it
remained our private
stock for more than
a century. Today,
of course, you can
enjoy this fine liqueur
whisky too... literally
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HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY

A mahogany dining-room suite, custom made by Rawlinson, a well-known Toronto cabinetmaker, brought admiring murmurs from the crowd. The bidding soon narrowed down to a contest between a very British gentleman with a clipped mustache and an older, grey-haired lady. With his wife encouraging him, the man immediately raised each bid his opponent made until, when the price reached eight hundred dollars, she subsided dejectedly. "Eight hundred and twenty-five, if you say so, Madam," coaxed the auctioneer, but she shook her head reluctantly.

At a city auction the bidding is done by signals. The customary signal is raising a catalogue. With lightning glances around the room, seemingly able to see out of the corner of his eye, the auctioneer translates the signals into bids. Professional dealers, and some amateurs who like to appear in the know, work out their own systems of indicating bids to the auctioneer.

"One man stares at me," says Ward-Price, "and as long as he is looking I keep on bidding for him. When he looks away he's through. Another sits tapping his pencil against his teeth. When he stops, I stop bidding. Another is bidding as long as he has a cigarette in his mouth. No matter how little attention he seems to be paying, he's bidding until he removes the cigarette."

An alert auctioneer can tell when a man's getting ready to bid by the way his Adam's apple bobbles. He can tell when he's through by the way he slumps back in his seat. He can also usually estimate within a few dollars what an article will bring before it reaches the platform. Ward-Price maintains there are no crazy prices for anything. If someone wants a particular statuette or piece of furniture, it's worth what he pays for it. The only time the prices get out of line is when at least two bidders want that particular item and no other. It may be drapes that match their furniture, or a chest that completes a collection. Ward-Price's advice is to go to the preview, study any items that are of interest, look around in stores next day, decide on a price and stick to it. When that price is reached, stop bidding. The only time he feels this advice should be disregarded is when it is something that one really wants and won't be happy without; then, he says, "Go after it and don't quibble over a few dollars."

Ward-Price sets the starting price well below what he estimates as the value of the article but high enough to eliminate a lot of unnecessary bidding. It tends to lower the eventual selling price if the starting price is too low and similarly if the raises are too small. Articles which begin at less than five dollars are normally raised by fifty-cent bids; above five dollars they go up by one dollar at a time; and above twenty dollars they are usually raised by about ten percent each bid.

Antique dealers and second-hand dealers often attend Ward-Price auctions to pick up bargains for resale, and sometimes, to squeeze out the small fry, they make jump bids.

"The best jump bid I ever saw," Ward-Price says, "was at the T. P. Loblaw sale. (T. P. Loblaw was the founder of a chain of groceries, well-known in Ontario and New York State.) Bids were going up by \$50 on a painting. The price had reached \$250. The next bid was \$750. The opposition dropped out. The woman who had been bidding came to me later and asked me to offer the buyer \$1,000 for the picture. She just hadn't had the nerve to follow a \$500 jump bid."

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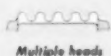
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The smooth, comfortable continuous-round Sunbeam head is bigger and has over 3000 shaving edges—more than any other electric shaver. The lightning-fast single cutter makes over 24-million shaving actions per minute—more than any electric shaver with multiple heads.

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This SMOOTH continuous-round shaving head is screened with a network of holes that are closer together than the whiskers on your face. The Shavemaster head has more shaving edges than any other electric shaver made.

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The ONLY electric shaver with a Powerful 16-bar armature, self-starting REAL motor.



SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 18

Some customers complain that they don't like attending a sale where there are dealers but others know that as long as a dealer is bidding the article is still a bargain.

An auctioneer's nightmare is the disputed bid. Because no one is infallible, he does on occasion miss a bid—usually one that is made just as the hammer is going down. Often this is made by someone who hasn't been bidding previously. The only thing the auctioneer can do then is to put the item up for sale again but this usually causes hard feelings all round.

One woman claimed she had just been fanning herself, not bidding. Ward-Price, trained in understanding auctioneers, felt certain she had bid but was scared when she was left with the purchase. "We have to make our living by good will, too," he says, "and sometimes it's better to take an article back than to cause a fuss."

By law there is no redress if the article bought at an auction doesn't measure up to what is expected of it. It is sold with all its faults and imperfections. Usually these are mentioned in the catalogue or by the

auctioneer when the sale is in progress, but even if not so mentioned the sale is still legal.

Ward-Price patterns his tactics after those of auctioneers in England where auctioneering is a skilled profession requiring a three-year course. (In Canada any citizen who can pay for a license can auction.) There are colleges in the United States where auctioneers are trained in the rapid patter necessary. One of these even puts out a booklet called *Auctioneers' Manual of Pep Talks and Witty Sayings*. But Ben Ward-Price deprecates the

way many American auctioneers insult their audiences. "I'll bet there isn't a man in this crowd who has five dollars in his pocket," and, "If you don't intend to buy, don't hang around." He feels it is poor psychology to make his customers angry and tries to establish an atmosphere of good feeling by relating little anecdotes, cracking gentle jokes, and keeping his voice almost at a monotone except when he lets it sharpen to emphasize how ridiculously low a bid is. He likes to hear a little hum of conversation. When things get too quiet people get tense and grim, he says, and can't bid. "I've had people tell me they wanted to bid and just froze up and couldn't raise a hand."

In a sense Ward-Price has been in at the death of an era. Taxes and the high cost of living have made it necessary for one after another of the huge old mansions with thirty or forty rooms to be sold. One of the best known of these homes was that of Sir William Mortimer Clark, of Toronto, which was bought by the Park Plaza Hotel. According to newspaper reports of the time, the furnishings included twenty-five thousand dollars worth of fine Irish linen.

More than one thousand advance bids were placed by collectors from all over the world when Waverley, a five-acre estate with a forty-room mansion built at London, Ont., by Thomas H. Smallman, one of the founders of the Imperial Oil Co., was auctioned off. So many people attended the sale, held on the premises, that Ward-Price had a marquee erected on the lawn and auctioned under that.

A sleek, black-and-yellow twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce that in 1937 cost \$28,000 aroused the greatest interest at the sale. In less than five minutes the bids from the ground reached \$3,500 and stopped. The Ward-Price bookkeeper then placed a \$3,600 bid for a Toronto financier. The buyer, who kept the automobile for four years, said recently: "Ben Ward-Price broke me into the Rolls-Royce class. I bought a new one in England last year—not second-hand this time."

At another time Ward-Price was commissioned to sell a rosewood Victorian parlor suite that had belonged to Abraham Lincoln. It had been brought to Canada by an American woman and was accompanied by a bill of sale signed by Mrs. Lincoln. This suite returned to the States when Henry Ford paid fifteen hundred dollars for it.

A piano used by Paderewski while touring Canada came to Ward-Price from the home of Miss Jan Gordon, a former Metropolitan Opera singer, who lived near Chatham, Ont. Along with valuable pieces like this, old homes occasionally yield up oddities—like a sterling-silver sobriety tester, for example. This is a Dutch souvenir item. The figure of a woman holds two cups, one on top of the other. If you can successfully drink, without spilling, the liquid out of the tiny, tippy cup on top you are eligible to drink from the larger bottom cup.

Ben Ward-Price is a fourth-generation auctioneer. His great-grandfather, grandfather and father had auction businesses in England. Ben's father established the Toronto business on Lombard Street in 1912. From the time Ben was thirteen he has been in and out of the auctioning business. He joined his father in business permanently in 1930, and in 1937 he leased the present site, formerly the Jenkins Art Galleries. In a few years he bought the premises.

Although he maintains a small stock of antiques for private sale, ninety percent of his business is auctioning for

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"This Canadian wine is admirable," said M. Andre Vaucher, seen at the gates of the Chateau Chambolle-Musigny. M. Vaucher is a director of a French wine-growing firm.

Chambolle-Musigny

"There is every quality in this wine from Canada," exclaimed Mlle. Micheline Dubois, Mlle. Dubois was photographed in a village near Bordeaux where she works with a well-known wine-growing firm.

Mlle. Dubois

others on a commission basis. The firm is often called in also for evaluating estates for probate and insurance purposes. For insurance the value is taken as being that which it would cost to replace the furnishings; for probate, that which the furniture would bring if auctioned at the going rate.

As a youngster, Ben found the thought of auctioning boring and he left for a more adventurous life in northern Canada, flying for lumbering and mining companies. But in 1930 he returned to Toronto, to discover auctioning actually far from dull. One of the first sales he recalls was that of a bankrupt rodeo. The auction, held at the rodeo grounds, was conducted by his father, Walter Ward-Price. Rain forced them to conduct their business from a caravan. One faction of the staff who wanted to take over the rodeo and run it themselves did their best to stop the sale by shouting and screaming. But the elder Ward-Price proceeded with the auction.

A rodeo horse would be brought up for inspection. "How much am I offered for this fine-looking horse?" the auctioneer would shout. At that point the horse, only half-broken and frightened by the clamor, would break free and race through the driving rain. "... For that fine-looking horse running away there," Walter Ward-Price would correct himself.

A Colt for Red Ryan

Another time the galleries were broken into during the early morning hours while a particularly valuable collection of antique and modern firearms was on display. Ward-Price could find nothing missing at the time, but when the guns were auctioned off a few days later he discovered that two Colts were gone.

The incident was not closed. When Red Ryan, a notorious bank robber released from Kingston Penitentiary in 1935 with much publicity about his reformed nature, was shot to death during a liquor-store holdup in 1936, it was discovered that his gun was one of the Colts taken from the Ward-Price galleries. The other one turned up on one of Ryan's cronies. Ward-Price claimed both guns and sold them with an added bit of history to their credit.

Today many of Ward-Price's antiques and fine reproductions come to him from England. Several years ago he traveled through England organizing his source of supply there and scouts now attend sales to select furnishings suitable for the Canadian market. Dealers with the help of better roads and automobiles have scoured outlying districts in Canada and have left few good pieces behind. While vacationing in the Laurentians, however, Ward-Price did notice several fine pieces during a visit with a young Englishman who had bought an old estate there and turned it into a hotel. Due to what he calls "my stupid reluctance to offer to buy my host's furniture," he didn't discuss a sale. Later, while at a cocktail party at a friend's ski cabin, he saw some of the pieces he had admired, and listened, chagrined, to his friend's boasts of the marvelous bargains he'd picked up at a nearby hotel. Leaving the party, Ward-Price quickly buckled on his skis and skimmed off to do business with the English hotelman. He was able to buy enough good pieces to pay for his holiday—among them a magnificent French Provincial commode that he considers one of the finest he's ever seen.

Somewhat in the manner of the late art dealer Sir Joseph Duveen, Ben Ward-Price has a faintly paternal feel-

ing for any fine furniture he has once sold, and always welcomes it back into his galleries. One of the advantages of this attitude to the customer is that there is no difficulty in returning a Ward-Price purchase for resale if it doesn't suit—at the usual commission price of course. One customer who has done this often says she has even made money on a deal. (Ward-Price's sale and resale commission on all articles is from twenty-five to thirty percent of the sale price, depending on the value of the goods.)

Estate sales are more interesting to

handle than bits and pieces from several homes but in these the auctioneer must try to sell everything that is offered. One of the first commissions Ward-Price remembers was to sell furnishings that had been in storage for over forty years. During much of this time the owner of the property traveled in Europe, shipping home collectors' items from time to time to join the rest of the furnishings in storage. There were fifty trunks and boxes to be opened after her death and, because of a dispute among her heirs (her sanity was questioned) these were

opened in the presence of witnesses. To quote Ward-Price:

"One box just rocked me back on my heels. There were a pair of chop- pers inside the box and a little piece of paper with the words: 'My father's false teeth, removed before burial,' and a picture of father in his coffin."

The teeth are among the few things in an estate that he hasn't sold. But people who have watched Ben Ward-Price conduct an auction have little doubt that he could have sold them if he'd tried—and made the buyer feel he was getting a bargain. ★

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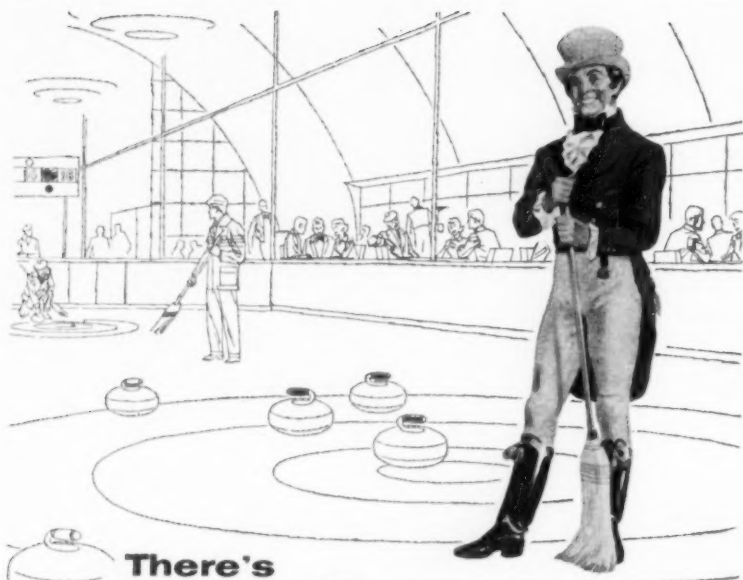
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Buck Crump's Love Affair with the CPR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

since the CNR is not a true free-enterprise example the government looks to the privately operated CPR as the "yardstick" against which the nation's freight rates and railway regulations are gauged. Thus Crump's decisions for CPR can have indirect effects far beyond the railway network he himself controls.

And that isn't all, for Canadian Pacific is far more than a railroad. The railway that Crump manages is actually only the core of a tangled skein of corporations representing a score or more of different businesses. CPR also owns some fifty ocean, coastal and inland steamships. Its Canadian Pacific Airlines operate schedules throughout the Canadian north as well as to the Orient, South America, Mexico, Australia and across the Arctic to Europe. It owns Canada's largest hotel chain and a 200,000-mile telegraph network. With a million acres of real estate (almost the area of Prince Edward Island) CPR is Canada's largest landowner and biggest taxpayer. It controls Consolidated Mining and Smelting of Trail, B.C., the world's largest lead and zinc mine. It is in the meat-packing business with a couple of stockyards and abattoirs. It has coal mines in the Rockies, oil wells in Alberta, grain elevators, bus and truck lines, and a macaroni factory. It operates Turkish baths, dance halls and the western hemisphere's largest glass-covered salt-water swimming pool. Among its diversified revenues are the good-luck pennies that tourists toss into Nova Scotia's Evangeline's Wishing Well, because Canadian Pacific owns that too (but the pennies go to charity).

This is Crump's vast and multifarious empire. In one way or another it reaches daily into the lives of every Canadian.

Too Busy to be an Athlete

When you see him seated behind his desk in the big Windsor Station office that has been used by all Canadian Pacific presidents since Lord Shaughnessy, Crump looks like a big man. His shoulders are thick and broad, and his face is round and full. But when he stands up his resemblance to a football lineman suddenly disappears, for he is surprisingly short—about five foot six. He is stout and chunky with little fat, weighs 165 to 170 pounds, and never has to worry about weight. He says he was never an athlete "because I was always too busy working on the railroad." His hair is slick and straight, now largely grey. He dresses plainly, usually in grey suits and striped shirts, in fact no differently than the clerks selling tickets in the big waiting room directly below his office. Sometimes when he smiles, tiny crow's-feet shoot out from the corners of his blue eyes, but these fleeting, skin-deep wrinkles are all he has and, if anything, he looks a little younger than his fifty-one years. He smokes cigars constantly.

When he became CPR president last spring a Montreal reporter asked him if he had any specific aims for himself or CPR. Crump replied: "I just want to be the best darned railwayman and the best family man I can." His record is a good one—on both these scores. He is married, and he and Mrs. Crump celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last Aug. 23. They have two daughters. Ann, twenty, is at-

tending Queen's University, Kingston; Janice, thirteen, attends public school in Hampstead, the western Montreal suburb where the Crumps live. Crump believes strongly that his home is his private refuge and he is striving to keep his family out of the public eye.

Unlike the salary of CNR's Donald Gordon, which is a matter of public record, Crump's salary is a private matter between him and his directors, and only he and the directors know what it is. It is almost certainly no less than Gordon's seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and has been reported without denial or confirmation to be a hundred thousand.

But the Crumps are poor candidates for the ranks of the *nouveaux riches*, for they are still living a modest fifteen-thousand-a-year way of life. They live in a middle-class forty-thousand-or-so house and have no house staff except a cleaning woman who comes around twice a week and a gardener who visits them about once a week. Janice goes to the closest public school. And last summer, instead of basking at a swank vacation resort, Crump took his two daughters on the organized six-day "Trail Ride" in the Rockies (another CPR venture), riding in the saddle all day and sleeping on the ground on spruce-bough beds at night.

Nor does Crump keep executive hours. His average working day as president is a little longer than it was thirty years ago when he was a machinist's apprentice wiping soot from locomotives. In their Hampstead home, the alarm goes and Buck Crump rises at 7.30 to begin his working day. He rushes through the morning paper with breakfast, and leaves the house before 8.30. He drives his own five-year-old Buick to the office, usually alone, but sometimes dropping Janice at school on the way. The Buick he describes as "CPR-freight-car red—when it's washed." Normally it takes him thirty minutes to drive the four traffic-congested miles between Hampstead and Windsor Station. He parks in a small CPR-owned outdoor parking lot adjoining the station. The lot is reserved for railway brass and President Crump's car is often one of the oldest there. Mrs. Crump doesn't drive, but the Crumps rate technically as a two-car family by virtue of a scratched and wrinkled military station wagon of wartime vintage which is kept for summer use at the Crump cottage near Parry Sound, Ont. The station wagon is now painted a bright blue and is reverently known as "The Goose."

As CPR president, however, Crump has the use of a third car—a glistening, half-block-long, company-owned Cadillac, complete with full-time chauffeur. The chauffeur is described as the least busy employee on Canadian Pacific's 87,000-man payroll. Crump uses the president's car only on formal occasions and for occasional downtown business calls. At the end of the day he climbs back into his ageing Buick for his nightly wrestle with Montreal's traffic jam.

So Crump seems to have no desire for the lavish way of life that was once the chief trademark of the job he holds.

How did he get the job? His own explanation is: "You have to work like the devil, and then be around when the breaks happen." Most of the way, Crump climbed the CPR ladder with his own efforts alone, until he reached the point where his abilities came under the eyes of the top brass; then he was pushed. At least ten years ago Crump was earmarked as a future CPR president and was deliberately moved into jobs that would round out his experience. Some see in CPR's recent history a policy of appointing short-term presidents "to keep the chair

warm" until young Buck Crump was sufficiently groomed to take over.

As usually happens with prominent men, the legends are already beginning to build up around Crump. One of the most persistent is that he was born in a freight-train caboose. He insists he wasn't. "I was born in the beautiful little town of Revelstoke, in the picturesque valley between the towering Selkirk and the Rockies," he says, reciting home-town chamber of commerce propaganda.

Crump's father, Thomas H. Crump, had come from England to the Canadian west in 1890, decided farming wasn't for him, and gone to work on a CPR track gang. One day a few months later at Gleichen, Alta., the boss discovered that Crump Sr. could read and write English, a rare ability in a section hand at that time, and that very day he was made a clerk. Crump Sr. wound up a divisional superintendent; now retired, he lives in the Hotel Vancouver.

Buck Crump's mother went west from Dundas, Ont., to Portage la Prairie in 1883.

Buck, his two brothers and a sister all became Canadian Pacific employees. It was little wonder, for all were born in CPR-owned homes, their playmates were from CPR families and they lived and played beside CPR tracks. Buck's only sister, now Mrs. W. McGinnis of Seattle, was a CPR stenographer for several years. His elder brother Edward is now CPR agent at Sicamous, B.C., and younger brother Jack is a public relations officer for CP Airlines at Vancouver.

Like most railroading families, the Crumps moved frequently. "We jumped all over the place," Crump says, "just as my own daughters had to do years later." Before he was eleven, he had lived in Revelstoke, Field, Grand Forks and Vancouver and back in Revelstoke again.

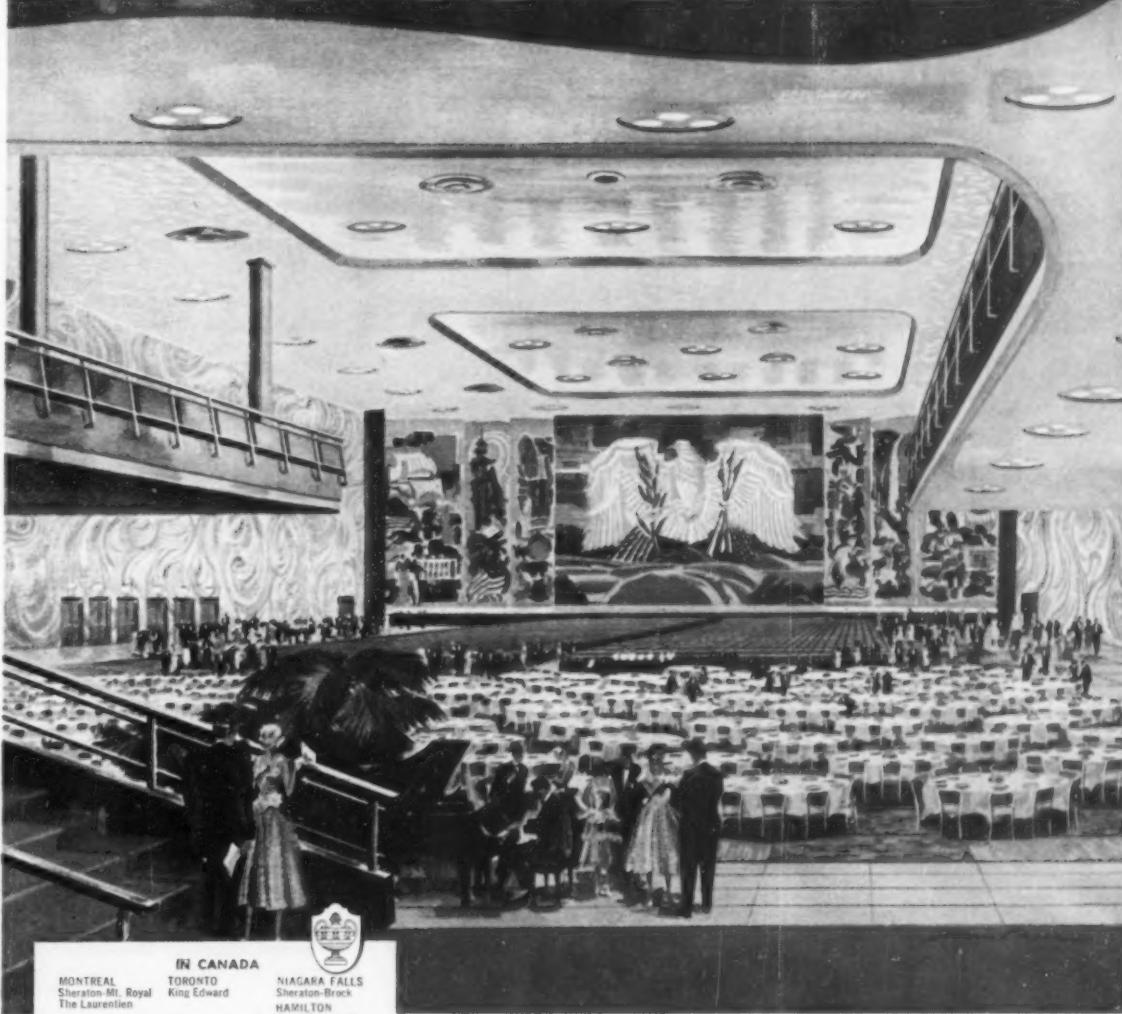
By then railroading was in his blood. If No. 18 failed to go through on time, rattling the windows and dishes in the Crump's track-side home, young Buck would awaken and wonder why; but if it thundered through on schedule he slept on. Before rising he would lie in his bed and listen to the rumbling echo of the morning passenger coasting down Eagle Pass, or a freight bucking its way up the Illecillewaet valley.

In June 1920, he was fifteen—old enough to start work, he thought. He got a job on the Revelstoke repair track—the "rip track" to railroaders. It was the siding on which damaged cars were repaired, their wheels and drawbars changed. "I wasn't allowed to touch a wrench," he says, "I was there just to do the heavy work, to lug the drawbars around and clean up the track afterward. September came, dad wanted me to get back to school; I wanted to stay on the railroad. He put up a big kick, but finally he said: 'Okay, if you want to be a railroader, be something worth while, and don't spend your life lugging drawbars around a rip track.'"

Crump Sr. arranged for Buck to go to Field to begin the five years of apprenticeship that would qualify him as a machinist. "When I left Revelstoke," he says, "the prospect of becoming a machinist looked like big stuff, the top of the ladder." But two years later, still a machinist apprentice, he was moved to the big CPR Weston Shops in Winnipeg, and there he began to see that there were bigger, more interesting and more challenging jobs than being a machinist. He decided to go to university and become a mechanical engineer.

For two winters he attended night classes at Winnipeg's Victoria-Albert School to round out his entrance requirements. All day he would work in

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2-5

the shops, continuing his apprenticeship. It was heavier work than now, because today's railway shops are extensively mechanized. At five o'clock every afternoon he would hurry to his room at Winnipeg "Y," clean up, eat and get to his class. Each June he wrote examinations and passed in several subjects that he studied privately because there wasn't time for them to be covered during the regular evening classes.

In September 1925, Crump obtained leave of absence from CPR to attend Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana, the railroad school of North America. For four years he went to Purdue, returning each summer to Winnipeg to whittle off some more of his apprenticeship and to save up for his university tuition.

To eke out his income he took a school-term night job as a student assistant at Purdue's library, working a couple of hours each evening for fifty cents an hour. One of the librarians was Stella Elvin, an attractive, medium-tall brunette from Uhrichsville, Ohio. She was taking general science at Purdue, but had qualified earlier as a librarian and worked evenings like Crump on the library staff. One of his duties was to close up the library every night. "That meant seeing the girls safely home," Crump says.

On June 11, 1929, Stella Elvin and Crump took their degrees together. Crump became a bachelor of science in mechanical engineering with a class of ninety-seven others. Nine in the class were listed: "degrees conferred with special distinction." Crump, though destined to go further than any of the others, didn't get marks high enough to put him in this select group.

Crump went back to work at the Winnipeg shops. And Stella Elvin took a position as librarian at a college in Bismarck, North Dakota, just a couple of hundred miles across the border from Winnipeg. They met for occasional week ends at Bismarck or Winnipeg, but in that fall of 1929 their wedding plans got a setback. The Depression hit and in October Crump was laid off.

He had worked hard for his degree, and there were few mechanical engineers in CPR then. He wondered if all the studying had been worth while. He began to look for another job. He found one as a draughtsman for Winnipeg Hydro. But his heart was in railroading and he kept in touch with the CPR. Five months later he was called back by CPR and sent to Saskatoon as roundhouse night foreman. And that August 1930 he and Stella Elvin were married in a quiet church-vestry wedding at Winnipeg.

Then the moves began. After less than a year at Saskatoon, Crump moved to Lethbridge as shop foreman. Six months later he went to Macleod as locomotive foreman, then back to Lethbridge, on to Calgary, then Wilkie, Sask.

At Wilkie in 1934 his ambition began nagging him again. Railroading was becoming more and more technical; big changes like the diesel engine were on the horizon. To get ahead a man was going to need all the technical qualification he could get. So Crump registered again at Purdue as a graduate student working for a professional degree in mechanical engineering. To qualify he had to prepare an engineering thesis and provide proof of five years' professional engineering experience, but he didn't have to return to Purdue for resident study. So he became a student again while carrying on his CPR job.

For his thesis subject Crump chose the diesel engine, then new and little known, and began to study its practicality for the railway locomotive. He just got nicely started when he was

transferred to Moose Jaw as night foreman, and the Crumps had their first daughter. He was working a twelve-hour night shift then, sleeping and studying during the day in a house with a new baby. Every afternoon, rain or shine, Mrs. Crump took the pram with baby Ann out into Moose Jaw's Crescent Park so that Crump could get in his daily two- or three-hour stint of study.

In the small prairie city there were few sources of research material on a subject as new and technical as the diesel engine and there were no authorities to advise or help him. Crump got his material together gradually, borrowing much of it by mail from Purdue and other libraries. A good deal of it was in German which had him stumped for a time until he found a Turkish student at Purdue who translated it for him.

Two years later the job was done—121 pages of typed text with numerous graphs, tables and engineering diagrams. And Crump had become one of the first railroaders to foresee and pre-

Foot Note

Shoe salesmen with that hustling air
Who think I'll buy the first darn pair

They show me
Don't know me.

I want a grandiose selection
Spread out for leisurely inspection.
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The worst pair.
Nope. First pair!

P. J. BLACKWELL

dict a big future for diesel locomotives. In June 1936 he got his new degree.

There were two dramatic after-maths to Crump's diesel research and thesis. Years later when he was much higher up CPR's administrative ladder, it was Crump, appropriately, who urged and superintended the CPR switch from steam to diesel locomotives, a change-over now well advanced. It was a big job, but Crump is more excited about the second aftermath:

Some of the main sources of information for his thesis were the writings in German of Dr. George Vladimir Lomonosov, a Russian engineer who built the first experimental diesel locomotive. Lomonosov became one of Crump's heroes. Years passed and in 1952 Crump, then CPR's senior vice-president in Montreal, was dealing with the Montreal Locomotive Works in connection with the railway's dieselization change-over. He learned by chance that one of MLW's engineers was a young Russian named Lomonosov. Crump, very busy at the time, had Edgar March, CPR's director of public relations, contact the young Russian and learn if he was any relation to the great diesel pioneer. March reported back to Crump that they were father and son, and that the senior Lomonosov was still alive and had been living retired right there in Montreal for two years. Crump dropped everything he was doing and arranged an immediate meeting with the elderly Russian engineer. "He was a big man with a full white beard," Crump recalls. "Meeting him was one of the highlights of my life. It was like meeting someone out of a history book whom you had thought long since dead."

At just about the time Crump won his engineering degree in Moose Jaw, he received his first important promotion.

He became a divisional master mechanic and moved to Regina, where the Crumps remained four years—their longest western stand. In 1940 he went to the headquarters of western lines at Winnipeg as chief mechanical draughtsman, and a year later became assistant superintendent of motive power, a job which kept him on the move most of the time inspecting locomotives, roundhouses and shops from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

In 1942 Beatty retired as CPR president and D. C. Coleman took over. Coleman, a former vice-president of western lines, had known and admired Buck Crump since Crump's days as night foreman at Saskatoon. "He is one of the hardest workers I've ever known," Coleman told the writer recently. "It isn't always easy to recognize top executive material while the man is still young enough to be put through the works and groomed for the job. But I was sure that Norris Crump was an up-and-coming man who deserved the opportunity to learn something of the inside workings of head office."

So Crump was moved east for the big leagues. Coleman made him assistant to vice-president William Neal in Montreal. Up to then he had been strictly a motive-power man whose job was to keep locomotives running. Now he was turned loose at the age of thirty-eight in the maze of head-office management.

Then he was moved to Toronto as general superintendent to get some down-to-earth experience in the heavy-traffic, short-haul railroading of the east, which differs a good deal from railroading in the west. At first he spent months traveling until he knew every curve and every bridge between Fort William and Saint John, just as he knew the lines of the west. By 1946, because of his youth and rapid promotion, he was openly looked upon as CPR's president of the not-too-distant future, so much so that staff transfers to Toronto were being sought by younger ambitious executives to get themselves under the eyes of Crump.

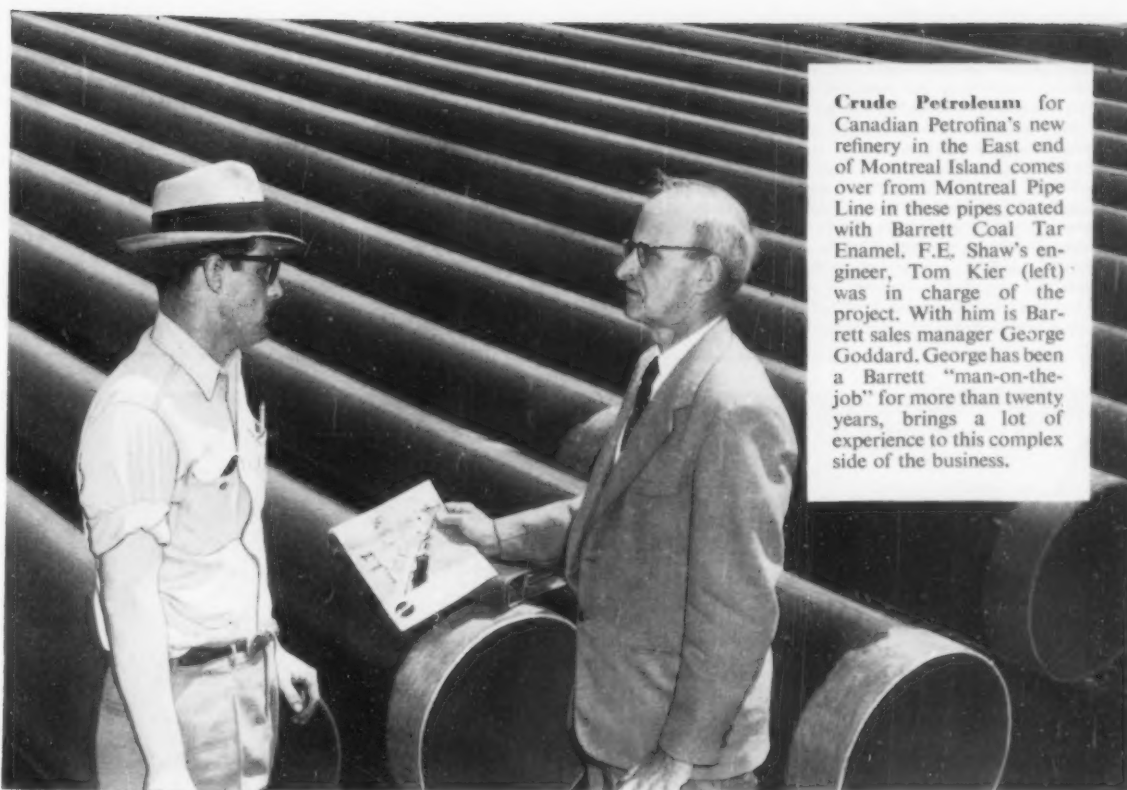
He moved up to general manager of eastern lines, then vice-president of eastern lines. In 1948 W. A. Mather became president and Crump moved back to Montreal head office as his senior vice-president. By this spring when Mather retired Crump was said to be already president of CPR in every way but name.

Today, as he works at his desk in the big presidential office, the growl of diesel locomotives creeping in and out of Windsor Station comes up like thunder from below. Most of a typical day is spent in conferences with his vice-president department heads. Sometimes in the course of a morning Crump will be called upon to okay the spending of five or ten million dollars.

After lunch the round of interviews and conferences may slow down a bit and Crump digs into his reading—inter-office memos, mail, departmental reports, court and transport board judgments, engineering studies and the annual reports of other railways. Usually he leaves for home between 5.30 and 5.45, rarely staying downtown to work late, but almost nightly he takes a batch of reading home with him.

His "homework," he says, is heavier than usual at present, because after thirty-five years as a railroader he is now having to study the operation and administration of an airline, steamships, hotels and everything else under CPR's far-reaching corporate roof.

Crump still devotes a little time to his one surviving hobby—the collection and repair of old guns. His interest in guns is historical and mechanical; he is



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not a hunter. He has about a hundred of them, most from the old Canadian and American west. He puts the guns in shape for firing, using his machinist's skill and experience to file and grind out replacements for broken or missing parts, then periodically he bundles a few of them off to the Crumps' Muskoka summer cottage and startles the neighbors by peppering away at a target with ancient blunderbusses and flintlocks.

Out of his broad railroading background Crump has acquired a mind that is a bottomless reservoir of railway facts. His phenomenal memory was

dramatically tested when he was a witness for three days of questioning during the Board of Transport Commissioners' freight-rate hearings of 1947. For the initial questioning conducted by his own CPR lawyers, Crump of course had answers more or less prepared in advance. But when the commissioners and opposing lawyers began their cross-examinations, Crump had to rely on memory. At times the hearings became a "let's stump Crump" contest as lawyers opposing an increase in rates vied with each other to pose questions they

thought Crump couldn't answer.

When asked about the cost of ties, he replied promptly: "No. 1 fir ties cost forty-nine cents in 1939, today (1947) they are \$1.19."

Commissioner George Stone asked him how many ties are required for a mile of track. Crump paused momentarily, then said: "The average is 2,995 ties to the mile." "How many ties are there in the whole system?" "More than sixty-three million." "How many need replacing each year?" "Last year we laid over three million new ties." "What does it cost to treat (creosote) a

tie?" "It was fifty-one cents in 1939, now it's sixty-seven cents a tie." "Why don't you use hardwood ties?" "They are \$1.62 each. The price has become almost prohibitive."

In the same sure, crisp manner Crump answered practically every question.

One lawyer began comparing the earnings of Canadian and U. S. railways. Crump argued they weren't comparable. The lawyer shot back: "Why?" Crump answered just as fast: "Because in the United States they have 582 persons per mile of railroad, in Canada we have only 287. U. S. railways are handling 681 billion tons of freight a year . . . in Canada it's 63 billion."

Saskatchewan lawyer M. A. MacPherson asked why train No. 4 couldn't provide faster service into Regina. "Because there are 'slow' orders of sixty miles an hour on the curves between Swift Current and Moose Jaw," Crump said. "On that Wolseley curve it's fifty miles an hour."

Crump proved too at this time that he was no respecter of railroading's sacred cows. MacPherson read a statement to him about track maintenance and asked if he agreed. Crump disagreed. "Do you know who made that statement?" MacPherson shouted. Crump said he did not. "It was made by Sir Edward Beatty himself when he had been president of the CPR for twenty years!" MacPherson said triumphantly. Beatty was a legal and financial genius, but in spite of his reputation as a great railway leader he never became well versed in railroad engineering. Crump didn't bat an eye as he replied: "I speak from a different viewpoint. I am an engineer. Sir Edward was a lawyer."

Besides giving him a detailed knowledge of railroading, Crump's training has given him an almost personal love for locomotives. Arriving on an early morning train at Toronto once in 1947, he was stepping down to the platform when a large modern locomotive of a leading U. S. railway pulled up on an adjoining track. It was hauling CPR's New York train under a locomotive pooling agreement then in effect. The U. S. locomotive was covered with grime and streaked with white incrustations from its boiler. Crump turned to a CPR official with him and said: "Isn't that a tragic sight? Can you imagine a company treating a lovely piece of equipment like that?"

A few days later the Toronto roundhouse, though not responsible for upkeep of the U. S. locomotives, was ordered to clean all U. S. locomotives as well as its own. Crump observed: "If they don't know how to take care of locomotives, we'll do it for them."

Among railroaders Crump already has a legendary reputation. Will the reputation spread and add another glamorous name to CPR's colorful roster of presidents? Crump's chances are good. But among all those involved, Crump seems the least interested. ★

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The Cooneys and Their Seven Adopted Children

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

his company manners or his academic flourishes. They regard as villainous the couple some people consider virtuous—the parents who have set high and unshakable standards for their children. "Don't try to create out of people or children something they aren't," warns Joe Cooney. "Everyone has a pressure point and can't be pushed beyond it without injury."

This is best illustrated in the story of a child who was adopted by the Cooneys a few years ago. This child had been placed first in another home where the parents had attempted zealously to train a perfect child. After ten months the couple indignantly returned the child to the Children's Aid. The child, now in need of psychiatric treatment to overcome his feeling of hopelessness, was sent to the Cooneys at their request.

"When you're this small and have been made to feel a failure," said the case worker, "the damage goes deep."

The Cooneys warmly received the stiffly polite, contained little person with the lifeless eyes. The first night they were aghast when he undressed and folded his clothes impeccably at the foot of his bed, set his shoes side by side, washed and brushed his teeth without being told and came downstairs stolidly to kiss a succession of strangers good night.

"It broke our hearts," recalls Lillian Cooney. "The child was like a puppet."

A Child that Needed Love

For months this youngster was cold to all the attempts the Cooneys made to show their affection. As a matter of practice, still maintained, the child was never given a task he couldn't do easily. He was never given a dish to carry that he might fumble, never given a toy he couldn't master. "We couldn't risk a failure," explains Joe Cooney. "It would set the child back too much."

A turning point came when Lillian Cooney found the child crumpled at the foot of the stairs one afternoon almost a year later. She picked him up but he wouldn't speak to her. She couldn't learn if he had fallen or if he was ill. She carried him to a rocking chair and began to rock with him in her arms.

"You know what I think was one of the most wonderful days of my life?" she began talking to him in her soft voice. "Well, it was a beautiful spring day last year when I was sitting here wishing and wishing that I had a little boy. I wanted one so badly, and daddy wanted one so badly. Well, this day a car stopped down there at the end of the sidewalk . . ."

The child in her arms didn't stir, but Lillian knew by the set of his head that he was listening.

" . . . and a lady got out of the car with this beautiful little boy. He was so handsome and so wonderful I could hardly believe that he was coming here. And do you know who he was?"

The child turned his head and stared at his mother's face.

"The child was you, my darling. That was a happy day for all of us."

The little boy went limp and closed his eyes. "Tell me that again," he sighed. Lillian went on rocking for a long time afterward, talking gently. The child had begun to believe, at last, that he could be loved.

The Cooneys have also discovered, to their own astonishment, that a steady wash of uncritical love is not always enough to heal a wounded child. One baby was adopted after several months of institutional care in a nursery that was understaffed. The nurses had time only to feed and change the babies; none could be kissed or cuddled. The baby who came to the Cooneys had reacted by withdrawing. He refused to try to stand, to reach for a toy, to crawl. He sat sloppily and turned his head away when anyone approached him.

Weeks and weeks went by. Lillian Cooney rocked the baby, sang in his ear and kissed his soft neck. The baby twisted away and grew weaker.

"I believe," the pediatrician remarked one day, "that this baby may even die. He isn't interested in living."

Lillian and Joe had a conference that night after their children were in bed. "We had to admit that our system of giving the baby a lot of loving had failed. We decided to let our children give it a try."

The next day Lillian put the baby on the floor instead of in the playpen.

He sat there while his older brothers and sisters made cooing noises at him and offered him toys. He turned away. A younger child, indignant at the snub, slapped him lightly. A few minutes later a child running across the room accidentally bumped into the baby, sending him sprawling. The baby began to cry. Lillian set him up on his diapered bottom and left the room.

"I figured that I'd let the children do whatever they liked," explained Lillian, "short of brutality. It was a case of life or death."

After a few weeks of this therapy,

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Model of plan submitted by Knud Peter Harboe, Denmark, winner of the Calvert House International Award.

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He admits now that he didn't know "the first thing" about the Mass, but had the impression that it was a strange practice "belonging to the Dark Ages." A priest, he thought at the time, was a person of dubious character "of whom the people lived in mortal terror."

"Even if I had been interested in the Catholic Faith," he says now, "I would no more have knocked on a rectory door than I would have entered a lion's den. I would not have allowed myself to be dragged in!"

But if the Catholic religion was repellent to him, as he says now, the young man was equally unable to find any other answer to his craving for spiritual certainty. Indeed, he had ceased to attend church altogether and began to have serious doubts about the existence of God. He was, he explains, only trying to prove his broadmindedness when he accepted the invitation of a Catholic friend to talk with a priest.

"I was sure," he explains today, "that no priest could convince me that there was anything for me in this Roman church, despite the fact that we agreed on many fundamentals."

But a chain of happenings and circumstances spread over several years... and including the visit to the priest... have brought this young man into the Catholic Church. And his mother and sister are converts, too. Some people undoubtedly will attribute this to the persuasiveness of the priest... but the young convert himself says: "It was the grace of God."

Non-Catholics are often puzzled, even shocked, when someone they know de-



cides to become a Catholic. This, the young man explains, is due to the fact that Catholic beliefs and practices are difficult for non-Catholics to understand. It is because of this that the Church constantly holds forth its invitation to non-Catholics to investigate Catholic teachings and worship, even though they may not wish to become Catholics.

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the baby made his first move. In the interests of survival, he crawled out of the way. Shortly afterward he was crawling everywhere, pulling himself up to stand, walking around the coffee table. He began to eat heartily and responded with a shy new smile when he was hugged.

"What did you do?" asked the doctor in amazement on the baby's next visit.

"We didn't do a thing," Lillian answered. "Our children took care of the situation."

The Catholic Children's Aid Society of Toronto, one of the three adoption agencies the Cooneys have dealt with, considers these almost classic examples in the care and cultivation of children. They have numerous other stories about the Cooneys. Mrs. Denise Hower, a case worker, often recalls the afternoon she arrived at the Cooneys' unannounced to check on the adjustment of a youngster who had just been added to the family.

"Where is he?" she asked Lillian when the civilities were over.

"Out in the back yard painting a high chair," Lillian answered casually.

Mrs. Hower was astonished. "But he's only four years old! He can't paint a high chair."

"He wants to," explained Lillian simply. "It makes him feel good to be helping me. He isn't doing a very professional job, but what's more important—the boy or the high chair?"

The Cooneys came into their marriage with these relaxed attitudes about children already formed. Lillian Cooney was fifth from the top in a family of fourteen children born to Mr. and Mrs. William Mills in Toronto. Her parents nursed a chair-rental business through the Depression. "I used to think we were poor," Lillian recalls, "but I realize now that my father managed very well. We always had full meals on the table and I don't think we ever sat down without two or three guests. My father used to drive out into the country on the week ends and buy food in bushel baskets."

Though the fourteen Mills children had widely divergent personalities (a sister became a nun and a brother a night-club entertainer) they were a happy easygoing family, instinctively loyal and clannish in the tradition of big families. One of Lillian's brothers, who has seven children, was stricken with tuberculosis recently. Aunts and uncles turned up from all over the province to take the children into their homes for as long as their help was needed.

As a result of the wonderful turbulence of her childhood, Lillian grew up anxious to begin such a family of her own. Joe Cooney, on the other hand, was one of four children of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cooney, a well-to-do Toronto family that accepted its family ties more casually. Joe longed for a family of his own that would envelop itself with closeness and warmth.

They met when Lillian visited the dentist with whom Joe was training in his undergraduate days. Lillian, a pretty, bright-eyed secretary, had a serious problem. "My face is all swollen from this impacted tooth," she wailed. "I've got a big date at the Yacht Club this week end and I'll look awful!"

"I'll tell you what," suggested the husky young dental assistant. "I'll say a prayer for you the next time I go to church."

"Hah!" scoffed Lillian. "When will that be, Christmas?"

"No, no," Joe Cooney said. "I go to the novena at St. Patrick's every Wednesday. I'll remember you."

Lillian looked at him speculatively. "That's fine," she said vaguely.

The next Wednesday Lillian Mills happened to be standing outside the door of St. Patrick's as Joe approached.

"Imagine running into you again!" she gasped in surprise.

"A remarkable coincidence," Joe agreed solemnly and they went inside together. They were married two days after Joe graduated. "We were dead broke," Joe muses. "We thought we were as broke as any humans could get. We had a lot to learn about the different stages of being broke. By comparison with a few years later, we were in clover."

Lillian expected that their first baby would be born as rapidly as the process allows. She was furious when she discovered that her hospital insurance maternity benefits wouldn't be effective for ten months. "They're promoting birth control!" she raged.

But years passed and the Cooneys had no baby. They moved to a small Ontario city, where Joe launched his practice. One afternoon at a garden party Lillian was mildly surprised to



hear herself remark to an acquaintance that if she were to remain childless another year she would adopt a baby. The year passed and the Cooneys adopted their first baby. They were to discover that adoption in a small community is not without hazard. Their cleaning woman peered into the crib openly puzzled. "Is it local?" she asked. "I hadn't heard..."

The next Cooney baby came from some distance away. Through a freakish set of circumstances so rare in adoption procedure as to constitute a phenomenon, this baby arrived with an advanced case of scurvy. "He cried constantly, but especially when he was touched," Lillian recalls. "I couldn't straighten his little legs. When the doctor examined him he could hardly believe his own diagnosis. He'd never seen a case before." This child, except for a susceptibility to colds, is now healthy and extraordinarily attractive.

Joe Cooney decided to open an office in Toronto. His plans were ambitious: he wanted a bungalow studio, a kind of dental office unknown in Canada but gaining in popularity in the United States. It consists of a long corridor flanked on either side by offices and laboratories, each serving a special function. One room is used only for cleaning teeth, another for prosthetics, another for fillings, another for surgery. The arrangement permits several patients to be in various stages of treatment at the same time.

Dr. Cooney put his savings into an elderly brick house on a corner lot in the south Kingsway district of Toronto. He and an architect planned a twelve-room studio to be attached to the back of this home, with a separate entrance off the side street. Lillian and the two children moved into

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the house and Joe started what was intended to be a temporary schedule, rising at dawn each day to commute almost a hundred miles to his practice in the other city.

Disaster then became a house guest. The building permit for the bungalow wing was held up ten months; when this was straightened out the contractor stalled because of complex difficulties of his own; a decorator built more furniture than could be moved into the rooms and a lawsuit was required to settle the dispute. The worst moment came when a creditor came and took away their car.

In the midst of the confusion, Lillian and Joe quietly adopted their third baby. "Babies don't cost anything," Lillian explains. "The Children's Aid provides a layette and my sisters send me clothes their children have outgrown. Besides, if you're going to look at this in dollars and cents, these children have more than paid for themselves."

She has examples to prove it. One evening the president of a dental equipment company arrived to inspect the partially completed studio. Joe needed three dental chairs to begin with, one yellow, one green and one blue. He was broke and he knew the company would require a one-quarter down payment. When the tour was finished Joe brought the official into his home and listed his requirements.

"Nice-looking children you have there," parried the other. "How old are they?"

"They're both three, they're six months apart," Joe told him.

"Adopted, eh," the man remarked. "I have two adopted children myself." There was a pause. "We'll deliver the equipment you need tomorrow, Dr. Cooney. Don't worry about the down payment."

Should You Count the Cost?

Later a group of creditors held a meeting to advise the Cooneys how they could cut expenses. One suggested hiring only one nurse instead of two, another commented on the extravagance of two phones in the studio. Another rose to his feet and said, "You haven't received the final papers on that last baby you adopted. I suggest you send him back." The rest of the creditors, shocked and disgusted, quickly dissolved the meeting.

With the help of their lawyer, who loaned them ten thousand dollars, the Cooneys opened their offices in 1949 owing fifty creditors. The building, worth more than sixty thousand, is today almost completely clear of debt.

The Cooneys requested another baby. The Children's Aid hesitated and a priest tactfully approached Joe Cooney one evening. "Ah," he began, "do you think you'd better delay having this new baby until you get some financial troubles fixed up?"

"Father," said Joe softly. "If Lillian was having a baby, would you advise her not to have that child because we couldn't afford it?"

"Well, no," said the priest, "but this is different..."

"This is the baby we would have been having if we could," Joe interrupted. "See if you can hurry them up, will you Father?"

Their fourth baby arrived a few weeks later. Every night Joe Cooney gathered his small tousled children around him and told them a bedtime story. It was always the same one and it began "Once upon a time mommy and I were very lonely because we had no babies at our house. We went to the hospital to see if they had a baby we could have and we looked and we looked but we couldn't

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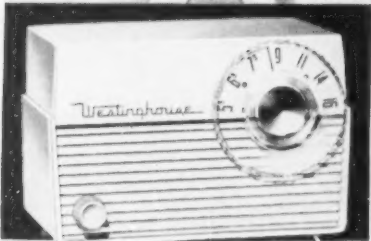
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see one we liked. Then one day we saw this wonderful little boy. He was the most beautiful baby in the whole nursery . . .

"Don't forget he had blue eyes," a sleepy child would murmur.

" . . . and he had blue eyes. We took him home with us and do you know who that baby was?"

"Me," grinned the oldest son.

"Right. And then we thought if we could only find another baby as wonderful as that and . . ."

The bedtime story has been a ritual for years, growing longer with each addition to the family. The Cooney children now are bored by it. "Not that again!" they moan. "Tell us something else."

But the story has fulfilled its purpose. A few weeks ago when Lillian told the children that one of their aunts was having a baby, they were sympathetic. "She has to take whatever she gets," mourned a six-year-old. "We were picked!"

The older children once asked their father about the origin of babies. When he had finished a simple explanation, one of them was puzzled. "But we weren't born from mommy, were we? Where did we come from?"

"The mommy and daddy who had you loved you very much," Joe said with care. "For some reason, maybe they were sick or had to go away, they couldn't take care of you so they let us have you. They were terribly sad about it."

The Cooneys are dismayed when people meeting them for the first time remark, "Aren't you wonderful!" "That's so silly," Lillian says. "People adopt children for selfish reasons. They do it for themselves, not for the child. Our children have no reason at all to feel grateful to us."

Some People are Stupid

Lillian Cooney, over the years, has made a sizable collection of unfortunate observations commonly made on the subject of adoption. A frequent one is, "I guess you can't feel about them the way you would one of your own." Others are: "Aren't you afraid of disuse?" "Are they all from one family?" "You don't have to worry how they do in school, since they are only adopted." People who have adopted a baby and later given birth themselves often hear, "Isn't it a shame. If you'd only known . . ." A mother of three small adopted children was told, "Isn't it sweet that they are all different nationalities. They can grow up and teach one another the various languages." None of these remarks, Lillian feels, are made with intent to hurt. "People are only thoughtless," she adds. "Thoughtless and stupid."

The worst comment of all was made a few months ago when the entire family visited the home of an old friend of Joe's. The children filed in, filling the room with steps of light-brown hair and lively, curious expressions. The friend studied them and then turned dolefully to Joe and Lillian. "Not even one of your own," he commiserated in a loud clear voice. "Too bad."

Joe looked quickly at his children, who appeared unconcerned. "You're mistaken," he said, keeping his temper cool. "All of these children are our own."

The Cooney household is in many respects an unusual one. Because they are children of a dentist, none of the youngsters is permitted much candy, soft drinks, gum or popsicles. They don't go to movies, partly because Lillian is distressed at the bad manners of a theatrical of children. They watch

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television in the hour before dinner and again when their homework is finished but they are not allowed to watch family comedies, such as the William Bendix program, which portray either parent as a simpleton. They receive no allowances; the money they earn by such tasks as the office laundry (fifteen cents for a sheet and five cents for a towel) is put away for special purchases such as a baseball glove.

The family searches for entertainment that can be enjoyed as a unit. On week ends in the autumn they drive to a fall fair in the country, in the summer to a beach and in all seasons to a monastery farm where they are welcome. They fish together—"that is, everyone but daddy fishes," explains Joe. "I spend the time untangling lines and putting worms on hooks." Their summer vacation consists of one week in a metropolis, such as Detroit or Buffalo, so the children can adjust to luxury hotels, and one week driving from motel to motel in Ontario's northland, so the children can see the country and swim every day in a different lake. "People say we should take a cottage," Joe adds, "but that's no vacation for Lillian."

The family often has a meal in a Toronto restaurant in order to acquaint the children with menus and other complexities. "It also gives me a chance to judge how their table manners are progressing," Lillian explains.

Religion is the strong steady core of the household. The children pray each morning when they wake; their father goes to Mass nearly every day of his life. They offer grace before every meal and in the early evening they all kneel before a tiny altar on the stairway landing and say their rosary. They pray again at bedtime.

"We believe in the salvation of the soul," Joe Cooney explains. "We must do as good a job of living every day as we possibly can. We teach love, dignity and respect to our children. They must never hurt anyone else and they must try to be understanding when they are hurt."

It appears to be effective. The Cooney household is comparatively free of the bickering and frustrated wailing that characterizes many brother-sister relationships. Differences are easily smoothed. "Mommy," a voice wailed one autumn evening, "Stephen is eating my bread!" "Let him have it," Lillian returned easily. "Get yourself a nice fresh piece."

People have asked the Cooneys how they managed to adopt so many children in an age where the demand for such children exceeds the supply. "Well," explains Joe, "we don't lay out any specifications about our youngsters. We don't fuss about their backgrounds and racial extraction. Every one of them has a soul and that's what is important."

"Don't ever get the idea that it's easy," Lillian once cautioned a woman considering adoption. "It's hard, but it's not the kind of thing that's impossible. When you adopt an older child, give him as many years to get adjusted in your home as he has been out of your home. Wait and be patient. Love him and don't push him. That's about all there is to it."

"How many children do you plan to adopt?" the Children's Aid once asked the Cooneys.

"I haven't the faintest idea," smiled Lillian. "But, you know, I was one of fourteen." ★

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The New Wonder Drugs That Fight Insanity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

improvement of so many patients, staff morale at Verdun has soared. Patients once abysmally lost in their world of madness can now be reached and thus be helped. The drugs are replacing other forms of treatment. At Verdun the number of shock treatments has been cut in half. The insulin ward, with a top capacity of eight, was always full with a waiting list; today there are usually empty beds available. The pre-frontal lobotomy—a brain operation designed to relieve extreme cases of agitation—is being used less frequently.

Psychiatry Turns a Corner

The growing popularity of the new drugs—thirty million reserpine pills alone were manufactured in Canada last year—gives impetus to a new trend in psychiatry. Since the beginning of this century, the predominant thinking has been (as exemplified by Sigmund Freud) that mental illness is the end product of emotional stresses and conflicts. Particular emphasis was placed on childhood experiences. Therefore, to cure the illness it was believed necessary to uproot the festering conflicts of the past which caused the breakdown. This approach was successful mostly with psychoneurotics. It usually failed with patients who were more seriously ill—the psychotics. As a result, with the passing of years our mental hospitals became jammed with a backlog of uncured psychotics. The majority of our sixty thousand mental patients in

Canada today are suffering with chronic cases of schizophrenia, paranoia and manic-depressive psychoses.

Discouraged by the psychological approach to the psychotic, doctors turned to physical treatments: electric and insulin shock and brain surgery. Scientists began investigating the possible physical causes of mental illness. They suspected that the trouble was being caused by the faulty functioning of the glands, which upset the biochemical balance of the body. "If we knew the exact nature of that imbalance," they reasoned, "we might be able to correct it by injecting an appropriate drug into the body." As a result, a long procession of drugs have been tested in attempt to restore order to disordered minds.

Paradoxically, chlorpromazine was not developed with mental illness in mind. The French pharmaceutical firm of Rhone-Poulenc was searching for an antihistamine drug (used to combat allergic ailments) that didn't cause drowsiness. Late in 1951 they were testing their 4,560th formula. The results were disappointing: it seemed to make people drowsier than ever. However it had an interesting effect on laboratory rats that had been conditioned to be neurotic: it calmed them down. This led Rhone-Poulenc to send quantities of formula 4,560—to be called chlorpromazine—to mental hospitals in France, Austria and England for experimental work. The clinical reports they received back were exciting.

Rhone-Poulenc then made copies of the reports in French and sent them to various North American centres, along with samples of their new product. Knowing the French language, Heinz Lehmann of the Verdun Protestant Hospital was able to read the reports without having to wait until they were

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translated. He immediately became interested in the new tranquilizer. Assisted by Dr. Gorman Hanrahan, he launched an experiment with the drug in April 1953. "Within a week," recalls Lehmann, "we both realized that we had something."

What excited Lehmann was the extraordinary effect the drug had on patients who were agitated and disturbed—regardless of the underlying disease. One of his early patients habitually shouted, upset her bed, and tore the doorknob off her door. After the first few injections she became drowsy and went off to sleep. But, unlike under the effects of a narcotic, she was not "knocked cold." When Lehmann touched her lightly on the shoulder or called her by name, she would wake up, explaining, "I was only dozing." When a psychologist tested her reactions, he found that her ability to carry on a conversation, to think and to remember was almost normal.

After a few days of the drug the drowsiness wore off and the patient, looking somewhat pale and peaked, reported that she felt "washed out," as though she had been through an exhausting illness. But she said that the pressure was gone; that she felt relaxed. "I lost the feeling that I had to live my whole life in one day," she said. Another patient observed, "It was like a chairman taking control of a meeting where, previously, everyone had been shouting at once."

In using any new therapeutic substance, doctors keep a sharp lookout for undesirable side effects. Lehmann noticed that there were some with chlorpromazine but none of them were serious. For the first few days, patients complained of a slight fever, dryness of the mucous membranes and nasal congestion. Some patients developed skin rashes but it was usually possible to avoid this condition by giving antihistamine along with the chlorpromazine. A very small proportion of the patients developed a minor form of jaundice, which usually disappeared when the dosage was decreased or discontinued. Some patients who had to be taken off treatment because of the side effects were able to go back on it again after a few weeks without a recurrence of the physical symptoms previously experienced. Their bodies were evidently able to develop a tolerance of the drug. In a few cases chlorpromazine brought on a condition not unlike Parkinson's disease—a wooden-like expression on the face, a shifting gait and some rigidity of the limbs. But this too was only temporary. Because of these side effects, chlorpromazine is only available on a doctor's prescription.

Lehmann has concluded that chlorpromazine is a remarkably safe drug. So have other investigators. Millions of patients throughout the world have taken chlorpromazine, some for as long as two or three years. Yet there is little evidence in the vast medical literature that it is dangerously toxic and, evidently, it's impossible to take a lethal dose. At least three people have attempted to commit suicide by swallowing chlorpromazine; they were all unsuccessful. One of them munched thirty tablets at once.

After two years of experience with the drug, Lehmann has been able to gather some statistics on its efficacy. One study concerned 63 patients, most of whom had been in hospital for a year or more and had failed to benefit

from the standard treatments. After several months, with the aid of chlorpromazine, 13 were rated as recovered, seven much improved, 27 improved and 12 completely unchanged. In addition, it was felt that the drug headed off an impending mental breakdown in four patients. Lehmann found that the longer a patient had been ill, the smaller his chances of improving sufficiently to go home. The most favorable results were obtained with the acute manic-depressive psychoses. Patients with this disease intermittently become agitated for periods ranging from a few weeks to a few months. With chlorpromazine the duration of their attacks was cut exactly in half.

Even when it didn't "cure," the drug often modified the patient's symptoms. A man who almost constantly heard loud angry voices, reported that now they were softer and at times they were only a buzz. A woman who thought she was queen and savagely insisted that she be treated with the appropriate respect, still thought she was queen, but had become a warm and pleasant personality.

Lehmann has found that he is now able to discharge patients that formerly he would have had to keep on. Small daily doses of chlorpromazine keep them on an even emotional keel. Their families are trained to watch for signs of an impending attack. Depending on the patient, these may include irritability, loss of sleep and appetite, lack of interest in their surroundings. When these warning signals appear, the patient is put to bed and given extra heavy doses of chlorpromazine for three or four days, which keep him quiet and asleep. At the end of that time, the danger has usually passed. "The new drugs," says Lehmann, "are a blessing to the patient's family."

300,000 Doses a Year

Other Canadian hospitals besides Verdun have taken eagerly to the new drugs. The oldest mental hospital in Ontario, the Ontario Hospital located at 999 Queen St. in Toronto, is now using three hundred thousand doses of chlorpromazine a year. One of their patients, who huddled in a corner for two years without uttering a word, underwent treatment with the drug. He escaped from the hospital to his home. Later he explained rationally and fluently, "I wanted to see my family."

Because women patients are now taking pride in their appearance, business at the hospital beauty parlor is booming. An encouraging result of the drug is that almost one hundred patients are now able to board out with private families. Looking back on his thirty-five years of mental health study, superintendent Dr. D. O. Lynch says, "I have never seen a drug that provides so much relief from the frightening symptoms of mental illness."

At the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, Dr. R. O. Jones reports that sixty percent of all psychiatric patients are now getting chlorpromazine or reserpine. At the Hospital for Mental Diseases in Brandon, Man., Dr. Stuart Schultz states that during 1954 the drugs have led to the discharge of several long-term patients. The drugs had succeeded where electric and insulin shock and even brain surgery had failed. "We expect to show even

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better results by the end of 1955," he says.

Many hospital authorities outside Canada are also enthusiastic about chlorpromazine. Dr. Vernon Kinross-Wright of Baylor University, Houston, Texas, gave the treatment to one hundred and eight schizophrenics. "At the end of a year," he reported, "eighty-eight percent of them are at home, half of them working at their former employment or better." Dr. B. Broussolle of the Vinatier Psychiatric Hospital, Lyons, France, has already given chlorpromazine to over four thousand patients with encouraging results.

Will the new drugs completely replace the older types of treatment? In actual practice, the number of shock treatments being given has been drastically reduced because the drugs have certain advantages. They can be administered more quickly and by fewer people. Furthermore, electric shock carries a risk with it when given to older people and people with heart trouble or other organic defects. Shock also leaves a patient confused for hours after the treatment. In some cases, doctors don't have to make a choice between drugs or shock: they use both because it has been found that some patients who don't respond to either treatment alone will benefit when they are given both. But in certain types of emotional depression electric shock by itself is still the most effective treatment.

What is true of electric shock also holds for insulin shock. Drugs are simpler to give. Patients undergoing the prolonged insulin sleep have to be watched by doctors and nurses since the dangers of pneumonia and cardiovascular collapse exist. But again, many doctors claim that insulin shock alone is the most effective in some cases of schizophrenia. In others, it is most beneficial in combination with chlorpromazine or reserpine.

It is possible that the new drugs will all but relegate to oblivion brain surgery designed to relax mental tensions because the drugs bring about the same result. Doctors have never been too enthusiastic about brain surgery for mental illness. Often it has done a too thorough job of flattening out the emotional life of the patient, leaving him as passive as a vegetable. Then too, once an operation is performed, nothing further can be done for the patient. On the other hand, there's nothing irreversible about a drug like chlorpromazine; the dosage can be increased or decreased to get the desired result. At the Ontario mental hospital in Toronto only one surgical operation has been performed in the past six months. In the past about a dozen such operations were done each year.

In working with chlorpromazine, doctors soon realized that it had many uses outside the mental hospital. It was a godsend to the alcoholic, for example. Chlorpromazine cuts short the alcoholic's agonies that usually set him off on a binge. Often, within an hour of the first injection, he goes off to sleep. When he wakes he's calm and can take light nourishment. Within a few days he has a feeling of well-being and he's able to enjoy his meals. Dr. John Armstrong, medical director of the Ontario Alcoholism Research Foundation, says, "We can quickly bring them to the point, physically and mentally, where we can begin treating the underlying causes of the patients' drinking." Similarly, chlorpromazine is also being used to ward off the agonizing withdrawal effects of drug addiction.

But a much commoner use for the drug is for the control of nausea and



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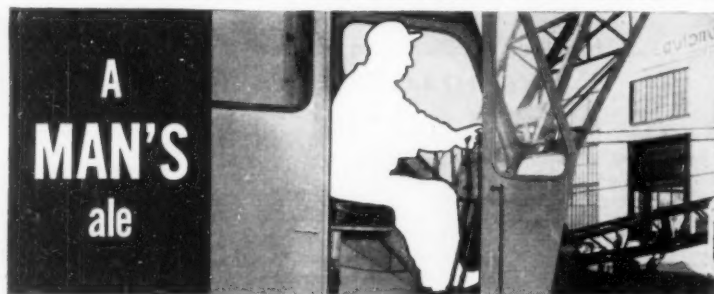
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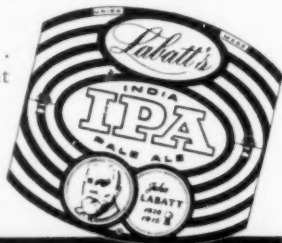
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vomiting. According to Dale Friend and J. F. Cummins of the Harvard Medical School, it is usually effective no matter what the cause of the nausea. Typical was the case of a thirty-five-year-old woman suffering with uremia. She hadn't been able to eat in more than a week. After two doses of chlorpromazine she was taking—and enjoying—regular meals. For three months her stomach was kept on an even keel with the drug. When a placebo (a fake pill) was substituted, her nausea would return within forty-eight hours.

Chlorpromazine has proven itself valuable as a pain killer. Dr. Max S. Sadove of the University of Illinois tells of a group of twenty-eight patients whose pain could no longer be controlled even by large doses of sedatives and narcotics. When they were given two injections of chlorpromazine, twenty-two of them reported that they were now "relaxed and comfortable." In another study of eighteen patients it was found that, with the addition of chlorpromazine, it was possible to cut down on such pain killers as morphine, dromoran, codeine and demerol by as much as seventy-four percent and still achieve the same effect.

Chlorpromazine seems to be peculiarly suited to handle the problem of pain in cancer. It evidently has the power of taking the emotional content out of pain—an important factor in cancer. "Pain from cancer, coming mysteriously from deep within the body, is the source of great worry and anxiety," says Dr. Roger Dufresne of the Montreal Cancer Institute. "The patient wonders what's going to happen next. This sense of dread is as difficult to bear as the pain itself." Given chlorpromazine, the patient seems to acquire a sense of detachment from his troubles. A New York hospital reports, "One patient in the last stages of cancer lived out his final five weeks without pain."

Dufresne has found that it is now possible to send many cancer patients home who would otherwise have had to remain in hospital. Chlorpromazine can be taken by mouth and does not require the attendance of a physician several times a day. A patient in Oshawa, Ont., with secondary cancer, was able to go home from hospital and resume doing housework. She felt strong enough to travel by train to London, Ont., to receive cobalt bomb therapy. In the summer she made a long trip to Winnipeg, managing to get by comfortably thanks to the chlorpromazine pills she carried in her purse.

That wasn't the first time an Oshawa citizen had benefited from the new drug. Recently a group of Oshawa physicians gave a report to the Toronto Academy of Medicine on how chlorpromazine was being used in their community. It was given to children about to have their tonsils removed. "They woke up much happier and didn't complain nearly as much about sore throats," said the doctors.

Chlorpromazine was also being given to some Oshawa mothers about to deliver babies, in addition to other anesthetics. "The babies were nice and pink, breathing immediately," the study reported. "None of them appeared to cry so violently and with such distress as when the drug was not given. In difficult cases of delivery, it seemed to slow down the contractions and make them less forceful." It was valuable, too, for treating accident victims suffering shock. Given chlorpromazine immediately, accident victims with head concussion are now only taking one or two days to recover instead of three or four; patients with actual brain damage show remarkable improvement in four or five days instead of two or three weeks. In France the confidence in chlorpromazine to counteract shock is so great that accident emergency squads always carry around a supply with them.

Slow Down and Live

One of the present standard uses for chlorpromazine is in artificial hibernation or the so-called "deep freeze" operation. This type of surgery is now being conducted in some Toronto hospitals in complicated heart cases. The originator of artificial hibernation was the Paris surgeon Dr. Henri Laborit. He observed that shock claimed thousands of victims every year. When a person undergoes a major surgical operation or is involved in a violent accident, the entire body works like fury to defend itself and to restore its normal functioning. It reacts so violently that it soon expends its reserves and wears itself out. Breathing, blood pressure, and heart action steadily slow down until some vital organ collapses and the person dies of shock.

In the past the only recognized treatment for shock was to keep the patient warm and give him heart stimulants. Laborit adopted a different approach. "Instead of stimulating the body's defenses," he reasoned, "let's slow them down and conserve its energy." To those about to undergo major surgery,



An ancient shrub yields a drug that helps control snake bite and senility

Laborit administers a "lyctic cocktail" made up of chlorpromazine and a number of other drugs such as pethidine, phenergan, diparcol and procaine. In about an hour the patient is calm and relaxed. Ice packs are applied to the stomach, groin, armpits, heart and spine. The vital processes of the body now begin to slow down. When the body is in a state of torpor at a temperature of about 91 degrees Fahrenheit, surgery commences. From time to time, the patient is given additional doses of chlorpromazine to block off nerves and glands that normally marshal the body's defenses against external attacks.

In 1952, using artificial hibernation, Laborit operated on sixty-seven terminal cancer cases. They required the most drastic type of surgery. Yet, miraculously, two out of three survived the operation. The ice and lyctic cocktail procedure was also used on seriously wounded soldiers in the Indo-China war. In one six-month period it cut down fatalities by one third.

The new drugs are helpful in asthma. This is not too surprising since many doctors have long claimed that the emotions play an important part in this condition. When Dr. Maurice S. Segal and Dr. Ernest O. Attinger, of Tufts Medical College in Boston, added reserpine to the treatment being given to asthma patients, they found that the result was beneficial in at least half the cases. The doctors reported that the patients had "a greater sense of security and relaxation which made them less jittery and disturbed." Another American physician used chlorpromazine on a large number of asthmatics and found that "in practically all cases of severe asthma there was improvement."

Since antiquity Indian and Chinese physicians have prescribed the reserpine-rich root of the shrub *Rauwolfia serpentina* for insanity, epilepsy, snake bites, fevers, blindness, headaches and insomnia as well as a host of other afflictions. The Western world virtually ignored this remedy until October 1949. That was the month Dr. Rustom Jal Vakil, of Bombay's King Edward Hospital, published a study on the use of reserpine in treating high blood pressure, in the British Heart Journal. Not only did the drug bring about a dramatic drop in blood pressure in his patients, Vakil reported, but by continuing them on the drug he was able to keep their blood pressure down for as long as five years. "Even with patients who had organic defects there have been no ill effects of a serious, disabling or permanent nature," he observed.

This report touched off a series of events which culminated in the manufacture of reserpine by the world-wide pharmaceutical house of CIBA, whose headquarters are in Basel, Switzerland. CIBA's reserpine is about a thousand times more potent than the drug in crude root form. The drug is available in Canada without a prescription, although it should not be taken without the advice of a physician.

Strangely enough, although the British Heart Journal enjoys a high reputation in medical circles, nobody in England paid much attention to Vakil's article. It remained for Dr. Robert W. Wilkins, chief of the Hypertension Clinic of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital in Boston, to introduce the drug to the Western world. He

read Vakil's article in a Boston library one night and sent away to India for a supply of reserpine tablets. They arrived in June 1950. After testing them on some of his more serious hypertensive patients, he wrote, "Vakil's claims were on the conservative side."

Wilkins' high hopes for reserpine as a relief from high blood pressure have been justified by a dozen clinical studies which followed his own. Dr. Warren Hughes of Baylor University, for example, administered reserpine to sixty-two patients for periods up to seven months and found that "half obtained a significant reduction in blood pressure." The side effects of the drug were limited to drowsiness and blocked noses—unpleasant but not serious, and they either vanished by themselves or when the drug was reduced or discontinued.

Because hypertension is so common in the aged, it was inevitable that reserpine would soon be tested in homes for old people. Dr. Raymond Harris of Albany Medical College administered the drug to twenty-six of his patients in the Ann Lee Home for the aged in Albany, N.Y. Their average age was almost seventy. In addition to high blood pressure, they had the usual ailments and complaints associated with elderly people not in the best of health. After several weeks of reserpine, the twenty-six patients experienced a drop in blood pressure and even when the drug was discontinued it sometimes stayed down for three weeks or longer.

Itches Between the Ears

Just as significant was the effect the drug had on the old people's attitude toward life. Their complaints grew fewer. Quarreling and depression subsided.

At the Mental Health Institute in Cherokee, Iowa, Dr. Anthony A. Sainz gave reserpine to sixty-three patients in the senile wards. They became so sociable and relaxed that the man-hours spent on their care by doctors, nurses and attendants were cut in half. Reserpine may well prove one of the most useful tools yet discovered for coping with the problem of the aged in hospital and home.

Skin specialists became interested in reserpine because they have long known that many types of skin disorders "come from between the ears." Dr. Victor Panaccio, dermatologist of Montreal's Hôtel-Dieu hospital, told me that he has used the drug with particular success on psoriasis. This condition is characterized by painful and ugly red patches and lesions which spread to all parts of the body. It has stubbornly resisted most kinds of known treatment. Panaccio gave reserpine to fifteen psoriasis patients. Nine of them showed marked improvement; in fact, after four months, in five patients ninety-five percent of the lesions had vanished. To maintain the improvement it was necessary to keep the patients on a small regular dose of the drug. Panaccio also had remarkable success with a less serious form of skin disease, urticaria. One man who suffered with urticaria for two years was completely cured of it in a week.

Reserpine may be of particular value to women, according to preliminary investigations that have been carried out by Dr. Robert B. Greenblatt, professor of endocrinology at the Medical College of Georgia. Many women com-

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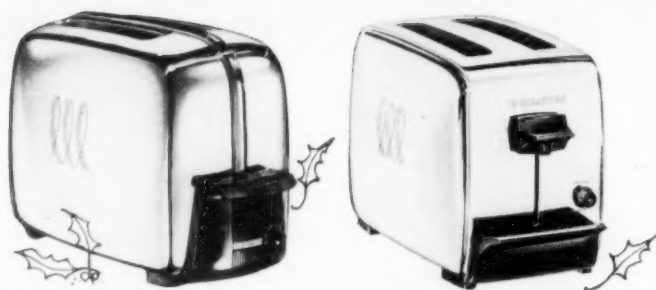
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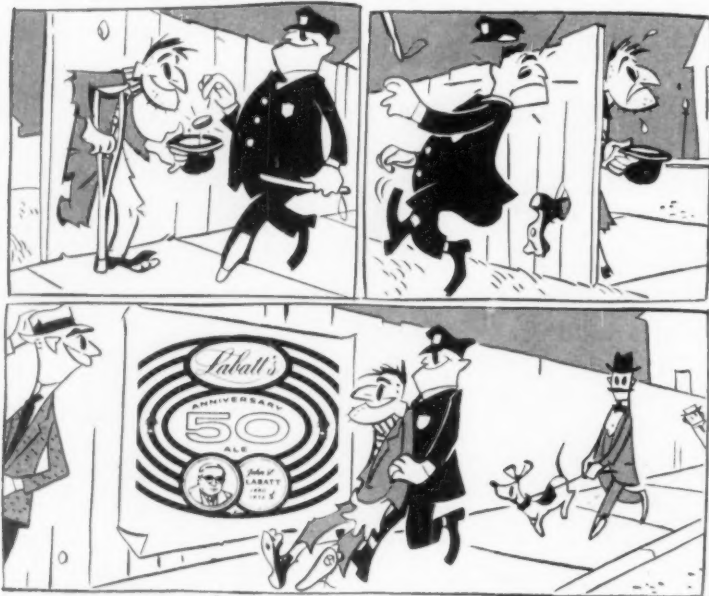
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plain of extreme irritability, depression and emotional upset for a week or so before their menstrual periods. Greenblatt gave reserpine to eighteen women with this complaint for ten days before their period started. It had a calming effect on thirteen of them.

Greenblatt went on to test reserpine on women who were frigid and women who were nymphomaniacs. It was beneficial in both conditions although nobody can explain why. In five frigid women the desire for sex did not increase but "receptivity" was so improved that in two of them they were quite willing to accept their mates. On the other hand, in two women with strong nymphomaniacal tendencies, reserpine definitely lessened their constant sex urge. Greenblatt then administered the drug to sixteen women suffering with the familiar emotional upset of the menopause. It had a tranquilizing influence on only six. "But," he observed, "it enhanced the value of estrogen—a hormonal substance we frequently prescribe for this condition."

The surprising usefulness of chlorpromazine and reserpine in ailments of an emotional nature has given impetus to the search for new drugs. One of them is Meratran (manufactured by the Wm. S. Merrell Company), with the imposing chemical name of alpha-2-piperidyl benzhydrol hydrochloride. Preliminary reports show that it is particularly good for persons suffering with emotional fatigue and depression. It is better suited to the type of patient the doctor sees in his office, rather than in the mental hospital. It is said to give the older person, worried about retirement, deterioration or death, a new zest in life. It boosts the morale of the obese person and helps him stick to his reducing diet. Like benzedrine, dexedrine and similar drugs, Meratran stimulates the central nervous system. But it has certain advantages: it does the job without "hopping up" the patient or raising his pulse rate or blood pressure.

A host of other new drugs are now being investigated. Frenquel, a derivative of Meratran, is being tested in Halifax hospitals. A controlled experiment is now in progress at the Brandon Hospital for Mental Diseases with a substance identified as Hydergine. LSD—lysergic acid diethylamide—is a substance that can create temporarily a schizophrenic-like psychosis in a normal person. (See Maclean's, Oct. 1, 1953.) Because LSD has a different reaction on normal people, neurotics and psychotics, it is now being used as a tool in making diagnoses. It is also being tagged with radioactive carbon and carefully scrutinized as it gathers in the adrenal glands and liver. Scientists theorize that the schizophrenic is made ill by LSD-like substances which form naturally in his body and upset his metabolism. "If we can find out exactly what LSD does in the human body, it will give us an important clue to the cause of schizophrenia," they reason.

It must be emphasized that the new drugs are not the final answer to mental illness. They don't cure the disease that underlies the neurosis or psychosis. Furthermore, our knowledge of the drugs is still slight. We don't know exactly how they work, how they can best be used or what benefits they will ultimately yield.

On the other hand, the new pills have proven that they often control tensions, emotional strains, fears, anxieties and, in some cases, even severe mental disturbances. In the challenging battle against mental illness we seem to have established a firm beachhead. It may not be too long before our scientists will make a major breakthrough. ★

St. Boniface is Nobody's Suburb

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

built in 1818 on the site where the basilica now stands near the river that was the highway of the pioneers.

Nearby is Avenue Provencher, Provencher Park, and the Provencher Bridge—all named for the six-foot-four missionary who helped build that first log chapel and conducted the first services in it on Nov. 1, 1818. Provencher and another young priest named Dumoulin had been sent from Quebec at the request of Lord Selkirk to minister to the French-Catholic *métis* who far outnumbered the Scots of the young Selkirk settlement. A picture of Provencher in the St. Boniface Historical Society's museum today shows both humor and power in a handsome face—and he needed both. These *métis*, descendants of Indian women and the voyageurs who had followed La Vérendrye's first visit to the district in 1738, were hunters and trappers. Most of them lived as the Indians did, or only a short step above—uneducated, undisciplined, roistering when drunk, and many decades removed from any but the most elementary moral influences.

Provencher's first job was to get the *métis* to settle their families near his church where he could keep his eye on them. The resultant cluster of sod and log huts near the log chapel on the banks of the Red was the first parish of St. Boniface, a base on which Provencher and his successors built well. The lighted cross on top of the basilica can be seen from many parts of Winnipeg as well as St. Boniface at night. On any quiet afternoon a few men and women go there to pray or light candles near the altar or meditate.

The Nuns' Moonlight Trip

One measure of this church's continuing influence is its rank—basilica—to which it was raised by the Vatican in 1949. That rank is given only to churches of extraordinary importance. There are only five other basilicas in Canada, all in the east. It is the largest church of any denomination in the west, with room for more than two thousand people.

Near the basilica, which is on part of the original twenty-five-acre grant given by Lord Selkirk to the church, is the archbishop's palace. Bishop Provencher was asleep in an earlier version of this palace one night in 1844, when a scout ran to tell him that the first four Grey Nuns of Montreal were coming up the moonlit river in Hudson's Bay Company canoes. The previous year in Quebec the bishop had made weary rounds seeking nuns for his frontier parish. "One should be able to teach English," he said, "and one should know music." After many rebuffs he had called on the Grey Nuns. These four were the answer. Two years later he and a new young assistant, the 23-year-old Oblate missionary, Brother Taché, were present when the first Grey Nuns convent was opened in 1846. It still stands on busy Avenue Taché, named for the young missionary who after Provencher's death in 1853 became bishop and later the northwest's first archbishop.

Those first Grey Nuns milked cows, tended chickens, washed and carded and wove the wool for their habits, taught, played a tiny four-octave organ (now in the St. Boniface museum—it still plays), and looked after the sick. In 1871 they bought a house and opened their first four-bed hospital.

To raise funds the Grey Nuns made



and sold papier-mâché religious statues. A few years ago when they decided another wing should be added to their St. Boniface Hospital they raised five million dollars, mainly under the direction of Sister Berthe Dorais, then the hospital's mother superior. She is the new type of Grey Nun. Once during discussion of a sidewalk in front of the hospital she and the St. Boniface city engineer, Joe Bibeau, differed as to the width. Reaching under her starched white pinafore, she produced a spring-steel tape measure and won her point. A Manitoba government official who met her when she sought a grant said, "We've never had anyone with such a grasp of her subject." She got more than a million dollars in less than an hour, hired a professional fund-raising concern that raised another million-plus and borrowed the rest of the five million from a bank.

Last May another job was waiting for her. She is now provincial superior for the order in Alberta. Her place as superior of the 720-bed hospital has been taken by efficient Sister Jarbeau, who administers the forty nuns and 760 others (exclusive of medical personnel) who run the hospital.

"There are only two places in the city where people of all faiths meet on common ground," one Protestant member of the hospital's lay advisory board said recently. "One is here at the hospital. The other is on Archibald Street." Archibald is a rough north-south street, dominated at night by the wildly rising and falling burn-off flare at North Star Oil's refinery. Thousands work along that street. For two miles it has only a scattering of houses and eating places between plants threaded with railroad sidings—plants making everything from *pâté de foie gras* to artificial limbs.

Past these plants are the city's biggest employers, the abattoirs and the Union Stock Yards, biggest in the British Empire. They are administered by Public Markets Ltd., owned jointly by the CPR and CNR, from offices where manure occasionally may be found on the front stairs. About a million animals a year are brought in by rail from as far away as Peace River. Hundreds of thousands of cattle are shipped live each year to eastern Canada and the United States, and on some clamorous nights a hundred railroad cars are loaded under floodlights on the sidings.

Almost like these constantly shifting cars, the face of St. Boniface has variety too, most of it the contrast between the older French Catholic section and Protestant English-speaking Norwood. In Norwood all the main Protestant churches are represented, but with no more apparent influence than in other places where Protestants are the majority. The cars are newer, the rents higher, houses cost more, and there are more power lawnmowers. The one really interesting section is new, contained in a great bend of the Red River with its road-topped dike, and built in "bays"—houses with access

roads at the rear, lawns and sidewalks in front.

One part of Avenue Provencher is the district the old residents called "the village." It is the business section. Most people speak French. Some houses have clapboards over the old logs, others are frame, many are painted in gay colors reminiscent of Quebec. A few have outdoor staircases. Pipe-smoking French oldsters rock on their verandas. A meditating priest paces under the big maples nearby. And there is a mixture of religion and gardening where the Capuchin brothers live near the Sacred Heart Church of the Belgians by a little river called the Seine.

And what do they do for entertainment? Well the French in St. Boniface get a smattering of French television on the Winnipeg CBC station, and have their own French-language radio station—the first in the west. It has programs in Ukrainian and Polish, strong races in Greater Winnipeg, but not in English. The French consul for Winnipeg, Le Comte Serge de Fleury, does book reviews on the air and donates his review copies to the French branch of the city public library (the English branch is in Norwood). A local theatre shows one French-language movie a week ("sometimes a good one," said one French housewife).

Also, there is Le Cercle Molière, a nationally known Little Theatre group. It is directed by Madame Pauline Boutal, who before choosing a play discusses it with the Jesuit fathers who are in charge of the College of St. Boniface—a French-speaking school started in 1818 with a small class taught by Father Provencher. These plays mainly are from France, although Madame Boutal is looking for a Canadian one now. Last year a slightly salty Molière was played—opening in a Winnipeg theatre, as usual, because St. Boniface has no adequate stage. Later it received uproarious receptions in French communities.

Besides the Jesuits of the College of St. Boniface, other religious orders dominate education in the city, including public schools. This is made possible under the Public Schools Act of Manitoba, which in 1890 abolished separate schools but provided that for every forty Catholic students in a city school (twenty-five in the country) a Catholic teacher must be hired. Since students in north St. Boniface are almost entirely Catholic, so are the teachers. The Sisters of the Holy Names have St. Joseph's Collegiate, for girls, and Marion School. Provencher Academy for boys is conducted by the Brothers of the Society of Mary and lay teachers (twenty years ago one was Gabrielle Roy, the novelist).

Implicit in this situation of public schools dominated by religious orders is the only really contentious point between the Catholics and Protestants in St. Boniface. Strangely, it also has a distant relationship to Louis Riel. Bishop Taché was in Rome attending a



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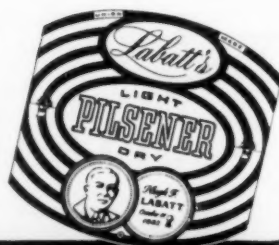


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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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meeting of the Vatican council in 1869 when Riel seized power in Manitoba with the avowed intention of protecting the land rights of the *métis* when the northwest was transferred from control of the Hudson's Bay Company to the federal government. The government asked Taché to return as soon as possible to intercede with Riel.

Taché received promises that the rights of his people would be respected and one of the rights he considered guaranteed was that of separate schools supported by public funds. From when they were abolished in 1890 to his death in 1894 he fought eloquently for their restoration.

This fight was still a hot issue in the Twenties when Alma MacArthur, red-haired and Protestant, was elected to the St. Boniface school board. She used to turn up suddenly in St. Boniface schools taught by religious orders trying to catch religion being taught at times other than specified. Finally religious friction on the board became so intolerable that in 1924 by act of legislature the St. Boniface school board was split into two. One, called St. Boniface, still controls the Catholic public schools of the north. The other, Norwood, controls the Protestant public schools of the south.

But for 1952 Norwood elected a majority of Catholic trustees. The two Catholic parochial schools, Holy Cross and Precious Blood, were leased by the school board for one year, making them eligible for public school grants. In the next election all Catholics were defeated. The new board ended the leasing agreement, but people still argue the rights and wrongs. In every Norwood school board election people ring doorbells to urge the voters to "keep the Catholics off our board."

Was Riel a Patriot?

Mayor Van Belleghem stays as far as possible above all such controversy. This is a tradition with St. Boniface mayors. They must preside over a mixture of races and religions on the ten-man city council. Civic receptions always include the archbishop and all available parish priests as well as Protestant ministers and leading citizens from all areas.

How important is the Protestant-Catholic clash over schools in Norwood? A man high in Manitoba's civil service suggested an analogy. "It's like a broad river with one rock in the middle," he said. "The water piles up around this rock. Everywhere else the river flows quietly and smoothly."

He is almost right, for there is cordiality in most public matters—even on the school question, by less vocal citizens who see no reason why the Catholics should not have their schools and public grants too. However, there is one other point of disagreement. It is academic now, since in a few days—on November 16—will be the seventieth anniversary of the hanging of Louis Riel. But in the churchyard of the basilica is a tall red granite shaft, shielded from the north wind by twenty-two lilac bushes in the form of a horseshoe, and the headstone reads:

RIEL

16 Novembre

1885

A sign nearby identifies him in only a little more detail: "Tomb of Louis Riel, head of the provisional government of 1869"; nothing of his election to the House of Commons for Provencher, the Commons' refusal to seat him, his flight to the U.S., his return to Saskatchewan to lead another rising in 1885 and his conviction in Regina of

treason, after which he was hung. An official city booklet describes Riel as "leader of the legitimate rising of 1869." Nobody of French descent ever calls it a rebellion, or allows it to be called a rebellion without challenge. Riel's memory is kept alive by the idea that he was a wronged champion of the minorities. That feeling is still strong.

One of Canada's leading authorities on Riel and Manitoba history is Father Antoine d'Eschambault, one of the most important men in St. Boniface although he no longer lives there. He is president of the St. Boniface Historical Society, a member of the public library board, head of the Adult Education Society, Manitoba member for the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1947, after twenty-three years on the archbishop's staff, he took the small parish of St. Emile, beyond the city's southern limits, in the heartland of the Manitobans who interest him most—the *métis*. A *métis* woman comes to his book-lined cottage to clean for him daily. His parish lists bear names of most of the old *métis* families—Riel, Allard, Bruce, Carrière, Lajimodière (Marie Anne Gaboury Lajimodière was the first white woman in the west, her daughter Julie the mother of Louis Riel), Lavalée, Poitras, Vermette. One Poitras, dead only since 1950, married Riel's favorite sister, Henriette, and she heard from Riel often while he awaited his fate in Regina. Mlle Marie Lavalée, a spinster still living, remembers when Riel's body was brought home. *Métis*, fearing a demonstration by Orangemen, patrolled the parish while their leader's body lay in state in the Riel home (which still stands, clapboard on log). The Union Nationale *Métis* has its headquarters in this parish, meets once a month in the parish hall, and each year has a picnic attended by about two thousand people—including just about every old-timer in St. Boniface. They compete in the Red River jig, old-time fiddling, and they talk, and Father d'Eschambault listens.

His influence is strong in the Historical Society's museum at city hall. One room is devoted to Riel. There are letters from him, his gun, a small statue with its head broken off which he was holding when he was hung, the casket in which his body came from Regina. Mrs. Irene Lane, secretary of the society, identified the objects for me. One large picture shows Sir Adams Archibald, a lieutenant-governor of the early Seventies, shaking Riel's hand for leading *métis* against the Fenians in a successful defense of the Red River settlement. "Here is Riel being congratulated for being loyal to his queen," Mrs. Lane said. "And what did he get for it? He got the rope!" In a nearby case is part of the rope.

So although the river generally is broad and smooth, there definitely are these two rocks where history roughens the surface. Both are part of the French-Catholic tradition that makes St. Boniface what it is. Archbishop Taché felt he was promised that the separate schools would continue to be supported by public funds, and that the promise was broken, and that belief is now part of St. Boniface—to be righted if possible. He did nothing to perpetuate Riel's memory—called Riel at the end "a miserable madman and a fanatic."

But nevertheless many French feel that Riel's execution was really a murder and remember not Taché, but Laurier, who said at the time that if he had been in Saskatchewan he too would have shouldered a musket. As perhaps they deserve to be, these matters still are alive in St. Boniface. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

them, according to Liberal sources, actually went out and worked for the Tories. Conservatives deny this, but they do admit serenely that the split in Liberal ranks did them a lot of good.

After the votes were counted, Liberals were even more emphatic than Conservatives in pointing out that the new Conservative MP, Van Horne, proved to be an excellent candidate. He put on a whirlwind campaign, spoke and shook hands and rang doorbells in every corner of the riding. The fact that he had a French-speaking mother offset any disadvantage that might have been caused by his Dutch name.

None of these assets would have been enough for victory, though, if the Liberals hadn't cut each other's throats. Conservatives are delighted to agree with this judgment. Intra-party squabbling, they add, is one of the symptoms



of a regime too long in power, too sure of itself, too ready to hand out "safe" seats as if they were feudal baronies.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO in another set of by-elections the same situation developed in reverse.

Restigouche-Madawaska was then a Conservative seat, and R. B. Bennett's Conservative government was in power at Ottawa. By-elections were called in Restigouche-Madawaska and in the down-river Quebec riding of Yamaska. The late Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, in charge of Liberal strategy and tactics, decided to let Restigouche-Madawaska go to the Tories by acclamation; he wanted to save the money and the man power for Yamaska, where a Liberal had squeaked in at the general election of 1930 by a majority of one.

That time it was the local Conservatives and those of Saint John who rebelled. They insisted on running a Liberal candidate, however small his chances might appear to be. The Liberal candidate was an unknown named Joseph E. Michaud—soon to be a minister in the Mackenzie King cabinet, and the man who made northern New Brunswick safely Liberal for the rest of his life.

Will Van Horne's victory also turn out to be a directional signal for the future? Conservatives would like to think so and a few Liberals are glum enough to think so too. The government has no cause for jubilation about any of the recent by-elections, even though it did win most of them.

Beforehand, the Conservatives expected to do worst in Restigouche-Madawaska, middling in Quebec South and the rural down-river riding of Bellechasse, and best in Temiscouata. The last named is the seat won by Jean-Paul St. Laurent, younger son of the prime

minister. Conservatives didn't quite dare to hope they could defeat young St. Laurent but they did count on cutting his majority far below the four thousand by which Senator Jean François Pouliot won it last time.

One reason why they were so hopeful was the nature of the Liberal machine in Temiscouata. It's fairly commonplace in Quebec to find party organizers who are Liberal in federal elections but who work for Premier Duplessis and his *Union Nationale* in provincial. Pouliot was one such collaborationist MP. Jean-Paul St. Laurent, on the other hand, is one of Duplessis' most outspoken enemies. Naturally the Conservatives hoped he'd be unable to call out all of Pouliot's legions.

They may also have been misled by Liberal grumbling about the fact that young St. Laurent was running at all. Party veterans do not fancy a new, green, back-bench MP having easier access than they have themselves to the party leader. They would have been better pleased if Jean-Paul had stuck to the practice of law and left politics to the older generation in the St. Laurent family.

But once he was nominated, of course, they had to make sure he won. A defeat for anybody named St. Laurent, in a riding which has been continuously Liberal since 1896, would have been an unthinkable blow to the party's prestige. So the party's biggest guns were moved into Temiscouata and nothing was left undone to elect the prime minister's son.

Conservatives say, though, that the most effective of all Liberal tactics were the large parties—teas, cocktail parties, picnics—at which the prime minister himself would drop in unobtrusively and go about chatting and shaking hands. He made no speeches; it is traditional that prime ministers do not deign to take part in mere by-elections. He merely happened over from the family summer home and greeted some hundreds or thousands of old friends. It worked wonders.

Elsewhere in Quebec the Conservatives' chances looked much worse on paper. Bellechasse has been Liberal since 1917 by majorities never less than two thousand and sometimes nearly six thousand. Quebec South had been held by Senator "Chubby" Power ever since it was created in 1917, and the new Liberal candidate was Chubby Power's son. Yet in both these ridings the Liberal majorities were sharply cut and in Bellechasse the Conservative came within a few hundred votes of victory.

From all these facts the Liberals draw a moral which they don't find very comforting. Evidently the St. Laurent name and presence still has its old magic, certainly in Quebec and probably in the rest of Canada. Uncle Louis remains the unbeatable man. But without Uncle Louis the Liberals would be in sad shape.

Theoretically there is still plenty of time to correct this situation. The party has plenty of good men in parliament, more indeed than it can usefully employ. It has cabinet ministers of medium to high seniority who could be built up into the stature of leadership. Unluckily, though, the party can't decide whom to build up. It hasn't any longer the firm, unerring sense of direction that made the transition from Mackenzie King to St. Laurent so smooth and easy, and enabled a Liberal government with a tiny majority to get on better from 1945 to 1949 than the cumbersome Liberal steamroller can do now.

Meanwhile, Liberals didn't need to be reminded by recent events in the United States how imprudent it is to let all a party's hopes rely on the health and strength of one man. ★

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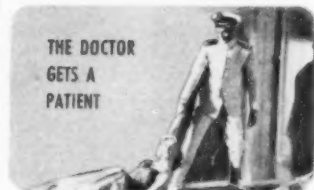
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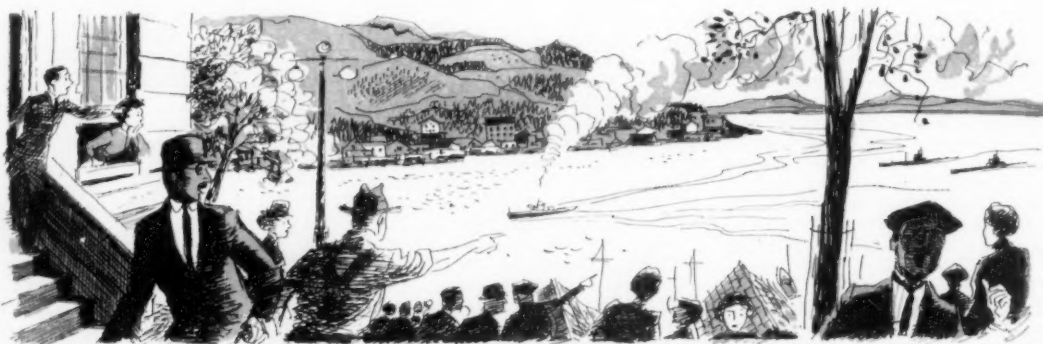
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When B. C. Had a Navy

IT WAS Aug. 5, 1914, and Victoria was jittery. When the examination vessel on duty outside the harbor ran in at top speed with the lanyard of her siren tied to the rail, sounding a continuous alarm, her citizens were sure the enemy was upon them. The shore batteries sprang into action, or very nearly. At the last moment some cool head thought of phoning the dockyard to make sure, before opening fire, whether or not submarines were officially expected. They were—but events had moved so quickly no one had thought to warn the responsible officers of their arrival. By a narrow margin of time Canada's army was saved from firing on British Columbia's navy.

Provincial armed forces were scarcely envisaged by the framers of the BNA Act, but for a brief while B. C. owned a considerable portion of the Dominion's navy. It happened this way: In those summer days of 1914 when war with Germany seemed inevitable, Sir Richard McBride, then Premier of British Columbia, learned that there were two newly completed submarines available for purchase in Seattle. At a period when Canada's navy consisted of two cruisers and when naval vessels of any type were obviously going to be at a premium, submarines for sale seemed worth looking into. The president of the company that had built the subs, J. V. Paterson, of the Seattle Construction and Drydock Company, was in Victoria and in a position to give all details.

It appeared that the Chilean government had ordered construction of these two submarines in 1911. Now it was doubtful if Chile would take delivery. Their naval experts had stated that the subs were overweight and their sea endurance was not up to specifications. Sir Richard discussed the matter with the Hon. Martin Burrell, Dominion Minister of Agriculture and member of Yale-Cariboo, who was then on holiday at the coast. He gave his personal support to the premier's idea of purchasing the vessels, but of course he could not commit his government.

The Provincial House was not in session and there was good reason to fear that, once war was declared, it would be impossible to get the submarines out of the United States. Sir Richard, on his own responsibility, authorized the provincial

treasurer to draw a cheque for \$1,150,000 to cover purchase of two submarines delivered in Canadian waters.

Ignoring the formality of obtaining clearance papers, the builders slipped the submarines quietly out of American waters into Canadian. McBride, who had been met on the matter of price with a take-it-or-leave-it demand, did what he could to ensure a fair bargain for Canada. There was in Victoria at that time a retired Royal Navy officer, Lieut.-Commander Bertram Jones, who had volunteered his services. He, with Lieut. R. H. Wood, chief engineer at Esquimalt, went out on the SS Salvor to meet and inspect the subs and take delivery if they were satisfied. They were satisfied, the cheque was handed over, and British Columbia had a navy.

In spite of the fantastic price paid—the agreed price with Chile had been \$818,000—the submarines were perhaps worth it to Canada. On Aug. 7 the Dominion treasury reimbursed the province for the purchase. Policy now was to advertise rather widely the presence of the two submarines on the British Columbia coast. What was not advertised was the fact that there was no trained personnel to man them. Again a retired RN officer came to the rescue. Lieut. Adrian Keyes was drawn from his civilian job in Toronto to take charge of the new vessels. His method of training was direct and practical. He had his volunteer crews dismantle and put together again the two submarines and change about five hundred tally plates from Spanish to English. In a few weeks these landsmen who had never seen a submarine before were ready to go to sea with them.

The CC 1 and the CC 2, as they were known to the RCN, remained for three years on the Pacific Coast. Then they were moved, via the Panama Canal, to Halifax. Their value to Canada is perhaps indicated by the fact that it was only during the summer and early fall of 1918, when they were laid up for repairs, that German submarines appeared in those waters. As Dr. Gilbert Tucker, official historian of the Canadian Navy, has remarked, "the supreme merit of the two submarines was . . . that they were available."

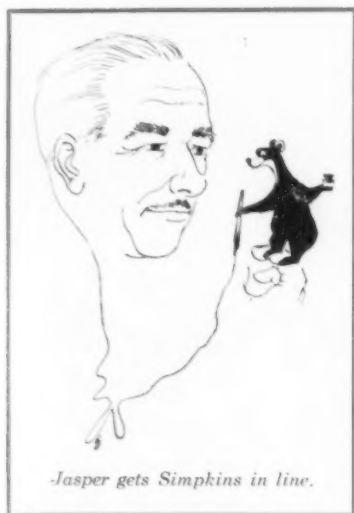
J. V. Paterson's commission on the deal was \$40,000.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Jasper and His Forebears



WE HAVE recently been investigating the pedigree of Jasper, the remarkably droll bear who has graced these pages for some seven years, and we are delighted to discover that he comes from pioneer stock. We have been fortunate in unearthing the rare daguerreotype reproduced below which establishes Jasper's ancestry beyond a shadow of a doubt. The photograph comes from Jasper's creator, James Simpkins, of the National Film Board,

and it shows a previous generation of the Simpkins family with one of Jasper's forebears.

The people in the picture include Simpkins' grandmother and grandfather (front row) and their pet bear, name of Eva, all of West Kildonan, near Winnipeg, Man. Simpkins tells us the bear was raised from a cub and was treated exactly like one of the family, posing in group portraits, sitting with the young ones, etc.

Curiously enough, Simpkins himself has never been to Jasper's home province, Alberta, and therefore has never visited Jasper Park. "Closest I ever got to it was Regina, once," he told us morosely the other day. "No bears there—only gophers."

In spite of this lack of background, Simpkins and Jasper continue to march on. Jasper cartoons from Maclean's have been reprinted in such widely scattered corners of the world as Belgium, Mexico and the United Kingdom. Recently Jasper achieved the immortality of hard covers, and the Ryerson Press which has published the Jasper collection informs us that there are a few copies still remaining which they will part with, reluctantly, for a ridiculously low fee. In addition, Jasper continues to pop up in effigy round about the country, as the photo below shows. This six-foot papier-mâché figure was made by ambitious Jasperites for a winter carnival last year and took a special prize. Doggoned if the carnival wasn't held at Banff. ★



Simpkins' bears were scene-stealers even in grandfather's time. This was Eva the Moocher.



Jasper in papier-mâché. Somehow he starred at the Banff carnival.



The Hunter and the Chase

The way cover artist Peter Whalley sees it, you really don't have to be a tapestry maker to keep the Noble Hunter in stitches. You can needle him with a brush just as well. Whalley's message has an edge to it—four edges, in fact—beginning at the top left corner: Hunter and Guides Enter Forest; Guides Prepare Meal; Party Eats Meal; Hunter Rests while Guides Track Deer; Guides Shoot Deer; Guides Return with the Trophy to Camp and the Hunter Triumphant.



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